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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

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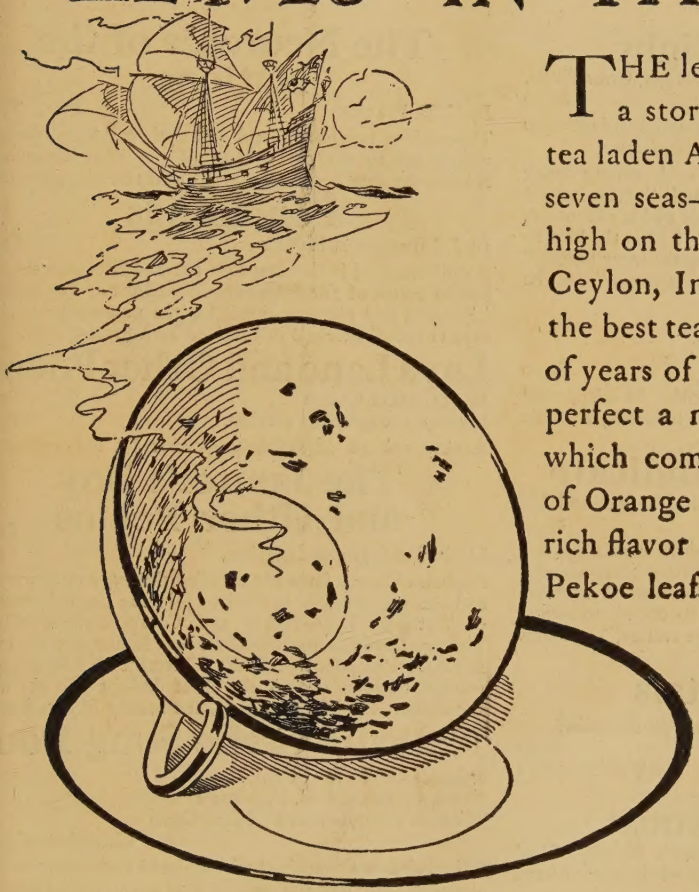

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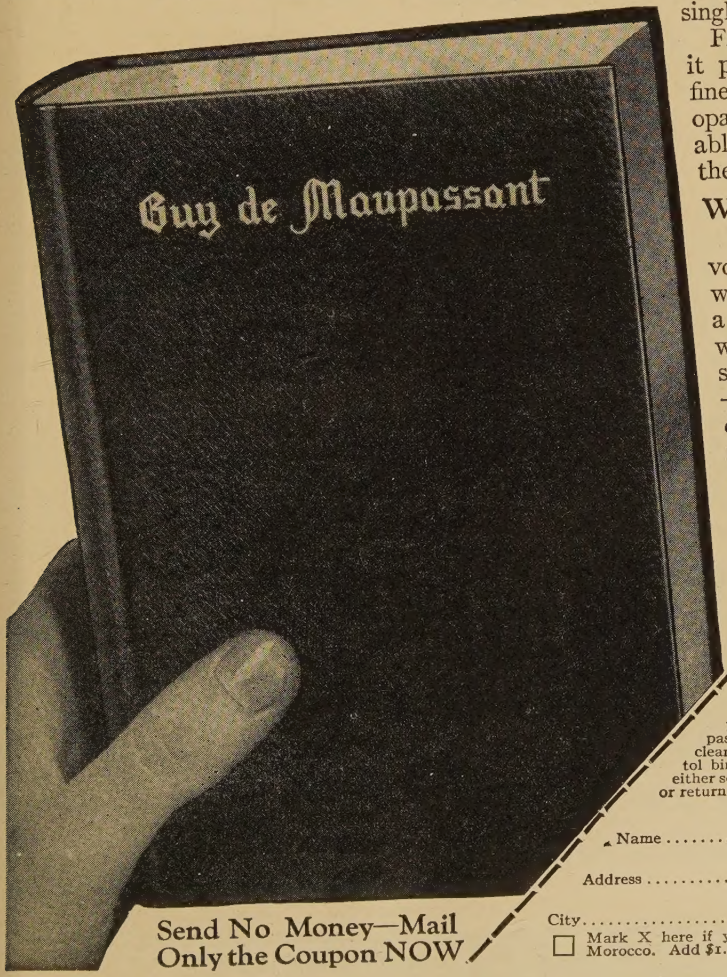

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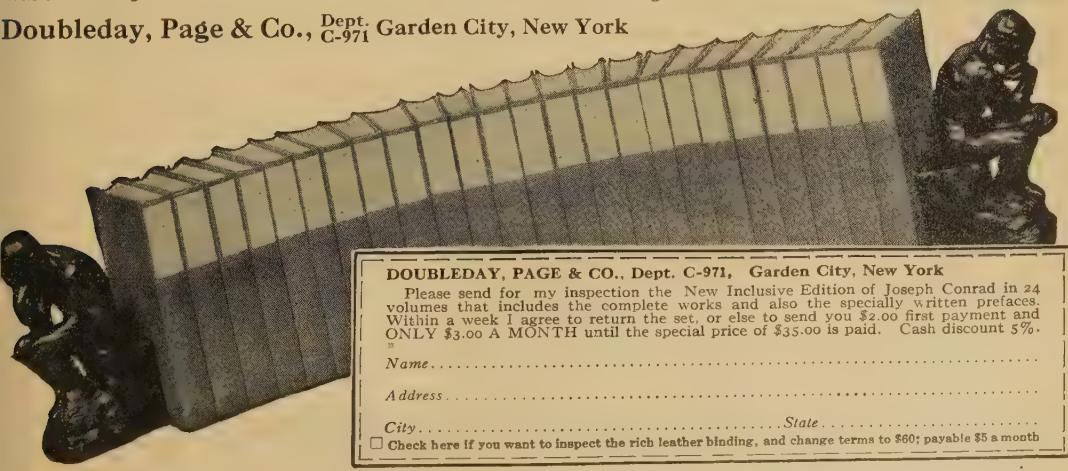

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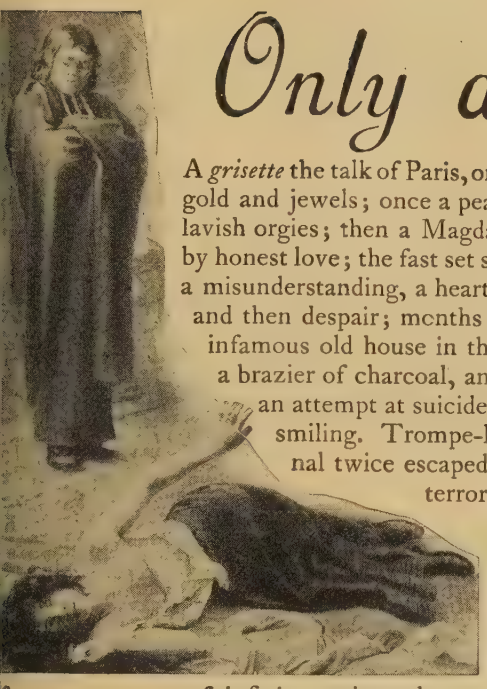

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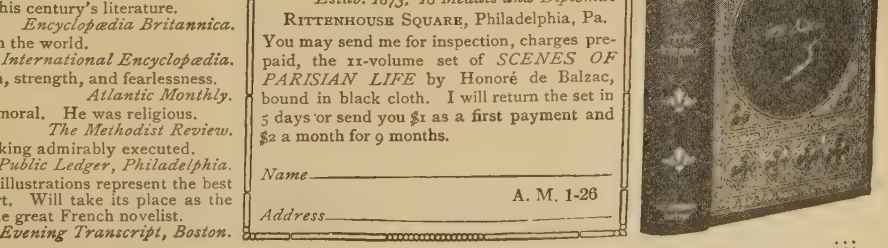

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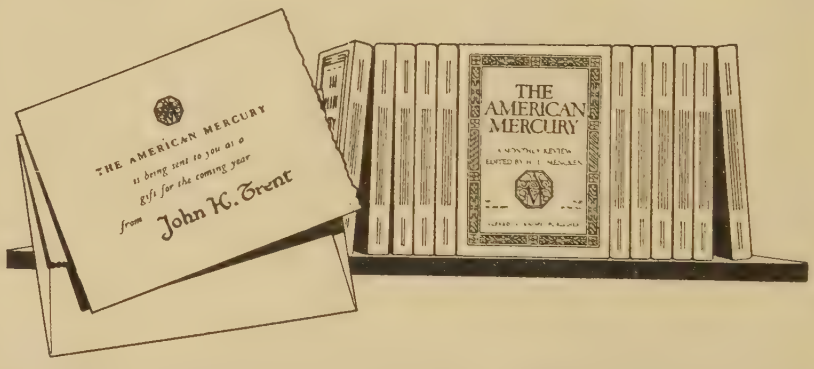

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Volume II was finally read by the author in galleys during September. Proofs read and paged during October and November. The six final chapters were delivered to the printer Nov. 5th. The printing of the first volume started November 25th; the second volume Dec. 2nd. In the interval between the publication of THE "GENIUS" in 1915 and this volume, Dreiser wrote FREE AND OTHER STORIES, HEY RUB-A-DUB-DUB, THE COLOR OF A GREAT CITY, and A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF, and was working on another novel, THE BULWARK, and a two-volume work to be called A GALLERY OF WOMEN.

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THE PEOPLE OF MORONIA

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

It was the custom during the Middle Ages, when human nerves and tastes were more robust than they are now, to entertain one's guests with the antics of dwarfs and cripples. The philosophy behind the court jester evidently was this: If a person is so absurd as to choose to be awkward and misshapen, he deserves to be laughed at. We have now passed that stage of humor, and such things as palsy or a malfunctioning pituitary gland are no longer considered amusing. But the individual with the crippled intelligence is still an object of laughter or wrath among us, and gets both in about equal doses.

The current idea that a person is either normally intelligent or a sheer imbecile is of course as untrue as the notion that one must be either perfectly healthy or sick unto death. There are all stages of broken arches, rheumatism, indigestion, and pain in the back, and there are all stages of skill or lack of skill at reasoning, and all sorts of facilities with numbers and words. Only by the sum total of these aptitudes and defects can we judge the individual. If the total is just a trifle too meagre for the complex demands of modern life, and cannot be made to develop further, then we confront morons, or the border-line feeble-minded, or the dull, or the retarded. All these terms designate different varieties of weak but often likable individuals. They are doomed to carry loads too heavy for them.

In exposing their mental helplessness and the grotesque gropings of their minds, I somehow feel that I am on the humane level of those medieval worthies who may have said "Isn't the staggering of that paralyzed boy a scream? Let's chase him and have a good laugh when he trips." That the mental operations of those of low intelligence are absurd there can be no doubt. But the defense which seems the most appropriate for them, when one more job has been lost because of stupidity, or one more arrest made because of suggestibility, or one more child got into its coffin by gullibility, is the speech of Shylock with but a few words changed: "I am a moron. Hath not a moron eyes? Hath not a moron hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as the intelligent are? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that,—the villainy you teach us, we will execute, and it shall go hard, but we will better the instruction." No words could better fit the moron, who must lead a

citizen's life without a citizen's equipment, and the sombre concluding threat is no less ominous because no moron would have the wit to make it.

From which preamble I descend to the concrete fact of Flora's wedding.

II

Chuck had met Flora on the street and said "How about a show, Blondey?" to which she had replied, "O Boy!" With this introduction matters had gone far before she even knew his last name—a name which she was now to assume under a wedding bell of Easter lilies. We social workers did not approve of the wedding any more than we had approved of others about which our opinion had been asked. But both high contracting parties were of legal age, however low their mental ages might be (Flora's was between ten and eleven as it happened, and Chuck, who was very dull but not quite so feeble, scored a scant year higher), and they wanted to marry, so there was nothing to do but ring the wedding bells, turn on the "Lohengrin" record, throw rice and old shoes, and wait for the inevitable. Incidentally, let no one underestimate the value of an elaborate wedding for morons, if wedded they must be. The mere signing of a license is essentially too abstract and trivial a formality for those who cannot grasp the idea of law. It takes more than a scrap of paper to hold the family together after a quarrel. But if the veil is long enough, enough jokes are made by the best man, and enough shrieks uttered by the bridesmaids, the impression is made upon the dimly-endowed pair that something really important socially has taken place. They are helped thereby to remember that somehow the clergy and the police will see to it that the bride does not sell the household furniture behind her husband's back, and that he will not leave her with the rent to pay. So Flora married Chuck on $20 a week, and they went to housekeeping in two furnished rooms.

Flora had been getting $12 and her lunches as a dishwasher in a restaurant, but that could not continue for long. This aspect of the case, however, was not discussed very much, for Chuck seemed genuinely fond of his Flora, and was marrying her under no outside pressure. Ultimately therefore, Flora must budget his $20 a week to cover rent, food, clothes, movies, gas, tobacco, lipstick, chewing-gum—and layette. To do this required addition, subtraction, and even multiplication, and these processes must be accurate and rapid enough to count the change before the peddler walked way with the extra dollar. Furthermore, a certain ability to use and to understand language was required, because the only callers at Flora's door would be agents for hosiery, vacuum cleaners, vanishing creams and cleaning fluids, veterans selling needles, and children raffling sofa pillows for a fair.

It was a good deal of a strain for Flora, used to the sociability of a café kitchen, to reconcile herself to the solitude of her own, and her hospitality never could resist letting persistent agents in for an exposition of their wares. She had consorted pleasantly with Chuck and with her other acquaintances, both girls and boys, without much recourse either to her vocabulary or to her arithmetic. She had always spent her money until she was broke, and then got herself fed by her escort of the period until the next payday. Her conversation was about as follows: If Chuck remarked, "There goes a white horse," she shouted with laughter, and said "Hot dog!" If he said, "That's a Ford," she agreed, murmuring, "You said it," and snuggled closer. She could also say "Ain't it so?", "You're a fright," "I'll say," "Hell's bells," and "You're crazy with the heat." She could, moreover, giggle and say nothing, which worked quite as well. She was healthy and good-natured, she liked company, and was normal in all but mind.

To come back to the agents who were so voluble, and whose living depended upon selling goods, could anyone expect Flora

to be a match for them? "Start a home library with 'Flames of Fervor,'" said one. "Greatest deeds done, and who done 'em—for less than a cent a page." Flora was dazzled—less than a cent a page for so much print! She made a $5 installment payment, and had nothing left to pay on the grocer's weekly bill, for she had paid a like amount toward a fur coat, the same on the rent, and Chuck had retained $5 for his own use. Four times five makes twenty—surely not difficult for a normal mind. But a moron cannot grasp its significance rapidly enough to come to a decision before the agent has disappeared around the block.

You recall, no doubt, the standard example in arithmetic which every fourteen-year-old school-child is supposed to be able to solve: If two pencils cost five cents, how many can you get for fifty cents? Not only pencils, but doughnuts, dill-pickles, apples, and cotton handkerchiefs are bought at about this price. But neither Flora nor any of her moron friends could master the problem. We knew they could not because we had asked them. Flora's answer was twenty-five because two into fifty is twenty-five. Her friend Lucille's, on the other hand, was a hundred, because two times fifty is a hundred. (Lucille's husband is in the penitentiary for stealing motor-cars—he had to steal *something* to keep ahead of her shopping.) Another friend, Annie, ventured a still more generous estimate. She said: "Five times fifty, because five cents times fifty cents is five times fifty,—whatever that is." Chuck himself answered ten, because "You get two for five, and two times five is ten." It will be observed that all of them knew that *something* must be done in the way of arithmetic, and that their arithmetic was generally correct—except for the fact that they could not select the right process to employ. A simple problem was to them as Relativity is to the rest of us. If our household accounts depended upon a real understanding of Relativity, we should be precisely in Flora's case, for her capacity to live within her income depends upon simple arithmetical analysis. If she and her friends had been low-grade feeble-minded, they could not have multiplied even their twos and fives. But they were only morons.

It was certainly essential that Flora, out of Chuck's weekly twenty dollars, should save a little for the future, so another example suitable for a fourteen-year-old was set for her. "If you have twenty dollars a week, and spend fourteen a week, how long will it take you to save three hundred dollars?" Flora, who had a sense of humor, could not at first get past the joke that she should ever save anything. "A lifetime," she answered,—"and a long lifetime." Then, "three hundred times fourteen." "Three hundred times fourteen *what*?" we persisted, and Flora answered "dollars." The example was written out for her, but she had completely lost the connection, and when she was again reminded, "But how long a time would it take to save it?", she answered, as if through the telephone, "2025." What she meant by that we shall never know. We know only that the firms equipped to solicit business with the mentally unsound will find Flora out and use the courts to collect their bills, and that with such arithmetical equipment her savings account will never be large.

Flora's good nature had often led her into difficulties, not only with agents in the way of rash purchases, but with friends in the way of picking up joy-rides, calling out of the windows to people she did not know, wearing ultra-conspicuous dress when she and Lucille (whom she soon took as a boarder) went shopping, and over-indulgence in matinées which neither could afford, and in which her flirtations with the trombonist made Chuck very jealous. Lucille, as a temporary widow, felt that she had a right to flirt with whom she chose, and Flora, from long habit, followed her example. In what words shall one urge the laws of morals and good taste upon a moron of flaming cheeks and healthy appetites, whose inclinations are those of

an adult body with a child's mind? Unfortunately there is no value in exhortations unless one's auditor understands the words in which they are phrased, and what do Flora or Lucille (or Chuck for that matter) understand? All of them stuck in the fifth or sixth grade in school until they were so large that they were ashamed to be seen with the smaller children, and were tired of being scolded for not getting their lessons.

III

It is hard, indeed, to get at just what words convey to them. Flora, questioned, says that lecture means getting hanged, while Lucille says "It's the chair." The fact that her husband is in the penitentiary perhaps explains why both girls should associate the word with "electric." Flora says skill is "you do it," which isn't so bad. Lucille says "you do it to fish." "Not scale, but skill," we repeat. "In your head," she answers, which seems perhaps on the right track, until she adds "a bone." "Not skull, but skill," we insist patiently. "Fry in it," she tries again, and we give it up. For purpose of ordinary conversation, words of that abstraction are too hazy for Lucille.

Of course, uneducated people necessarily have smaller vocabularies than the highly trained. But on the other hand, children taught in American schools and confronted by the newspapers have been exposed to a good many words, and the meanings of a few of them have got to penetrate if any sermon on behavior is to be intelligible. Moreover, it is impossible for good advice to be couched entirely in words devoid of some degree of abstraction. So we ask—"What is pity?" That seems easy: "You're sorry." Encouraged, we proceed, "What is justice?" "Peace," answers Lucille, "I got married by one." Envy is "enemy," or "You like them," or (hesitating) "You *don't* like them." Insure, to Flora, means "sure," or "You get it when you're dead," or "They get it at the house," or "It's in the company like," or "It's when you get hurt." So much for Flora grasping the insurance principle when some new agent at the door wheedles her out of a first installment, never to be followed by a second!

Cotton is "wood-like," to Flora, but "comes from animals" to Lucille. ("Like coal," she adds, to make it more clear.) Chuck, however, says with a flourish "That it can be viewed from a perspective point," and Flora is silenced with admiration. Brunette, says Flora, means "blondes"; regard means "guard-like"; civil is "civilized" or "big." "Why big?" "Because the Civil War was big." Another venture was "with knives"—because the war was fought with knives! In what words, then, shall we express to Flora, "You must learn to keep an account of your money, not spend more than you have, and be faithful to Chuck," when she has already told us that charity is "Don't be silly," faith is "You do it," and when, to a question requiring the answer, "thirty-five cents," she has answered "eighteen hundred weeks"? When it is possible to say that control means "wagon" and chastity means "tricks," what hodge-podge of ideas has one's sermon produced in the good-natured mind of the moron bride, who probably has not been listening in any case, but has only been wondering whether her hair would look better in bangs or with a marcel?

Chuck, who was a barber, specializing in the haircuts of sailors along the lake-front, had a curious facility for words, which always made a profound impression upon Flora and on his other friends, and left one in doubt as to how much of what he was saying he understood himself. It was to be expected, of course, that as soon as the sprightly Lucille was accepted as a boarder, complications would arise. Flora wanted Lucille for the sake of her company. But so, unfortunately, did Chuck. He would not have sought her out, and neither, perhaps, would she have angled for him. But both being there, in somewhat crowded quarters (when entertaining guests they always slept three in a bed), jealousies soon arose, and a lawsuit pended.

Lucille had twice before held the proud distinction of being a newspaper headliner. When Joe was sentenced, she had had her picture taken with her arms around him, and a dotted line issuing from her mouth enclosed the legend, "I'll be so lonely without my Buddy." Then there had been a dingy fracas later on, when Lucille charged unknown ruffians with tattooing her shoulder-blade, and that, of course, made a magnificent picture for the evening paper. Lucille's friends regarded the tattooing episode with their tongues in their cheeks—but no one could deny that her pictures had decorated the pictorial section, and that she had twice been presented to 100,000 readers, first as "Pretty Girl-Wife Waits for Thug," and then as "Flapper Tattooed. Is Chivalry Dead?" It was natural that Flora, equally ambitious for fame, should look about her for some path to glory. The easiest way was to start a lawsuit against Lucille for the alienation of Chuck's affections.

We had long arguments with Chuck at this turn of events, and were of course dazzled by his vocabulary, as no one could fail to be. Since simple language was only a haze to him, we tried the experiment of teaching him virtue through fables, in a manner that has been popular since Æsop, and which is apparently still dear to the public, for no movie programme is complete without its pictured symbolic moral. Chuck was fond of fables and read them fluently. But the question was: What lesson, if any, did he learn from them? We soon found out. From the fable of the man who called to Hercules for help, and was advised by him to put his own shoulder to the wheel, he derived the lesson, "Always do the same to them." He laughed appreciatively at the girl who counted her chickens before they were hatched, and said, "It pays to be broad-minded." He sighed over the crow who was flattered into dropping her meat in order to sing, and said, "That's like Lucille. These flappers. It don't pay to be led by flappery." Of the miller and his son who took everyone's advice about their donkey instead of using their own judgment, he said, "They're so backward, these dumb animals. Too backward, much more backward than human beings!"

Despite these responses from Chuck, the case went on, and so, joy of joys, Flora's picture got into the paper with the caption, "Bride Sobs, I Loved Him So!" This eminence, of course, nettled Lucille, but pleased Chuck as well as Flora, and the resulting letter from him to his wife effected a reconciliation. "I have thought this thing out pretty thoroughly," he wrote, "and I have done this according to the balance method of applied logic. As a result, I am convinced that you are wrong. Not only that, but I have analyzed you psychologically, and checked up on the results. You have heard of psychoanalysis, of course. The results upon synthesis tallied with the facts." This astonishing letter was correctly spelled, written on pink paper and delivered in person! We helped poor Flora to read it, and with the concrete suggestion added by us, that Lucille board elsewhere, the home life of Chuck and Flora was resumed.

I should feel more sure of the reconciliation being permanent if Flora's picture had been as conspicuously placed in the papers as that of her friend had been. Alas, it was not, and Lucille has not hesitated to point out the distinction. We'd all be easier in our minds if Flora had sobbed upon the front page instead of the ninth. As for the lawyer in the case, he may now join the grocery and the rest of the bill collectors in trying to squeeze blood from two little turnips.

IV

If the thought processes of our moron friends are analyzed, it is evident that in almost every case one may determine, by vague word associations, why they say what they do. Through a hazy mist of associations they see a vague outline of what is being discussed, and because of the sound of a word, or some more or less

intangible link, they clutch at a memory which prompts a response of some appropriateness. Having these vague associations, they escape downright imbecility, but never, except in the simplest of concrete sentences, do they clearly understand what is being said. Their own language is largely Greek to them. They can't make out why it is that other people make so many and such violent distinctions, and why they take such determined stands.

Chuck and Flora will now resume their interrupted domestic life as if nothing had happened, and Lucille will rejoin Joe when he emerges from the penitentiary, or will elope with Micky. Flora on a later occasion will flirt with Tony, and Chuck will make love to Sadie, and they will again make up, or will *not* make up, as the case may be. But in either case, Flora will merely smile and pat her collar and fidget until we are done scolding, and Chuck will continue to shave the sailors, and nod his head over their "interogenous accounts of reserved times." They will hurl obscene abuse at each other when they are angry (with as little knowledge of its meaning as they have of any other words). Much of this abuse may be justified, but they will hurl it as readily when it is not. Many an exasperated moron mother addresses her own daughter as "*son* of a bitch." She uses the term, regardless of its sense, merely because it registers disapproval, as we murmur "how interesting" to the statistician's explanation which we have not in the least understood.

In the same manner the moron daughter will agree to some admonition with a cheerful "That's an earful." Because her answer has a vestige of relevance, the enraged employer, the over trustful merchant, or some other victim, will be convinced that all morons are in complete possession of normal reasoning powers, or as, in his heat, he tends to so aptly express it, "They're exactly as bright as I am." Because to the question, "How much does seven feet of cloth cost at fifteen cents a yard?" they can answer, "Arithmetic," or "You got me—more money than I got," or "Somewhere around a coupla dollars," the inference is that they are capable of providing for their families. Because though twenty-one and voters, their answer to "What is the difference between a President and a King?" is, "Presidents are better," or "Kings are stuck up and want lotsa service," or "Generally kill you, Kings do, at least *some* don't," it is assumed that the vote they cast has an opinion behind it. I have known many a citizen who voted the straight—well, anyhow, who voted a straight ticket, whose only answer to the above question was some variation of "They *sit* different—on thrones, but a President wears regular clothes."

There must be no sweeping inference from this that all trouble-makers are morons, or that all morons are trouble-makers. Far from it! It is a marvel what can be done with a good disposition and small mental equipment, if the training is good, the surroundings simple, and the social standards high. Not much real thought is required if one is protected and lives with intelligent friends. A well-trained moron boy, who has enough of a way with him to get a smart girl to marry him, is often in clover. His little shop is run well, his wife sees to it that he has tobacco and that his dinners are good. She brings up the children and there is nothing left for him to do but to praise her in the city gates. Also an intelligent man with a moron wife can get along pretty well if she has learned good manners at boarding-school, and he has money enough to pay her debts. Unfortunately, both will get into difficulties with their children. Nature slipped when she made an intelligent mother a necessity for successful children, and yet allowed so many men to be attracted by defective mates. The fact that the dull girl cannot realize how dull she is, and that the ineffective father cannot know how little to blame he is for his failures, makes the ensuing catastrophes no less pathetic. On the contrary, their profuse excuses, their stories so wide of the point,

their miscellaneous and irrelevant conversation, their fate always dogging them, but never understood, provide all the essentials of tragedy, for the comic is never absent.

It was my duty at one time to interview a young man, Flora's mental counterpart, on trial for the murder of a policeman. The little fellow had been part of a hold-up party, in which he was either the cat's paw for cleverer members of the group, or had misunderstood directions, or was too drunk to know what he was doing—or any one of several explanations, none of which could he give himself. He was gentle and good-natured, simple and entirely vague as to the whole affair, for which he was later electrocuted. Even the bailiff, inclined to be severe over the murder of an officer on duty, looked at the mild little murderer with some misgivings.

"It seems hard that policemen must be at the mercy of stupid little fellows like David, and hard that the first notice anyone takes of David is to electrocute him," I remarked.

The bailiff peered at him in doubt. "Can I do anything for ya, Dave?" he inquired gently, but murmured in an aside, "He ain't got a chance. He shot him all right and before witnesses, and that gets the chair."

Then he puffed away down the corridor, shaking his head, while Dave smiled pleasantly, and remarked, "I'm off the booze, all right. Excuse my necktie." The policeman's widow, and Dave's widow, the policeman's orphans and Dave's orphans, the arrest, the trial, the chair—all were there because David could not exercise the foresight and imagination which he did not possess, respect the law which he could not grasp, and think quickly in a new emergency when he could not think at all. His children will go through the same routine, and we all foresee it—all but Dave. He meditates upon his necktie, and then is seen no more.

Of course, the real victims of such tragedies are the children. Many are the remedies that have been suggested—none, perhaps, adequate. Certainly none has been adequately tried. Early discovery of morons is granted as desirable, but what then? Reduction of the number of their offspring is also regarded by most people as desirable. But by what means? Segregation? That means money from the taxpayers. Sterilization? That means fright, opposition, and general panic. No granting of marriage licenses? That means the elimination of something which the moron is only too ready to do without. Birth control? Illegal, or morons cannot understand it, or it is irreligious—or what you will. Education of the feeble-minded for unskilled labor? Does that solve the problem of the delinquent tendencies of children reared by a moron mother? And so it goes. In the meantime they multiply. Today they compose from five to ten per cent of the population of the United States—according to how many you include.

As Flora, Lucille and Chuck advance in age from twenty to forty, their escapades become less amusing, and even the most callous reporter does not consider them suitable for his pages. They are doing as well as they can, considering their training, their talents, their temptations, and the heavy burdens laid on their weak shoulders. But they and their pale babies are recognized as disasters. They are still subject to the same diseases and healed by the same means as we. Their children die from epidemics like flies, but pass the germs on to our children before they go. Their children see ours in automobiles, and steal them from us. Our girls must dress in fashion, and so must theirs, even though our boys pay the bills. They all gladly flock toward any frivolity or indecency which we commercialize, and the Greek chorus chants monotonously in the background, "The villainy you teach us, we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction." It is a sombre chorus for such poor little actors as Chuck and Flora and their children. In the final tragedy, who are the villains and who the victims—they or we?

BREAD

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

REGULARLY once a week I betake me to my excellent friend, the grocery-man, whose kind heart and long-term credits have done so much for contemporary art and literature, and I say, "Listen, Citizen. You and I have wandered far and wide across the face of the globe. We have slept beneath the Southern Cross and we have lain shivering amidst the awful gloom of the Moscovite prairies. But wherever we have gone we have been able to eat bread. B-R-E-A-D, bread—a fine and glorious substance that made up for a thousand occasional lapses of the local culinary arrangements.

"And now, please contemplate what you have been sending me these last seven days. A mixture of sand and gypsum! A substance that will neither cut nor toast nor allow itself to be made into a respectable pudding. The product of a correspondence school in mineralogy. Indigestible starch."

And regularly once a week the manager of our suburban commissariat shakes his head and sadly answers, "It is all I can give you. I have got to eat it myself."

Then, in that hopeful fashion of the true Nordic, I begin. "How about that Italian bread we had last year?"

"The wop has gone out of business. The Trust bought him out. He is now running a factory that makes genuine Chianti."

"How about the German bread we had six months ago?"

"The German baker was driven to the wall by the Trust. He left town."

"How about some matzos?"

"The Trust now makes matzos. Pure matzos with a guarantee that dates back to Solomon. But they taste like fish food."

"How about that marvelous French bread you used to get from New York?"

"The Trust killed the French bread business. Their publicity managers started the idea that it was unpatriotic to eat French bread while the French refused to pay their bills. The factory closed its doors. The men went back to France."

"Then there is no hope?"

"Not the slightest."

"And I have got to eat this paste?"

"Yes. But think of it! Each and every chunk is wrapped in an individual and special piece of paper. And no human hand has touched it."

"No human hand *should* touch it!" And with that parting shot I return to the shanty that has been built around my bound Congressional Directories.

The above dialogue is neither new nor original. I am quite sure that a million other citizens who knew real bread in the days of their youth pester their grocers with similar inopportune questions and receive the identical answers. And meantime, the Bread Trust continues its nefarious labors and by hiring thousands of square miles of billboards gradually persuades a long-suffering populace that the petrified husks it forces upon the burghers of our great Republic as Mother's or Sister's or Auntie's bread are the acme of the baker's art.

Of course I know the answer to this lamentation. Our modern world insists upon cleanliness and hygiene. Hence we are invited to eat indifferent food amidst surroundings that remind us of the operating room of a hospital; we are encouraged to drink acid concoctions that have

never been defiled by the sight of a real honest-to-goodness, born-in-the-mud orange, and we are forced to eat bread "that no human hand has touched" or go without. And the eager mothers and ditto fathers who hopefully absorb all the hopeful nonsense about a microbe-less age, who subscribe to an endless variety of household magazines that tend to turn the home into a barrack, congratulate each other that they have lived to see the day when they could (for a not too exorbitant price) get "real, clean bread."

They are the same people who let little Lizzie learn French via the phonograph (that the child may not be exposed to the wiles of the foreign teacher), and who prefer Paderewski on the pianola to Lewandowska on the clavichord. Yea, they are the same people who in Paris will order a dinner of porterhouse steak, German fried potatoes and ice-water.

Meanwhile the art of bread making is rapidly falling into desuetude. Soon the last of the bakers will be moved into the Smithsonian Institution, there to be shown among the stuffed effigies of Mohawk Indians, bartenders and the other noble and extinct races of men. All of which is a pity, for bread was, and in certain parts of the world continues to be, a most noble and honest part of the daily diet. Furthermore, as one of the oldest companions of *Homo assassinans*, it should be treated with great respect and humble gratitude, and not discarded as if it were merely an outworn type of machine-gun or trench-mortar. Not only was it pleasant to the palate, but it lent itself to the exercise of a great deal of artistic ingenuity. There used to be (until comparatively recent times) as many forms and shapes of bread as there were towns and countries.

The French liked their loaves long and fairly thick. The Italians fashioned theirs into something vaguely resembling frozen macaroni. The Swedes patterned theirs after the ancestral viking shield. The Dutch baked their *kadetjes* after models supplied by the late Pieter Pauluszoon Rubens. The Germans dropped a sentimental tear upon Gretchen's grave and braided their bread into regulation *Schnecken*. The English, true to national tradition, "ærated" their bread in such a way that during a sudden national crisis the stuff might be used as ships' ballast. The Danes sublimated their bread into something resembling a very airy *vol-au-vent*. And the Viennese turned out *Hörnchen* that seemed to be composed by the descendants of Johann Strauss.

These races, migrating to the New World, inspired the native biscuit and corndab artists to reach new heights of perfection. For a while it looked as if the United States was to become the Paradise of the Bakers. But, alas, the trend of the times willed it otherwise. Efficiency and hygiene, those two killjoys of the most recent of the inter-glacial eras, took a hand in the matter. They turned the joyous loaves into something as dull as a Sunday in Philadelphia. And a world which had just reduced the noble art of dining to a mere scramble for calories and vitamines accepted the innovation without a protest.

The "master baker" made his appearance to consult with "a hundred thousand housewives" upon the best methods of producing the "ideal loaf." Professors of chemistry were set to work to analyze the ingredients. Efficiency experts were asked to devise new methods of distribution, and whole armadas of trucks were hired to guarantee prompt delivery.

A modern translation of Holy Script had already made it clear that it was not bread (in the modern sense of the word) that was referred to by our Saviour when He taught His followers to pray for their daily sustenance, but something quite different and inferior. Nothing was lacking but a constitutional amendment making the manufacture of French and German and Swedish and Italian bread illegal. And that, if my information from Washington is correct, is exactly what we must expect before the rule of our Lord Calvin shall have come to its starchy end.

AN INVESTMENT FOR THE FUTURE

BY RUTH SUCKOW

They were staying not in a hotel but in a private rooming-house—a white house, as most of them were in Mobile, slightly dilapidated, with a long airy central passage. They took most of their meals down town at restaurants that looked from the outside as if they would not be too high-priced.

The car drove up for them. The landlady had been rocking in the passage, talking to another black-haired woman in a low interminable murmur of slurred Southern speech. She knocked on their door.

"Mistuh Albright! Missis Albright! Somebody aout heah fo' you-all!"

"Oh, yes—thank you! We'll be out in just a minute."

A flurrying about, hasty but subdued. The Albrights came out, going past the two women, smiling in the constrained secretive way of provincial people among strangers. Mrs. Albright said shyly, "Goodbye"; and Mr. Albright echoed her hastily, "Goodbye, goodbye."

"Good mawnin'. Hope you-all have a nice ride."

"Thank you. I'm sure we will."

They had kept strictly in their own room when they were not at meals or out with Mr. Ballentyne. They had eaten lunches there—oranges and crackers and cookies, brought back from town in paper sacks, furtively, because they had not known how "she" might like it. They had decided that it would be better not to tell the landlady anything about this business of theirs, and she had thought that they were rather queer and hard to get acquainted with like all Northerners—Yankees.

The eyes of the two women followed them as they went out to the car. The women seemed always to be sitting there, in loose half-soiled apron dresses, watching and rocking in the passage through which drifted a breeze and a faint scent of overblown white roses.

Mr. Ballentyne leaned out of the car and called jovially:

"Ready for a drive this mawnin'?"

They smiled in response, flattered, and yet with reserve, because they were not going to "say anything" until they had seen the land. Mr. Albright answered, with his slight touch of precision:

"Yes, indeed. We're ready, all ready."

"Fine! Then we're off—off to Wild Bird."

Mr. Ballentyne tossed away his cigar and started the engine. Mrs. Albright thought that he smoked too much, but in spite of that he seemed like a very nice man. At first his cordiality, his lavishness with money, had worried her. But she had thought that this must be "Southern hospitality" and had been gradually won and flattered. He seemed to like them both so well, to think so much of their value as settlers on the land. He treated them, they felt, not just like people met in a business way. He called Mr. Albright "Doctuh," and this pleased them, although Mrs. Albright had felt it necessary to protest that Mr. Albright was "not D.D." Mr. Ballentyne had confided that he was not much of a church-goer—well, he had let himself get out of the habit of it the last few years, you know a man lets himself get lax; but his wife and daughters were members of the Episcopalian church and

he "believed in the churches." Mrs. Albright had urged him not to let his wife do the church-going for him, that the church needed men; and he had said that he meant to start going regularly again, there was no question but it was the thing to do.

Mrs. Albright had wondered about Mr. Ballentyne's wife and daughters—what they were like. She had thought that perhaps he would bring them along, but it seemed that she and Mr. Albright were not going to get to meet them. She always inquired after Mrs. Ballentyne.

Mr. and Mrs. Albright settled themselves in the back seat, self-conscious, but with an ingenuous pride. They liked to have the big seven-passenger car drive up to their rooming-house for them. The gratified look on their faces showed how they enjoyed the smooth motion that was pleasantly familiar to them now. They had unconsciously taken on a look of dignified aristocracy as they drove about the city.

They had bought new clothes to come South, and a new brown bag. This was the first real trip that they had made in years, and Mr. Albright especially was determined to "do the thing right." He had made Mrs. Albright go to Fall Rapids and buy a ready-made black crêpe dress, that she had altered later herself by putting in a little net yoke and high collar. He himself had worn his next-best black suit that he sometimes wore in the pulpit on Sunday evenings, and a new Panama hat. They had been glad to have these things when they had gone to that fine hotel for dinner with Mr. Ballentyne. How would Mrs. Albright have felt if she had had only her black skirt and silk waist! But she was wearing the skirt and waist today, because they were going out into the country and it might rain. She had put on a tatting collar and the black hat with cherries that she had got with a view toward travelling. Her hands were perspiring in their new tan silk gloves. She must remember not to take hold of the rod of the car because it "came off" on her gloves. She did hope the roads were good. She was afraid of these fearful hills and bumps.

Mr. Albright sat grasping the rod, looking brightly and eagerly about with blue eyes slightly faded behind their rimmed glasses. His thin face was sunburned and his thick gray hair was damp under his Panama hat—Mrs. Albright did wish they had brought his old straw hat along; this was too good for going out to the country. He had said recklessly, "Well, Mamma, suppose something does happen to it!" He was not going to worry about hats today.

Mr. Ballentyne was taking them out that same street, remembering how Mrs. Albright liked the old white galleried houses. They were like the Southern houses in novels. Mr. and Mrs Albright both were watching eagerly, Mrs. Albright still a little timorous, but he sitting upright and elated, taking off his Panama hat now and then to let the breeze from the Gulf stir his heavy damp hair.

II

They had talked it over again last night, and again Mr. Albright had conquered all Mamma's little fears that always cropped up when he once thought that a thing was decided for good and all. It was not too late to draw back. She had heard of people who had bought land in the South and when they had gone down there had found it was all under water.

"Yes, but Mamma, we're going to see ours. If it's under water, we'll know it when we see it, won't we?"

It was really her liking for Mr. Ballentyne that won her. She felt that they ought not to let him do so much for them if they intended to go back on their investment—just as she could not understand those women who let a clerk show them one piece of goods after another when they didn't intend to take a thing. And she would not have kept Mr. Albright from buying, anyhow. She would only have

demurred, drawn back, urged him to be cautious, as she did when he was going out in a row-boat or hitching up a horse or doing other dangerous things. Papa was of course the business head of the family.

Mr. Albright thought, with proud satisfaction in the novelty of using business terms, that he was "making a good investment." It was A. B. Goodman, a hardware merchant in Bloomfield and a member of his church, who had put him on to it—another phrase he had never used before. A. B. had bought land in the South. He had been there and brought back a little bag of specimens that he proudly displayed to neighbors—pecan nuts, Japanese oranges, castor-oil beans, varieties of soil in little glass bottles. A. B. was enthusiastic over the country. Think of picking roses in February! A. B. wanted to dispose of the hardware business and go right down there. His own nephew was connected with the company. There could not be a mistake.

The Albrights did not remember just how it had all come about. From taking supper at the Goodman's, getting confidential after talking about the Petersons, being shown the specimens—"Now, I wouldn't show these to everyone, Reverend, but I know you have an interest in a little of the world beyond Bloomfield." They had pretended that their interest was all for Helen and Emmett. Helen's husband, a school principal in a small Wisconsin town, had poor health. A. B. declared that the Southern climate would cure him. "Tell you—I'll just have my nephew step around and see you some time!" And here had come the nephew from Chicago, with his hair slicked back and all the statistics on his tongue. He had wormed it out of them at once that they had some money uninvested. They had decided to make the trip. They had acted, they felt, with intense caution. It was not like that newfangled corn-shredder company into which Mr. Albright's brother had sunk their first savings years ago. Mr. Albright had asked the librarian for books on the South. They were going to see for themselves.

Now they would not tell even Mr. Ballentyne that they were "thinking favorably" until they had looked at the land.

Mr. Ballentyne turned around and smiled at them, with a glimpse of white teeth in his dark soft-featured face with small, genial, dark-brown eyes.

"Mobile must be gettin' to look familiar to you-all."

"You've shown us around a great deal, Mr. Ballentyne. Mr. Albright and I certainly appreciate it, but we feel as if we've taken so much of your time—"

He waved that aside. "Glad to, glad to."

It had been the same during their whole trip. Just as Mr. Hutchins in Chicago had told them, it had turned out to be really more of a holiday than a business trip—only they would have something when they got home. That young nephew of A. B.'s had been so approving when they had made up their minds to go. "Fine, fine! Well, folks, whether you decide to buy or not—although there's no doubt in my mind what you'll do when you see that forty—you'll have the finest little trip you ever took in your lives." Mr. Hutchins, at the office in Chicago, had told them the same thing. Plump, rosy, well-groomed, in a fashionable gray suit, turning from his stenographer to hold out a warm hearty hand to them, crying, "Well, well! So here are these people Mr. Goodman's been telling me about! Going to have a splendid trip South. Just wish I had the time to go with you. Great country—it's the country of the future. But Mr. Ballentyne down there will look out for you." And sure enough, when they got off the train at Mobile, there had been Mr. Ballentyne with the car to meet them. "Doctuh Albright? I thought so. Ballentyne. You've heard of me." They hadn't been able to keep him from picking up their bag and leading them to the car.

Now he said, "Did you-all go daown to the wharves last evenin'?"

They told him yes, they had seen Mobile Bay—like the song. Mr. Albright grew enthusiastic about it. It had been a wonderful sight to watch those Negroes loading up great bales of cotton, to think of all the countries to which those products might be going. It made a man consider the resources of this great country. Mrs. Albright wanted to know what those pretty purplish flowers were called. "Water hyacinths"—they must be Southern flowers. She wondered if they would grow at home. She'd like to take a specimen, anyway. She told Mr. Ballentyne about her book in which she had pressed specimens of the flowers of all regions—an edelweiss that Professor Dixon had sent her from Switzerland, and even some flowers from the Holy Land.

"You shall have yo' specimen," Mr. Ballentyne declared.

"Oh, well now, I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"Don't worry about that, Mrs. Albright. I'll get it for you if I have to swim aout fo' it!"

She sat back, flattered and gratified. He had been so good about stopping the car and had insisted on getting out himself and picking things for her—new flowers, a leaf of scrub palmetto which she wanted to make into a fan for little Verleen Johnson, a leaf from an orange tree, Spanish moss. It had been half the pleasure of the journey for her.

"Mrs. Albright's great on flowers," Mr. Albright explained.

"So I see! Well, Mrs. Albright, when you-all come to live in the Saouth, you can have them all the yeah raound."

She would show the ladies at home and perhaps send a root of something to Helen. Mr. Albright was full of interest too—what he believed to be a strictly philosophical and scientific interest—in all these new things.

Mr. Ballentyne had told them to go down to the wharves yesterday. He had planned interesting things for them to do when he was too busy to take them out. He had told Mrs. Albright just what stores to go to for a little present for Helen. It had been a wonderful trip! Now, as they spun along the road, dreamily contented with the smoothness of the motion, their minds were full of it.

There had been the journey from Chicago through Northern Alabama—great wooded hills, with little cabins in the hollows; then a big rolling, run-down country, with everything gone to seed, miserable little corn and cotton patches, unpainted shanties set up on stilts in dismal plots of ground, flimsy houses painted dark red and green, little villages with ratty-looking, sharp-snouted pigs running through the streets, rivers like liquid yellow mud. Mrs. Albright had exclaimed in dismay, "If this is what the South is like, we'd better have stayed at home!" She was horrified at the haphazardness of the towns after the trim, staid neatness of Bloomfield, with its population of retired farmers. Imagine people at home letting even one pig run loose through the streets—it would cause a scandal! But Mr. Albright had been interested in everything. "You must have vision, Mamma," he said. "You must see what can be made of this country." And, really dismayed too, he had thought of themselves as crusading Northerners come in—as Mr. Hutchins had said—"to show enterprize to the South."

As they neared the coast, Mrs. Albright, too, had grown excited at seeing with her own eyes such an exotic thing as the Gulf of Mexico. She had stopped worrying over the expense of the journey—trying to persuade Mr. Albright that he could wait just as well, stop off and get a bag of cookies somewhere, when he was hungry and wanted grandly to go to the diner; and then ordering only a vegetable and wanting to share his meat with him. They saw the Southern pines—tall, slim-stemmed, tufted at the tops like giant feather dusters. The white oyster-shell roads through the green live-oaks. Mobile, with its queer old-fashioned streets. They had stopped before flat-faced buildings of

faded stucco, green and cream and blue, with green-painted balconies hanging askew like frayed ancient lace. Mr. Albright had kept exclaiming, "This is romantic, Mamma! I'd like to paint a picture of this." Both had cried, "I wish we had Helen with us!" There was a square with live-oaks and old fountains, where all day long some little locust things were shrilling.

Mr. Albright had taken the *National Geographic* off and on for years, whenever he could afford it. But during his vacations they had gone to visit relatives, either his or his wife's, and of late years to see Helen. There had been so much to take his money, and his salary had always been small. He had had his training only at a little country seminary, and had held small churches. There had been the two children to educate, and then Lawrence's long illness and death.

But now he was actually travelling! The boyishness that unworldly men preserve, that underlay all his little ministerial precisions, cropped up in the delighted interest with which he tried to observe every new variety of soil. He had been getting tired, almost discouraged. He had been preaching so long, and preaching seemed to amount to so little these days. What the people seemed to want now was a business manager who could lead the Boy Scouts. Now he felt that he was gaining information, enlarging his viewpoint. Themes for new sermons such as he had not preached for years came into his mind. At last he had seen the ocean!

The heart had long ago gone out of his work. But here was something into which he could put all that remained of that fire of purpose that years ago had sent him, a poor boy with his way to make, into the ministry to "do good to all men." He could believe in the future of the South. He would not be living out his last days in a small, minute death of economy as he had seen many old people doing. His thin sun-burned face, under the heavy gray hair, was eagerly alert.

III

They had driven about mostly in the city. This was a great hot, flat country—red roads, blue sky, rough stretches of fields. Mrs. Albright forgot her gloves and clung to the rod as Mr. Ballentyne swung the car around the curves, turning to speak to them with a reassuring glow of his dark brown eyes.

"These roads are all goin' to be changed when we get a few enterprizin' people in heah!"

Mrs. Albright saw with amazement that the soil seemed to be pinkish! She had always supposed that dirt was simply dirt-color. Mr. Albright explained about the minerals, but she did not quite take it in. How queer it would be, she was thinking, to have a house built on pink soil—not substantial, not suitable, much too gay. She and Papa starting out in their old age to build a new home on pink ground! The recklessness of the whole undertaking overwhelmed her.

The landscape was strangely unkempt after their own huge country of cultivated fields. Mrs. Albright wondered when the real South would begin—the South of the Civil War novels where the heroine was Southern and the hero Northern; of songs sung by young people on porches in the evening: white mansions and white cottages wreathed in jasmine, black mammies in white turbans, Southern belles and beauties, and colonels with wide-brimmed hats and goatees drinking juleps. Most of the houses were those frail little things set up on stilts. They were like the Summer cottages in the park near Fall Rapids.

They were getting into Wild Bird. Mr. Ballentyne turned.

"We're almost to Wild Bird. It's neahly ten o'clock. Say that we take two hours to look at the land and then get back heah and see if they can't give us something at the hotel."

They demurred at his ordering another meal for them, but his careless assumption

of mastery silenced them. They drove into the little town and he got out at the hotel, a large frame building with one of those long central passages.

There was about the place an air at once fresh and forlorn—the air of the South. In all the careless sweetness, a dark tinge of dilapidation could be felt. The grass grew long and frowsy in the yards enclosed in dingy picket fences—Southern grass, thin, shallow-rooted. Rose bushes scattered white petals. The long straight lines of the railroad flashed across the white sand.

They looked about silently.

"I don't see but two stores, Papa," Mrs. Albright whispered.

"There's surely more than that," he answered confidently. "Or there will be. You must remember, Mamma, this country is just opening up."

"That one seems to be a kind of post-office and the other one a general store, like Hanson's at home. But Hanson's is bigger."

"You mustn't expect a big store right away. Wait until more people come. . . . That must be a banana tree over there. I must get out and have a look at that. Don't you want to come?"

"No, I believe I'll sit in the car. Save my feet," she murmured.

He went trotting off to see the banana tree. She sat alone in the big car—a small, neat, elderly, Middle Western figure, in her black skirt and prim hat with the cherries. Once more, with Mr. Ballentyne's warm, encouraging look eclipsed, it seemed a dangerous venture. These people did not seem to mow their lawns. What kind of people could they be? She was not sure but that she was afraid to live among darkies. Their black eyes rolling and the flash of white eye-balls gave her a feeling of something dark and hot and mysterious, like eyes peering from a dark thicket. Only a few miles away was the Gulf of Mexico, a great expanse of silvery water. She felt as if it were almost at her feet, and she clutched the car again.

Then Mr. Ballentyne came hurrying out of the hotel, smiling, crying, "All settled!" In the face of his warm geniality she could not say what she had been feeling. All her little cautious statements and questionings he brushed easily aside.

"Now we're off for the woods—for the piney woods," he said gayly. But he added seriously, "It won't be woods much longuh, though. Eh, doctuh?"

"No, I presume not," Mr. Albright said.

"It's smaller than I thought of it," Mrs. Albright admitted.

"Oh! The town, you mean? Oh, yes. Not much of a town naow," Mr. Ballentyne said gently. "But there's a fine class of people coming in. Northern people, professional people many of them, like you, doctuh. As I was sayin', the doctuh'll be havin' a church heah in a few yeahs."

"Well, of course, I plan on retiring when I come out here," Mr. Albright put in hastily.

"I don't see," Mrs. Albright said faintly, "what there would be for my son-in-law to do here. You know we were hoping, if we settled here, to get him and my daughter to come down here after a few years. He's a teacher, a principal, but his health isn't very good—"

"Just the thing!" Mr. Ballentyne asserted heartily. "A good school man is just who we need aout heah."

And as they drove on, Mrs. Albright feeling heartened and somehow warmed, he began to fish in his pocket for letters and memoranda—driving with one hand, so that Mrs. Albright clung and gave little gasps when the car bumped in and out of ruts.

"This is it! This is a lettuh come yesterday from a lady in Illinois. She's a drawin' teachuh—been teachin' drawin' fo' twenty-one yeahs, she says. No wonduh she's gettin' ready to stop! She wants a home just like you-all. I look for her daown heah. Wish you-all could stay and meet her. 'Miss Imogen Bundy.' She's got a right fancy name. But she sounds like a very nice lady. . . . Heah's anothuh school

man, Mrs. Albright! You'd bettuh get yo' son-in-law daown heah quick!"

They laughed.

"Oh, that's the class of folks we want," Mr. Ballentyne tossed back at them, turning now and again to Mrs. Albright's dismay and letting the car make a dive for the side of the road. "That's our object in settlin' up this land. Course," he admitted, with a rather engaging candor, "we're business men, Mistuh Hutchins and I, and we want to get a fair return fo' ouh labuh. But we want to bring the Saouth into its own." Mr. Albright nodded vigorously. "We're proud of the folks that buy this land. Professional people are the finest class of folks on the face of the earth. Isn't that so, Mrs. Albright? Isn't it, doctuh? And that's not slammin' business men."

The Albrights were modestly silent, but gratified. All the more because of his Southern speech that sounded so gallant with the r's elegantly absent.

"Naow," Mr. Ballentyne said cheerfully, "we'll just stop and see a few of the neighbuhs. I want to see Mistuh Christy a moment, and while I'm talkin' with him, maybe you-all would enjoy lookin' araound. See what one Alabama farm looks like."

He drove up to a square house that was painted brown and yellow. It was not what Mrs. Albright thought of as Southern —there was no shrouding of jasmine and creepers, only the bare little house on the flat ground. A young woman in a blue bungalow apron came to the kitchen door and then caught up a homemade blue sunbonnet and came out to them.

"Good mawnin', Mrs. Christy!" Mr. Ballentyne called.

"Oh, good morning. I didn't see just who it was."

"Mistuh Christy at home this mawnin'?"

"Yes, he's out here somewhere. I'll see if I can find him—"

"Nevuh mind! We'll find him. Mrs. Christy, like you to know these folks. Mrs. Albright—Doctuh Albright. They come from neah yo' old haunts."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Christy said.

"Well now, if I may, Mrs. Christy, I'll just hunt up that man of yours. Like to come with me, doctuh?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Albright answered with alacrity.

"Mrs. Albright, I'd like to take you too, if the sun wouldn't be too hot."

"She can come inside," Mrs. Christy offered.

"Don't you want to look about, Mamma?" Mr. Albright asked.

"No, I think I'll go inside if it won't be any trouble."

The men started off, and Mrs. Albright walked silently beside Mrs. Christy to the back door. "I'd ask you to go into the front, but I aint got around to getting it cleaned up," Mrs. Christy said. There was a baby in the kitchen, a chunky little light-haired fellow in blue rompers. That gave the two women a topic and softened the slight stiffening of aloofness in Mrs. Christy's manner. After a few moments, she became affable, and offered Mrs. Albright a ripe persimmon. Mrs. Albright stopped to savor every bite with interest and pleasure, telling Mrs. Christy how she meant to send back a box of fruit to her daughter Helen.

"Yes, I s'pose it seems good to you when it's just new," Mrs. Christy said. "We see so many of them. I like 'em pretty good, but I'm kind of tired of them. Apples are what sound good to us now."

"Oh, dear me, haven't you apples?" Mrs. Albright asked, shocked. She wondered of what they made jelly in the South; and the names of the fruits sounded exotic and somewhat frightening to her.

Mrs. Christy asked her with a tinge of curiosity:

"You folks going to settle here? I see you come with Mr. Ballentyne."

But Mrs. Albright closed up immediately at that, and merely answered with prim reserve, "I don't know. We're just making a trip down here."

"I guess he's been selling quite a number of tracts lately."

When Mrs. Albright began to hint

gently to discover how Mrs. Christy liked the country, Mrs. Christy's replies were as evasive and discreet as her own. She was busy washing out some of the baby's clothes. Mrs. Albright sat in the small, clean, hot kitchen, slowly eating the mellow fruit, which seemed to her a little too soft and rich to be really wholesome.

They heard the voices of the men outside—Mr. Albright's eager, Mr. Ballentyne's hearty and soft, Mr. Christy slower and more reserved in his answers. Mrs. Albright started up at once. Her husband met her on the steps, with his hands full of specimens. He was in a flush of interest.

"Well, Mamma," he said at once, "you should have come with us! This gentleman has been showing us all the products he raises out here. Look!" He dumped the little collection of wilting leaves and shiny beans into her hands as she held them out wonderingly. "Here's a sweet potato leaf. These are what castor oil is made from. It's strange to see these things actually growing!" In fact, it seemed to him almost a miracle that these plants, which were only names at home, should be actually seen growing out of the soil. It made the land itself seem miraculous. "Now, there's something I want *you* to see. Mr. Christy's going to show us his orange grove."

This interested her. She wanted to tell Helen, and the ladies at home, that she had seen oranges growing—perhaps to send them an orange that she herself had picked.

"Now you're in an orange grove!" Mr. Albright exclaimed with delight. He displayed the trees with as much pride as if they belonged to him.

"Pick one," Mr. Christy said.

"Oh no, I don't want to spoil your trees," Mrs. Albright protested.

"Oh, they'll have plenty more!" Mr. Ballentyne laughed. "Heah, Mrs. Albright, let's find you a good one. They aren't ripe yet—but you try one."

He hunted about to find an orange on one of the small, neat trees. The orchard was young, he explained. It was just coming into bearing. Mrs. Albright took the round greenish fruit wonderingly. She wanted to keep it and send it to Helen, but Mr. Ballentyne insisted that she taste it. The taste was sharp, unripe, and yet not unpleasant. Perhaps it would be bad for her, though, being green—she would dispose of it when he wasn't looking.

"Well, sir, it's quite an experience," Mr. Albright said, "to pick oranges right off the trees."

Still, as they went toward the car, Mrs. Albright was thinking that she did not wholly approve of the place. Certainly the Christys were not "professional people." They were a nice young couple, she thought, but they looked like farmers with their tanned skin and sun-burnt hair. She and Mr. Albright did not intend to make regular farmers of themselves. Of course, they would pick their oranges and melons, and cherish their plants. She would never want Helen—supposing Helen and Emmett came down here, too—to be a farmer's wife. A girl who had had the education they had given Helen! Mr. Albright knew nothing about farming, any more than what he had learned from raising a garden—they had nice gardens, always.

Mr. Ballentyne, as if guessing her thoughts, turned to them as they drove away and said, "There's a fine young couple! Came aout heah and made that little place fo' themselves. They can teach us Southerners a lot we don't know—and I say it who was bo'n and raised in the Saouth, and wouldn't live any place else."

"Yes, of course," Mrs. Albright put in timidly, "but Mr. Albright and I couldn't do regular farming, you know. I'm sure my daughter and her husband wouldn't care to do that."

"Oh no, suttinly not, you have a different proposition. No, while you-all are up No'th gettin' ready to come daown to us, yo' fahmin' will all be looked aftuh. Yo'll have a nice little set of trees all ready fo' you."

"Well, of course," Mr. Albright said indulgently, "Mrs. Albright's thinking of

an Iowa farm. Forty acres isn't like two hundred, Mamma. It will be like having a big orchard—just enough to keep us busy. Yes, we want just enough for us to handle nicely—a nice little place."

"That's it, that's it!" Mr. Ballentyne responded warmly.

Now he was turning the big car into a white sandy road. They entered the pine trees. The road twisted and turned—past swamps at which Mrs. Albright glanced fearfully, with their gray gum trees tangled in gray moss; bumping over little streams that lay like brown glass above lily leaves and long grasses. The tall pines stood straight, or curved, and the air among them was fresh, sunny, and wild in a strange sweet way, without the deep-rooted massive somberness of Northern pine forests. Nothing was deep-rooted here. The long grass had a shallow hold. The tall slender trees were uprooted by a wind from the Gulf. The little streams spread and were shallow. Light, easy, carefree. . . . They swung past a little ramshackle house enclosed in a picket fence with two sycamore trees . . . a glimpse of a gray, unpainted shack near the swamp with ragged children playing about it. . . . And then sunny wilderness.

Mr. Ballentyne drew up at an uncharted spot where pine trees grew thickly.

"This is the fo'ty!" he said.

And looking out in wonder and astonishment, it seemed to them that the very curves of the pine trunks, the fall of the ground, had more significance because this land might be their own.

IV

Their first feeling of desolation, when they had got out of the car and stood there in the long shallow-rooted grass waiting for Mr. Ballentyne, had worn off. Now they had been wandering about—aimlessly it seemed to Mrs. Albright, who couldn't understand much about just vacant land—looking at everything, feeling of the pine bark, testing the soil, bending down to pick strange flowers. Mr. Ballentyne had been talking constantly and cheerfully, and Mr. Albright answering him with a seeming wiseness that bewildered her. Whether it was good soil—what was the soil's depth, the sub-soil, the minerals—she could not tell. All the while her eyes were wandering off from these things and calculating where a house might stand, where flowers could be planted.

This look of the wilderness, which exhilarated Mr. Albright, frightened her. It was sunny here, but close by was the swamp, veiled in gray mosses, full of wild secrecy. The breeze that moved the tufted pine trees came from the Gulf. Out of the mass of statistics that the men were talking, her mind seized and clung to certain things that made the strange future possible to her—roses blooming in February; all the fruit they could eat; the road to Mobile; a little spot for a house; the neighbors who would be coming in. But as Mr. Albright walked about, laying his palm against a pine trunk, hearing of oranges, melons, nuts, roses—thinking of the silvery ocean waters that lay only a few miles to the south and that sent this salty breeze that now was fresh against his skin—he seemed to be viewing the days of his age through a pure and sunlit radiance of Virgilian peace and quietude. It was like a low song, it was like poetry, under all Mr. Ballentyne's brisk explanations to which he listened and replied with pride in the exact knowledge he had gathered from all his books and folders on the South.

"And then the pecans," Mr. Ballentyne was saying. "Did you-all notice that big pecan tree as we drove into Wild Bird? I meant to point that aout to you-all. Well, suh, an old lady owns that tree and she lives off the income of that one tree."

"That ought to please you, Mamma," Mr. Albright said. "You like nutting so well. We'll have to let you look after our pecan grove."

It was true. She always wanted to get into the woods when it came Fall. They used to drive out with Pet, their old horse,

and the one-seated buggy, and get a gunny-sack full. They didn't keep a horse, of course, any more; she had to depend upon being asked by one of their neighbors who had a car. It was not just that the nuts were so nice to use for cakes and salads in the Winter. She was disappointed when old Mr. Endicott brought them a pailful of black walnuts from his two trees. She wanted to pick the nuts herself, to find them in their big sticky green hulls among the fallen leaves, to listen and run a little way when the strong member of the party took a great branch and hit the walnut boughs . . . to wander apart from the others, and hear only the secret sound of her own hands rustling among the leaves. Last year, little Jamie Robbins had gone with them to climb the trees and shake the nuts down . . . how far away his voice had sounded!

A soft melting, a brightness, came over her sedate, small-featured face at the thought of having fruit and nuts of her own to pick—she herself taking little pailfuls of good things to other people, instead of having them given to her; trees of her own that she could cherish, year after year, and flowers that she could plant without fearing that she must leave them; her own orchard, her own woods, no one's permission to ask when she entered. She could send back boxes of nuts and oranges to her best friends at home, people in the various towns where they had lived who had been so kind to them and for whom she could do so little in return. The very thought gave her pride and eased her old sensitive humility.

All her cautious little statements seemed to be answered, one after another. The land was wild now, it was covered with pines. But the pines would all be cleared away. Papa seemed to think that that could be easily done. While Mr. Ballentyne explained the method, her eyes wandered from him, noting, in the long thin grass, a strange kind of lily-like flower, yellow, with a center of dusky red. The men knew all about such things as clearing the land. Such matters she would take on trust, after they had reassured her that it could be done. In fact, she made her cautious statements to be reassured. She had urged Papa to be careful. Her part was done. Now she would trust to him, as she had trusted in the row-boat out on Clear Lake, and when they drove old Pet past a threshing machine going out to the country. Over her faint sense of desolation went Mr. Ballentyne's cheerful words in a bright stream.

"It won't take long to get this forest away. When you-all come daown heah in a few yeahs time, yo' place will be ready fo' you. Then you can set up yo' house."

"Yes, I see. I understand."

"There's nevuh been, I feel free to say—and you'll back me, doctuh—a proposition like it fo' professional people. What you-all want is a home. That's what Mistuh Hutchins and I are aimin' to give you."

Both the Albrights were silent, impressed. The land was wild. The trees, the very grass and the earth on which they stood, were strange to them. At night, different stars appeared in the big soft sky. But if they built a home, it would be theirs. They could ask Helen to stay with them if . . . anything should happen to Emmett. At the thought of that, Mrs. Albright's heart grew warm, her hands tightened, with the old feeling they had had when Helen was a little girl and she had held her. She could go anywhere—no place was too strange—if there she could make a home and a refuge for Helen.

Mr. Ballentyne had wandered off discreetly—touching the bark of this pine and that in a testing fashion, bending down to pick a spear of grass.

"Well, Mamma!" Mr. Albright said momentously.

At once her timid fears, deep instincts and intuitions that could not be put into words, rushed over her. "Oh, Papa, must we decide? It's so strange here." No, she could not find words for those deeply hidden things that stirred now, ominously. They were wordless, and Papa would call them foolish, superstitious.

He said with a touch of impatience, "Well, Mamma, you must look ahead. If we want a home, we must make it."

"Yes, I know it," she said.

She could not hold him back now. Papa was "convinced." But her thought clung tightly—at this moment when she knew she must let go—to their precious seven thousand dollars that lay cautiously divided between the bank in Bloomfield and that in Ross, where they had formerly lived. Two thousand she had inherited from her parents, and the other five thousand they had squeezed painstakingly out of their income, year by year, to give them a home when they were old and Mr. Albright could no longer preach. . . . But they were almost old now. Their income would never be larger. It would be less and less. They would go from smaller town to smaller town. If they left Bloomfield, where would they go? Her heart grew cold, as if black cold depths of water had suddenly flooded over it. She clung helplessly to this land of warm air and tall slender trees—to that yellow lily in the grass.

"Well, perhaps . . . ." she admitted.

"It won't be like this," he told her confidently. "More people will be coming all the time—they're bound to when they see this country. Who knows but what we can get Helen and Emmett down here near us!"

Her face brightened quickly.

"We never could at home. And all we could do there, Mamma, would be to buy a house for us to live in. It wouldn't be an investment. This is looking toward the future. You mustn't keep your eyes, Mamma, right on the ground."

Her face looked distressed.

"All the time we can be saving, until this is ready for us. We'll be having this to look forward to."

He wanted the land. He had set his heart upon it. Already, he looked at the pines, at the slopes of grass, with a warmly swelling sense of possession. A new dignity came over him as he felt himself a landowner, a man with possessions. It was a spiritual kingdom that he had been preaching, for which he had been working all his life; but no longer would the men in his church, the men of property, the men who had the say-so, intimidate and humiliate him. This was his own. He said, with a sudden realization:

"Mamma, I'll tell you. I've always wanted to give you a home. You've had to go around with me all these years, and I don't want you to do it when we get old. I want *you* to have something. This is our chance—in this country that's got a future before it—and with all the romantic things about it, too. If we couldn't start earlier, we can start now."

She did not answer. Her small lips were quivering. He knew that she consented.

As they stood there, making their decision, they were conscious of the faint swaying of the pines and of a light flood of sunshine over the long grass. The charm of the South touched them softly, like the touch of a hand . . . light, sweet, warm, frail and yet strangely poignant, and under all the sunlight and the blossoms, forlorn. He felt it; and although he set his lips firmly, being practical, making a prudent decision, it was that Virgilian light—a silvery glow that spread inland from the Gulf—that entranced him.

Mr. Ballentyne, sensing the moment, strolled back to them. He noted the solemnity of their faces.

"Well, doctuh?" he said.

"Well, I believe we've decided to take it, Mr. Ballentyne."

"Fine, fine!"

Now that the land was their own, they did not want to leave it. But Mr. Ballentyne, although he cheerfully consented to their looking around as much as they pleased, looked at his watch and mentioned the dinner at the hotel.

"Of co'se, we aren't obliged to go back yet—"

"We mustn't be late when you've ordered the dinner," Mrs. Albright said at once. Mr. Albright hastily agreed.

Reluctantly, they stepped off their own

soil and into the car. It whirred, and started; and for as long a time as they could they looked back at their pine trees, lofty and glistening, against their blue sky, so strangely now their own.

The car went at a speed around curves and over patches of corduroy that made Mrs. Albright forget all about her gloves and cling as hard as she could. But she was not so frightened now. The warm glow that follows a decision was upon them. They chattered with the happiness of relief, eagerly, conscious of the approval of Mr. Ballentyne and of having done well by him.

Dinner was waiting for them. If they had not bought the land, they would have been ashamed to eat it. Now, they could enjoy every mouthful and marvel over the strange dishes. The landlady, fat and smiling, seemed to approve them, too. The host, a small man, sitting on the porch with his feet up, derided people who were still willing to endure cold weather. They had some wild pigeon shot in the swamps. Mr. Ballentyne pressed the good things upon them, urging them to eat, praising the landlady. After dinner, he insisted on taking kodak pictures of them, standing in front of the banana tree. He had come to like this elderly couple, with their pleased but not too ready acceptance of what he did for them, with their little rigidities of conscience and their small but hard integrity. All kinds of people came to look at the land. Since they had bought, since they were his customers and he was successful, he could indulge his liking and let it grow faintly personal. That queer old customer whom he was trying patiently, by hook and by crook, to inveigle into an investment—who slid off warily, like a fish, the instant he seemed to be snared—was coming again to the office. But Mr. Ballentyne smilingly, and without an intimation, let himself be made late for the appointment while his old couple enjoyed their dinner.

V

They drove past the Christy house. Mr. Christy had come up to the back door for a drink. He paused in the act of taking off his big straw hat and wiping his face, and watched them.

"There goes Ballentyne back to town on the tear," he said. He watched the big car until it was out of sight. "Well, I expect he'll be back with the next load."

His eyes darkened, and grew bitter. He was dead tired with working out in the sun since early morning. Everything piled up at once, and there was no help, white or black, to be had. And then when the stuff was ready, it had to be marketed. He broke out:

"Make me tired! Think they can sit at home and have things grow of themselves and be all ready for them to come and just pick 'em off the trees! My gosh, look at how we've worked! What do folks like that know about this business? Think you don't have to make a living out here—it's made for you."

"Oh now, you shut up," his wife said mildly. "We've done well enough out here."

"Yes, and we'd ought to, the way we've worked for it. Folks like that—lived in town all their lives, never done a lick of hard work, don't know what farming is, and think they can come out here and sit down and have everything fall in their laps!"

"Shut up now" his wife repeated, still mildly. "What are you so mad for? They'll find out without you to tell them."

"Well, it does make me mad to see all these folks think they can get things without having to work for them. They think because they ain't farmers—"

"Oh, now, they can't get things without work any more than farmers can. You go back to the field and get done and tend to business," she counselled.

He grumbled, but he went.

RETURN

BY BERNICE KENYON

Never return in August to what you love:
Along the leaves will be rust
And over the hedges dust,
And in the air vague thunder and silence burning . . .
Choose some happier time for your returning.

Choose Spring, acrid and cool, unshaped, unmade;
See all that you love come awake,
Streams swell and buds break;
Or choose some Autumn month with loud winds crying,
Stormy with leaves and dark birds southward flying.

Choose Winter if you must, for that stark season
Waits, as you learned to wait,
For loveliness come late;
And all that you have longed for you may hold
Safely within the Winter's barren cold.

But never return in Summer to what you love . . .
O heavy beauty that my eyes possess,
O deepest beauty past its perfectness,
Where is the mad bright wonder, the divine
Rapturous lightness that eludes all sense—
That is like flame—that is like wind—like wine—
Only more strange and sweet of influence?
Where are you? Where?
The smell of fruit hangs in the windless air.

A GLANCE AT THE FATHERS

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

> In our Constitutional Convention were assembled the greatest body of men, from the standpoint of physical vigor, mental acumen and moral courage, that ever met together for human achievement. . . . The writing and adoption of our Constitution was unquestionably the greatest and most important human achievement since the Creation, and as an event it ranks in history second only to the birth of Christ. . . .
>
> —HARRY F. ATWOOD,
> *in* "Keep God in American History."

THE revolutionary tradition and technique, once so respectable and potent in this country, have gradually fallen into disrepute and disuse. We have only recently seen the Supreme Court uphold the conviction of the Socialist, Gitlow, for inciting his fellow-citizens to a violent overthrow of capitalistic society. Even the mere *advocacy* of revolution, it thus appears, has become a felony in the Republic. Was it always so? What did the Fathers think of the matter? Were they as timorous as their heirs in high places? Were they so infatuated with the existing order? Did they stand in such abject terror of revolution? Let us see.

The first is old Sam Adams. Here is how he kept cool with the Coolidges of his time:

> If the liberties of America are ever completely ruined, . . . of which in my opinion there is now the utmost danger, it will in all probability be the consequence of a mistaken notion of prudence, which leads men to acquiesce in measures of the most destructive tendency for the sake of present ease. . . . It has been an old game played over and over again, to hold up the men who would rouse their fellow citizens and countrymen to a sense of their *real* danger, and spirit them to the most zealous activity in the use of all proper means for the preservation of the public liberty, as pretended patriots, *intemperate politicians, rash, hot-headed men,* incendiaries, wretched *desperadoes,* who would turn the world upside down, or have done it already. But he must have a small share of *fortitude* indeed, who is put out of countenance by hard speeches without sense and meaning, or affrighted from the path of duty by the rude language of Billingsgate. For my own part, I smile contemptuously at such unmanly efforts.

Next Jefferson. Have his views on the desirability of frequent and thorough-going revolutions been so soon forgotten? According to him, the tree of liberty can only thrive when watered by the blood of tyrants. A revolution, he argued, is to the political weather what a thunder-storm is to our normal meteorological surroundings. There should be one, he figured, at least once every nineteen and a half years, so that no generation may bind its successors irrevocably to its own political theories and practices. The following quotations are from his collected works, open to inspection in every public library:

> The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it to be always kept alive. It will often be exercised when wrong, but better so than not to be exercised at all. I like a little rebellion now and then. It is like a storm in the atmosphere. . . .
>
> God forbid we should ever be 20 years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all, and always, informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions, it is a lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. . . .
>
> What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of tyrants. *It is its natural manure.*

The degree of Jefferson's sympathy with the views of the majority of the Supreme Court in the Gitlow case may be judged from the following:

> To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain

> the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all liberty because he, being, of course, judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others only as they shall square with or differ from his own. It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order.

How well Jefferson, alive today, would agree with the Tennessee legislature, is made clear by what follows:

> I am for freedom of religion against all manœuvres to bring about a legal ascendency of one sect over another; for freedom of the press, and against all violations of the Constitution to silence by force and not by reason the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens against the conduct of their agents.
>
> And I am for encouraging the progress of science in all its branches; and not for raising a hue and cry against the sacred name of philosophy; for awing the human mind by stories of rawhead and bloody-bones to a distrust of its own vision and to repose implicitly on that of others; to go backward instead of forward to look for improvement; to believe that government, religion, morality and every other science were in the highest perfection in ages of darkest ignorance; and that nothing can ever be devised more perfect than was established by our forefathers. . . .

Here the right-thinking may object that Adams and Jefferson were numbered among the extreme radicals of the Revolutionary period, and that it is unfair to cite them as representatives of the general patristic opinion. But this is by no means true. Adams and Jefferson were not demagogues, but leaders who formulated upon European precedents the revolutionary political philosophy of the late Colonial period. They were certainly among the most intelligent of the men who made possible the struggle for independence. Moreover, views just as subversive, in the latter-day sense, as their own, are to be found in the writings of their most conservative contemporaries—for example, Alexander Hamilton and John Adams. John Adams, who was believed by Jefferson to be so reactionary as to desire to establish a monarchy in this country, contended ten years after the Declaration of Independence that the execution of a successful revolution was the best possible test of the good sense and political capacity of the citizens of any State. He said:

> It is an observation of one of the profoundest inquirers into human affairs that a revolution of government successfully conducted and completed is the strongest proof that can be given by a people of their virtue and good sense. An enterprise of so much difficulty can never be planned and carried out without abilities; and a people without principle cannot have confidence enough in each other.

Equally decisive were the views of Alexander Hamilton, the other great conservative leader of the first days. He branded as traitors those who were not willing to resort to violent methods when circumstances demanded them. Thus:

> When the political salvation of any community is depending, it is incumbent upon those who are set up as its guardians to embrace such measures as have justice, vigor, and a probability of success to recommend them. If, instead of this, they take those methods which are in themselves feeble and little likely to succeed, and may, through a defect in vigor, involve the community in a still greater danger, they may be justly considered its betrayers. It is not enough, in times of imminent peril, to use only possible means of preservation. Justice and sound policy dictate the use of probable means.

He also contended, somewhat in the spirit of Seward later, that there were some principles and necessities beyond the realm of law, which demanded extra-legal and perhaps violent measures. In the following quotation Mr. Gitlow may discover spiritual communion if not the road to freedom:

> You, sir, triumph in the supposed *illegality* of this body: but granting your supposition were true, it would be a matter of no real importance. When the first principles of civil society are violated, and the rights of a whole people are invaded, the common forms of municipal law are not to be regarded. Men may then betake themselves to the law of nature; and, if they but conform their actions to that standard, all cavils against them betray either ignorance or dishonesty. There are some events in society to which human laws cannot extend, but when applied to them, lose all their force and efficacy. In short, when human laws contradict or discountenance the means which are necessary to preserve the essential rights of any society, they defeat the proper end of all laws, and so become null and void.

Finally, Hamilton attacked head-on the typical legalistic position that human rights and social principles are to be discovered primarily in charters, constitutions, laws and legal decisions. The following passage cries out for allegorical exegesis by James M. Beck:

> It is true that New York has no charter. But if it could support its claim to liberty in no other way, it might, with justice, plead the common principles of colonization: for it would be unreasonable to exclude one colony from the enjoyment of the most important privileges of the rest. There is no need, however, of this plea. The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.

II

From the point of view of contemporary 100% Americans one of the most damnable doctrines ever seriously formulated is the suggestion that there are or ever have been such things as economic considerations in the determination of political policies. When, a little over a decade ago, Professor Charles Austin Beard made extensive researches among the documents at the Treasury and elsewhere to demonstrate that George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames and John Marshall told the truth when they asserted that the struggles between the Federalists and Anti-Federalists over the ratification of the Constitution were essentially strifes between the propertied and creditor class and the propertyless and debtor classes, that distinguished historian was set upon with such abuse as usually attaches to an act of treason. Even Mr. Taft launched an anathema against him, and he was subjected to an inquisition at the hands of the Columbia University trustees. Finally, Professor E. D. Adams hastened to rebuke him in a book designed to demonstrate the sovereignty of transcendental ideals throughout our national development. American political life, indeed, is conventionally represented as something wholly spiritual and metaphysical, and totally detached from material considerations, though accidental episodes, such as the Crédit Mobilier incident, the Spanish-American War beef scandal, the Alaska coal-lands steal, the recent oil revelations, and the Veteran's Bureau swineries, crop up from time to time, indicating slight deviations from the highest spirituality by our devoted public servants.

Investigation shows that the Fathers took no stock in the current doctrine of a pure spiritual essence, but contended from the beginning that the primary function of government was the protection of the superior class in its economic advantages. They were all in essential agreement with that chief source of Colonial political inspiration, John Locke, who wrc

> The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of nature there are many things wanting.

One of the most lucid and thorough statements of this doctrine was set forth by John Adams in the following paragraphs:

> Mr. Hillhouse says, "the United States do not possess the materials for forming an aristocracy." But we do possess one material which actually constitutes an aristocracy that governs the nation. That material is wealth. Talents, birth, virtues, services, sacrifices are of little consideration with us. The greatest talents, the highest virtues, the most important services are thrown aside as useless, unless they are supported by riches or parties, and the object of both parties is chiefly wealth. . . .
>
> Let Mr. Hillhouse say, whether we have not two parties in this country springing from the same sources? Whether a spirit for speculation in land has not always existed in this country, from the days of William Penn, and even long before? Whether this spirit has not become a rage from Georgia to New Hampshire within the last thirty years? Whether foundations have not been laid for immense fortunes in a few families, for their posterity? Whether the variations of a fluctuating medium and an unsteady public faith have not raised vast fortunes in personal property, in banks, in commerce, in roads, bridges etc.? Whether there are not distinctions arising from corporations and societies of all kinds, even those of religion, science, and literature, and whether the professions of law, physic, and divinity are not distinctions? Whether all these are not materials for forming an aristocracy? Whether they do not in fact constitute an aristocracy that governs the country?

On the other side, the common people, by which appellation I designate the farmers, tradesmen, and laborers, many of the smaller merchants and shopkeepers, and even the unfortunate and necessitous who are obliged to fly into the wilderness for subsistence, and all the debtors, cannot see these inequalities without grief, and jealousy and resentment. A farmer or a tradesman, who cannot by his utmost industry and frugality, in a life of twenty years, do more than support a moderate family and lay up four or five thousand dollars, must think it very hard when he sees these vast fortunes made *per saltum*, these mushrooms growing up in a night; and they throw themselves naturally into the arms of a party whose professed object is to oppose the other party.

Two such parties, therefore, always will exist, as they always have existed, in all nations, especially in such as have property, and most of all in commercial countries. Each of these parties must be represented in the legislature and the two must be checks on each other. But, without a mediator between them, they will oppose each other in all things, and go to war until one subjugates the other. The executive authority is the only mediator that can maintain peace between them.

Hamilton was not less candid in his acceptance of the thesis of the economic basis of politics:

Sir, if the people have it in their option to elect their most meritorious men, is this to be considered as an objection? Shall the Constitution oppose their wishes, and abridge their most invaluable privilege? While property continues to be pretty equally divided, and a considerable share of information pervades the community, the tendency of the people's suffrages will be to elevate merit even from obscurity. As riches increase and accumulate in few hands, as luxury prevails in society, virtue will be in a greater degree considered as only a graceful appendage of wealth, and the tendency of things will be to depart from the republican standard. This is the real disposition of human nature: it is what neither the honorable member nor myself can correct—it is a common misfortune, that awaits our State Constitution, as well as all others. . . .

But unquestionably the most famous statement of the economic basis of political ideas is that contained in No. 10 of the *Federalist*, written by James Madison:

By a faction, I understand a number of citizens, whether amounting to a majority or minority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community. . . . The latent causes of faction are thus sown in the nature of man; and we see them everywhere brought into different degrees of activity, according to the different circumstances of civil society. . . .

The most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors and those who are debtors fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government. . . .

Finally, here is the view of Noah Webster—that political power and domination depend entirely upon the possession of economic power:

In what, then, does real power consist? The answer is short and plain—in property. Could we want any proofs of this, which are not exhibited in this country, the uniform testimony of history will furnish us with multitudes. . . . Wherever we cast our eyes, we see this truth, that *property* is the basis of *power;* and this, being established as a cardinal point, directs us to the means of preserving our freedom. Make laws, irrevocable laws in every State, destroying and barring entailments; leave real estates to revolve from hand to hand, as time and accident may direct; and no family influence can be acquired and established for a series of generations—no man can obtain dominion over a large territory—the laborious and saving, who are generally the best citizens, will possess each his share of property and power, and thus the balance of wealth and power will continue where it is, in the body of the people. *A general and tolerably equal distribution of landed property is the whole basis of national freedom.* The system of the great Montesquieu will ever be erroneous, till the words *property or lands in fee simple* are substituted for virtue, throughout his "Spirit of the Laws."

III

Not only were the Fathers convinced of the basic importance of economic considerations in all government; still more scandalous is the fact that they were perfectly frank in admitting that economic considerations were fundamental in initiating the movement for the Federal Constitution of 1787, in determining the nature of the document, and in securing its ratification. Professor Beard has gathered for us the following representative statements from leading statesmen of the time, testifying

to this fact. Washington held that the provisions for the payment of creditors constituted the only conspicuous advance over the Articles of Confederation and the only real justification of the new Constitution. He said:

> I had indulged the expectation that the new government would enable those entrusted with its administration to do justice to the public creditors and retrieve the national character. But if no means are to be employed but requisitions, that expectation will be in vain and we may well recur to the old Confederation.

Alexander Hamilton thus described the importance of the propertied class in supporting the movement for the Constitution:

> The public creditors, who consisted of various descriptions of men, a large proportion of them very meritorious and very influential, had a considerable agency in promoting the adoption of the new Constitution, for this peculiar reason, among the many weighty reasons which were common to them as citizens and proprietors, that it exhibited the prospect of a government able to do justice to their claims. . . . The disaffection of a part of these classes of men might have carried a considerable reinforcement to the enemies of the government.

Fisher Ames, one of the most distinguished of the Federalist leaders, contended that economic advantages were the most important influence in obtaining support for the new Constitution:

> I conceive, Sir, that the present Constitution was dictated by commercial necessity more than by any other cause. The want of an efficient government to secure the manufacturing interests and to advance our commerce, was long seen by men of judgment and pointed out by patriots solicitous to promote our general welfare.

John Marshall, revered possibly beyond all others by legally-minded historians and publicists, thus described the economic basis of the two great parties which arrayed themselves for and against the Constitution in the struggles following 1785:

> At length two great parties were formed in every State which were distinctly marked and which pursued distinct objects with systematic arrangement. The one struggled with unabated zeal for the exact observance of public and private engagements. . . . They were consequently the uniform friends of a regular administration of justice, and of a vigorous course of taxation which would enable the State to comply with its engagements. By a natural association of ideas, they were also, with very few exceptions, in favor of enlarging the powers of the federal government. . . .
>
> The other party marked out for themselves a more indulgent course. Viewing with extreme tenderness the case of the debtor, their efforts were unceasingly directed to his relief. . . . They were uniformly in favor of relaxing the administration of justice, of affording facilities for the payment of debts, or of suspending their collection, and of remitting taxes. The same course of opinion led them to resist every attempt to transfer from their own hands into those of Congress powers which by others were deemed essential to the preservation of the Union. . . .
>
> Throughout the Union, a contest between these parties was periodically revived; and the public mind was perpetually agitated with hopes and fears on subjects which essentially affected the fortunes of a considerable proportion of society.

I have given above the views of John Adams as to the economic nature of political parties in general. Charles Francis Adams thus presents the views of his grandfather with respect to the party alignments in the Constitutional Convention and after:

> The Constitutional Convention itself was the work of commercial people in the seaport towns, of the planters of the slave-holding States, of the officers of the revolutionary army, and the property-holders everywhere. . . . That among the opponents of the Constitution are to be ranked a great majority of those who had most strenuously fought the battle of independence of Great Britain is certain . . . Among the Federalists, it is true, were to be found a large body of the patriots of the Revolution, almost all the general officers who survived the war, and a great number of the substantial citizens along the line of the seaboard towns and populous regions, all of whom had heartily sympathized in the policy of resistance. But these could never have succeeded in effecting the establishment of the Constitution, had they not received the active and steady cooperation of all that was left in America of attachment to the mother country, as well as of the moneyed interest, which ever points to strong government as surely as the needle to the pole.

There is, of course, nothing dishonorable in the fact that the Constitution was dictated by economic considerations. I am not trying to establish evil motives or wicked acts. All I desire to show is that the Constitution had as its basis something far different from the abstract metaphysical communion with God described by conventional historians.

IV

Not only were the Fathers convinced of the importance of economic factors in politics in general, and in the growth of the Constitution and of the early parties in particular; they were also in many cases economically minded in private to a marked degree. George Washington, for example, though a relatively poor boy by birth, died one of the richest men in North America. As Hulbert and others have shown, he was probably even greater as a business man and engineer than as a general and statesman. There is nothing discreditable in this, but it does present Washington as a man quite unlike the detached, transcendental Jove, gazing blankly into the empyrean, who is depicted in the paintings reproduced in our school texts. An equal devotion to economic endeavor, and similar evidences of commercial sagacity can be discovered in the lives of the many shrewd and distinguished lawyers and merchants who were prominent in the Constitutional Convention and in the early history of the Federalist party.

Alas, there were forms of economic activity prevalent in that age which were scarcely as creditable as Washington's agricultural achievements and his engineering enterprises on the Potomac. The distinguished economist, the late David A. Wells, thus describes the interests of John Hancock and others among the Fathers:

> Nine-tenths of their merchants were smugglers. One quarter of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence were bred to commerce, the command of ships, and the contraband trade. Hancock, Trumbull (Brother Jonathan), and Hamilton were all known to be cognizant of contraband transactions, and approved of them. Hancock was the prince of contraband traders, and, with John Adams as his counsel, was appointed for trial before the Admiralty Court of Boston, at the exact hour of the shedding of blood at Lexington, in a suit for $500,000 penalties alleged to have been incurred by him as a smuggler.

The Constitution not only promoted the interests of creditors; it also furnished in the first few months of its operation the occasion for one of the most sordid and disreputable speculations in the history of the country. The revolutionary certificates of indebtedness had little prospect of redemption unless it could be provided for in the policies of a new and strong central government. Hence they could be bought for a very small percentage of their face value. When the redemption policy of Hamilton was adopted the absence of railroads and telegraphs prevented a knowledge of it spreading rapidly over the country. Speculators quickly took advantage of the ignorance of holders in remote parts. They hastened to buy the certificates for a few cents on the dollar from those who had originally lent money to the government, and then presented them for payment at par. Jefferson thus described this atrocious procedure, though he was doubtless wrong in ascribing any personal guilt or profit to Hamilton:

> After the expedient of paper money had exhausted itself, certificates of debt were given to the individual creditors, with assurance of payment, as soon as the United States should be able. But the distress of these people often obliged them to part with these for the half, the fifth, or even a tenth of their value; and the speculators had made a trade of cozening them from the holders by the most fraudulent practices, and persuasions that they would never be paid. In the bill for funding and paying these, Hamilton made no difference between the original holders and the fraudulent purchasers of this paper. Great and just repugnance arose at putting these two classes of creditors on the same footing, and great exertions were used to pay to the former their full value, and to the latter the price only which had been paid, with interest. But this would have prevented the game which was to be played, and for which the minds of the greedy members were already tutored and prepared. When a trial of strength on these several efforts had indicated the form in which the bill would finally pass, this being known within doors sooner than without, and especially than to those who were in distant parts of the Union, the base scramble began. Couriers and relay horses by land, and swift-sailing pilot boats by sea, were flying in all directions. Active partners and agents were associated and employed in every State, town, and country neighborhood and this paper was bought up at 5s. and even as low as 2s. in the pound before the holder knew that Congress had already provided for its redemption at par. Immense sums were thus filched from the poor and ignorant, and fortunes accumulated by those who had been poor enough before. Men thus enriched by the dexterity of a leader, would follow, of course, the chief who was thus leading

them to fortune, and become the zealous instruments of all his enterprises.

After the Revolution land speculation, in many cases of a most corrupt and dubious type, became as prevalent as smuggling had been in the period just before. Good old Robert Morris took part in such enterprises, and spent a couple of years in prison because of the dishonesty of a defaulting partner. Even the famous Northwest Ordinance, regarded by most historians as, next to the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, the most notable and important of our public documents, was inseparably involved in a scheme of colossal land graft and a corruption of Congress as notorious as the later Crédit Mobilier scandal. Professor Farrand thus describes the alliance between legislation and graft:

> In the Summer of 1787 representatives of the Ohio Company, composed largely of New England Revolutionary veterans, came to Congress and proposed to purchase a million acres of Western land. In view of the size of the purchase, the price was reduced to two thirds of a dollar an acre. Part of this, at least, could be paid in Federal certificates of indebtedness, which were worth about twelve cents on the dollar, so that the actual price was reduced to eight or nine cents an acre. It seems to have been a part of the bargain that an ordinance of government satisfactory to the company should be adopted. Before the bargain could be completed the land sale was enlarged so as to grant a share in it to certain influential financial interests in New York, where Congress was sitting, and certain concessions were made to members of Congress. The additional land sale was for five million acres, on practically the same terms. Such was the sordid origin of the Ordinance of 1787, which "has been perhaps the most notable instance of legislation that was ever enacted by the representatives of the American people."

Paralleling and following close upon the period of land speculation came the industrial revolution in New England, which brought the factory system and the cotton textile industry to this country. It is in connection with the rise of this "cotton aristocracy" that we hear for the first time of the Abbotts, the Lawrences, the Lowells and the Cabots, whose descendants have since figured in American statesmanship, education and letters.

V

The right-thinkers of our generation are accustomed to lyrical ecstasies over the federal Constitution in the manner of the following, which was intoned before the Missouri Bar Association at Kansas City on September 26, 1913, by Harry D. Estabrook, an eminent jurisconsult of those parts:

> And so, on this great continent, which God had kept hidden in a little world—here, with a new heaven and a new earth, where former things had passed away, the people of many nations, of various needs and creeds, but united in heart and soul and mind for the single purpose, builded an altar to Liberty, the first ever built, or that ever could be built, and called it the Constitution of the United States. . . .
>
> O marvelous Constitution! Magic parchment, transforming word, maker, monitor, guardian of mankind! Thou hast gathered to thy impartial bosom the peoples of the earth, and called them equal. Thou hast conferred upon them imperial sovereignty, revoking all titles but that of man.

Enthusiasts who are as appreciative of the Constitution as Mr. Estabrook and as ignorant as he of its actual history and nature, often rashly advise the younger generation to read widely in the literature of the period of its framing and ratification, in order that they may have their delight in it still further inflamed. They assume that the generation which made the Constitution must of necessity have been even more appreciative of its merits than Mr. Estabrook or Senator Lusk. But as a matter of fact we find that even the warmest supporters of the Constitution, among the Fathers—for example Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay and Madison—indulged in no exuberant language about it. One will seek in vain in the *Federalist* for any such eulogistic estimate as that of Gladstone, who said that it was "the greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." The friends of the Constitution, indeed, were the first to recognize its defects. They described it somewhat despairingly, as the product of a series of irritating and obstructive compromises. Their view was simply that it provided the best framework

of government which it was possible to achieve under the circumstances. They believed that it would eliminate many of the more flagrant evils which existed under the Articles of Confederation, and they hoped that with subsequent experience, and opportunities for amendment, it would be notably improved. The following estimate of Hamilton is representative:

> It is a matter both of wonder and regret that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution should never call to mind the defects of that which is to be exchanged for it. It is not necessary that the former should be perfect: it is sufficient that the latter is more imperfect. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold, because the latter had some alloy in it. No man would refuse to quit a shattered and tottering habitation for a firm and commodious building because the latter had not a porch to it, or because some of the rooms might be a little larger or smaller, or the ceiling a little higher or lower than his fancy would have planned them. But waiving illustrations of this sort, is it not manifest that most of the capital objections urged against the new system lie with tenfold weight against the existing Confederation?

That Hamilton had no notion that God had personally participated in making the Constitution is apparent from his statement in No. 78 of the *Federalist* that "the people have the right to alter or abolish the established Constitution whenever they find it inconsistent with their happiness."

The attitude of those friendly to the Constitution, but not active participants in its framing or ratification, is admirably illustrated by the following opinion of Jefferson:

> Some men look at constitutions with sanctimonious reverence and deem them like the Ark of the Covenant, too sacred to be touched. They ascribe to the men of the preceding age a wisdom more than human and suppose that what they did was beyond amendment. I knew that age well; I belonged to it and labored with it; it deserved well of its country. It was very much like the present, but without the experience of the present, and forty years experience in government is worth a century of book reading; and they would say this were they to rise from the dead. I am certainly not an advocate for frequent and untried changes in laws and constitutions. I think moderate imperfections had better be borne with, because when once known we accommodate ourselves to them and find practical means of correcting their ill effects. But I also know that laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As that becomes more developed, more enlightened; as new discoveries are made, new truths disclosed, and opinions change with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also and keep pace with the times.

When we come to the actual opponents of the new Constitution we discover that they entertained fears of oppression, injustice, extortion, and corruption such as have been rarely aroused by any proposed political change in the history of mankind. There runs through all of this literature of opposition what seemed to the writers the well grounded belief that if the Constitution should be ratified the United States would lose all the victories for liberty and freedom which had been won by the Revolution, and that it would sink back into a political and economic despotism worse than any which had been threatened by the British policies following 1760. The most notable of the attacks upon the Constitution was that contained in the famous letters of "Centinel," probably Samuel Bryan of Pennsylvania. The "Centinel" Letters occupy the same place in Anti-Federalist literature that the *Federalist* holds on the side favoring the ratification of the Constitution. The following are some characteristic criticisms:

> How transitory are the blessings of this life! Scarcely have four years elapsed since these United States, rescued from the domination of foreign despots by the unexampled heroism and perseverance of its citizens at such great expense of blood and treasure, when they are about to fall a prey to the machinations of a profligate *junto* at home, who seizing the favorable moment when the temporary and extraordinary difficulties of the people have thrown them off their guard and lulled that jealousy of power so essential to the preservation of freedom, have been too successful in the sacrilegous attempt. . . .
>
> The new Constitution, instead of being the panacea or cure of every grievance so delusively represented by its advocates, will be found upon examination like Pandora's box, replete with every evil. The most specious clauses of this system of ambition and iniquity contain latent mischief, and premeditated villainy. . . .

And Samuel Adams thus expressed his fears:

> I confess, as I enter the building, I stumble at the threshold. I meet with a national government,

instead of a federal Union of sovereign States. I am not able to conceive why the wisdom of the Convention led them to give the preference to the former before the latter. . . . You are sensible, Sir, that the seeds of aristocracy began to spring even before the conclusion of our struggle for the natural rights of men, seeds which like a canker worm lie at the root of free governments. So great is the wickedness of some men, and the stupid servility of others, that one would be almost inclined to conclude that communities cannot be free. The few haughty families think *they* must govern. The body of the people tamely consent and submit to be their slaves. This unravels the mystery of millions being enslaved by the few.

That other ardent patriot of Revolutionary times, Patrick Henry, was so convinced of the unjust and oppressive nature of the Constitution that he declared that he would oppose it even if all the rest of the world were for it. He said:

This proposal of altering our federal government is of a most alarming nature. You ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for, instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. . . . The rights of conscience, trial by jury, liberty of the press, all your immunities and franchises, all pretensions to human rights and privileges, are rendered insecure, if not lost, by this change so loudly talked of by some, and inconsiderately by others. Is this tame relinquishment of rights worthy of freemen? Is it worthy of that manly fortitude that ought to characterize republicans? It is said eight States have adopted this plan. I declare that if twelve and a half had adopted it, I would, with manly firmness, and in spite of an erring world, reject it.

Amos Singletary, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, looked upon the Constitution as an obvious effort of the "rich and well born" to get a stranglehold upon the common people:

These lawyers, and men of learning, and monied men, that talk so smoothly, to make us, poor illiterate people, swallow down the pill, expect to get into Congress themselves; they expect to be the managers of this Constitution, and get all the power and all the money into their own hands, and then they will swallow up all us little folks, like the great Leviathan, Mr. President; yes, just as the whale swallowed up Jonah. This is what I am afraid of.

VI

American youth is thus exposed to danger when it is set to examining the contemporary literature of the Constitution; it will also find unedifying material in those honorable records about the ratification of the document. It is naturally assumed by those unacquainted with the facts that anything so obviously God-given in origin and perfect in content must necessarily have been accepted by the eager and unanimous acclamation of every last man, woman and child in the thirteen States. But a sober inquiry into the nature of the process of securing its ratification uncovers a quite different situation. The Constitution was not ratified by means of a general plebiscite or of special plebiscites in the thirteen States. It was ratified by State constitutional conventions elected for the purpose by the legally enfranchised voters. These voters were not all the adult males of the country, but a highly selected group possessed of property and other severe qualifications common to the times. It is estimated that not over 160,000 out of the 4,000,000 people in the country at the time voted in the election of delegates to the ratifying conventions. Even under these circumstances it was extremely difficult to achieve ratification by the requisite number of States, and two refused to ratify at all. The methods employed in getting a bare majority for the Constitution in some of the conventions approached dangerously close to bull-dozing, intimidation and corruption. Competent historians of this period are almost unanimously agreed that if the Constitution had been submitted to a plebiscite of all of the qualified group of voters it would have been overwhelmingly rejected. Had it been submitted for ratification to a plebiscite of all the adult males in the country it would have been completely snowed under, for its most vigorous enemies were to be found among the propertyless classes who were debarred from the suffrage. Whatever the merits of the Constitution, its framing and its ratification were autocratic acts, the first unauthorized by law, and the second unquestionably contrary to the wishes of a great majority of the citizens of the country at the time.

EDITORIAL

For six years past we have witnessed the effort of the Methodists and their fellow witch-hunters to force Prohibition upon the rest of us. That effort has been carried on with a fiery zeal and in complete disregard of common decency and the immemorial rights of free men. Congress and the State legislatures have been blackjacked and blackmailed into passing laws of extravagant harshness, and their enforcement has been put into the hands of professional gunmen, most of them obvious scoundrels and many of them downright felons. The Federal courts, gradually loaded with judges and district attorneys satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League, have reduced the Bill of Rights to a jest, and some of them have been blind to perjury, and greatly facilitated blackmail. The Coast Guard, for more than a century an honorable service, has been converted into a seagoing force of snoopers and smellers. Officers have been detached from the Marine Corps, and put to the noisome work of spies and informers. And the whole obscene farce has been played out to the tune of raucous bellowings to God, with ecstatic shouts every time a head was cracked.

Yet everyone knows that Prohibition is not enforced today. Everyone knows that the supply of alcoholic beverages, in the cities and in the country, is still immense, and that it shows no sign of diminishing. And everyone knows that the effort at enforcement has not made any converts to Prohibition—that the overwhelming majority of intelligent and self-respecting Americans are against it now, as they were against it when the uproar began. The Methodists and their fellow Ku Kluxers know all these things quite as well as you and I know them, and the knowledge fills them with a blind, frantic rage. Read their papers if you want to find out what they are thinking. Read the press-sheets sent out by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Failure is written all over these precious publications, and with it an almost pathological fury. Any man who presumes to criticize Prohibition is a villain; every argument brought against it dishonest and immoral. There are, it appears, only two classes of citizens in the Republic: Methodists and criminals. No bolder attempt to set up a theocracy was ever made in this world, and none ever had behind it a more implacable fanaticism.

These Methodist dervishes are excellent politicians. Unluckily, it is their very skill at political science which now gives them their greatest disquiet. They know very well, as everyone knows, that they could get any new legislation they wanted out of the present Congress, however extravagant it might be, and however violently in contempt of the Bill of Rights, and however offensive to all civilized Americans. They have a political machine that functions in almost every congressional district, including some, even, in the large cities, and they know by long experience precisely how to make a congressman jump as they whistle. But they also know that the country itself is beginning to slip out of their hands, and that another assault upon its endurance might bring them to swift disaster. In other words, they are now afraid to exercise the power that they undoubtedly have in Washington. They bluster and bluff, and their legislative slaves talk darkly of "putting teeth" into the Volstead act, but those teeth are false, and everyone knows it. One more turn upon the screw, and their power might

suddenly vanish. The present farce is a nuisance, but it is at least bearable. If it were made any worse there would have to be an end of it.

So the Methodists step a bit softly, despite their highfalutin threats and noisy billingsgate—and their concrete programme, as it appears in their official organ, is mild enough. First, they propose that the Federal government gradually withdraw from enforcement work, and leave it to the States. Second, they plan a campaign against the anti-Prohibition "sneak propaganda" now so common in "fiction, humor, stage dialogue and other ordinary avenues of news and entertainment." Third, they insist that no rogue be given a job as an enforcement officer unless he can prove that he is an actual Prohibitionist, *i.e.*, a Methodist. Fourth, they propose to "claim space in the local press for educational propaganda." Such is the programme that I lift from the *Voice*, the official paper of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. There is not the slightest mention in it of Bishop Nicholson's scheme to have at heretics with "gun and bayonet," *i.e.*, to murder all persons who refuse to yield obedience to the Methodist hierarchy. When the devil is sick, the devil a saint would be. It is a mild, *pianissimo* programme—but it will fail just as certainly as the old programme of blackmail, perjury and rough-house.

II

Its first article is an abject confession of impotence. Federal enforcement, up to now, has been the apple of the Methodist eye. Its advantages were and are obvious. The Federal courts, from time immemorial, have been harsher than the State courts. They had behind them, before Prohibition fell upon them, a long record of efficiency; the offendor who fell into their hands was bumped off expeditiously, and punished severely. Their judges and prosecuting officers are not elected by the people, but appointed from Washington; they are thus much less responsive than State officers to local political influence and public opinion. Until very lately, their judges, in general, were palpably superior to the State judges in learning and dignity. In the first days of Prohibition they set out to enforce it mercilessly, and, as everyone knows, greatly strained the Bill of Rights in the process.

Yet they have failed ignominiously, and now the Methodist College of Cardinals proposes to abandon them, or, at all events, to take away nearly all their present work, including especially that petty part which offers most satisfaction to Methodist sadism, the Methodist lust to persecute. Will the State courts do any better? Will they give gaudier and more thrilling shows? I presume to doubt it. They have, in fact, failed to do so everywhere, even where the State laws are already harsher and more idiotic than the Volstead Act. Consider, for example, Indiana. The State is run by the Ku Klux Klan, which is to say, by the Methodist-Baptist *bloc* of moron fanatics. It has laws so drastic that every citizen is at the mercy of any blackmailer who chooses to harass him. It has repealed and repudiated the Bill of Rights. Yet Indiana refuses sturdily to become a Methodist Utopia. It remains wet, and is slowly growing wetter. Its State judges begin to revolt against the dirty work that is forced upon them. Its minority of civilized inhabitants prepare to clean house. In five years, and maybe sooner, the Anti-Saloon League will be as impotent in the State as it is in New York and New Jersey. The very excesses of the Methodist *Cheka* have made inevitable its overthrow.

So everywhere. State enforcement is not only a confession of failure; it is a begging of the whole question. What it amounts to, in the last analysis, is simply this: that wet States are licensed to remain wet. There is not much chance, indeed, that it will work effectively even in the so-called dry States. How many of them are actually dry? I point to two that swarm with

Methodists, Baptists and other such vermin: Kansas and Georgia. According to E. W. Howe, a Kansan of nearly fifty years' standing and a citizen of the highest repute, the State is now wringing wet from end to end—and especially in the rural districts. And Georgia? It is so wet that it actually serves as a reservoir of alcohol for the adjacent States: Alabama, Tennessee and even North Carolina, the paradise of moonshiners since apostolic times. There is, indeed, not a dry State in the Union. Reliable agents tell me that even such remote and forlorn cow-pastures as South Dakota and such deserts as Nevada are full of bootleggers, and that every country garage-keeper knows where dependable stuff is to be got.

The other articles of the Methodist programme are too silly to be worth discussing. Let some Methodist butter and egg man who believes that anti-Prohibition "sneak propaganda" should be expunged from "stage dialogue"—let some such Christian fancier of dramatic art put his money into a play in which all the jokes favor Prohibition. Or into a movie to the same effect. He will learn something, I believe, that is not in the official bulls of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, nor even in the divine visions of the Methodist bench of bishops. Article 3 is obviously mere buncombe: the politicians have already taken the appointment of Prohibition agents from the Anti-Saloon League, and they are not likely to yield up their prerogative. There remains Article 4. All it amounts to is a proposal that the small papers that already take orders from the local pastors should be worked a bit harder. The large dailies, with few exceptions, are wet already, and will remain so. They have long since got over submitting to the threats and extortions of Methodist devil-chasers.

Thus the good Wesleyans stand, with ashes in their mouths and a far-away look in their eyes. Their great crusade has failed. It will drag on, of course, for years—at all events, so long as it is possible to shake down the Sunday-schools—but it has obviously lost the steam that made it so lively when it began. The consecrated brethren, in those days, were full of what the Kiwanians call pep. Moreover, they were expansive and in good humor. The club of the law was in their hands. All that remained was for them to lay on lustily, and so entertain their customers. But now they sweat only bile. The fortunes of war run against them. If they stop clubbing it will all be over. And if they club harder something very unpleasant may happen to them. Meanwhile, collections fall off. In every State the Anti-Saloon League is hard up, and even the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, I daresay, finds it harder than it used to be to squeeze the faithful assembled in Little Bethel.

What remains for fair men is to estimate the damage that these great Christian agencies have already done. They have introduced new corruptions into our politics, they have filled Congress and the State legislatures with cowards and scoundrels, they have reduced the Federal courts to confusion and futility, they have destroyed the guarantees of the Bill of Rights, they have filled the land with hordes of armed blackguards, they have fostered the growth of such common nuisances as the Klan, they have preached crusades of hate against all persons who do not share their theological imbecilities, they have libelled and defamed all Americans who are civilized, and they have made the United States ridiculous. So much we have paid already for letting an ignorant and unscrupulous religious oligarchy come to power among us. Such is the cost of Methodism to the Republic. Let every American remember the fact when the day of reckoning comes.

H. L. M.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SUPPRESSION

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

The average free American, I suppose, still retains a lively recollection of the Bill of Rights, which the revolutionary struggles are supposed to have left him as his peculiar heritage. All the States and the national government guarantee to him most emphatically those rights which he regards as indispensable to a decent civilized life—the elemental rights of free speech, free press and free assembly, and the Anglo-Saxon privileges of inviolability of person and domicile, and, to the man accused of crime, of trial by a jury of his peers. One hears all these rights spoken of as natural and inalienable.

Save for the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, which had short shrift, and some savage speech restrictions in the Old South, no very serious inroad upon them took place during the early days of the Republic. But with the approach of our own century there were murmurs of an ominous change. In 1886 occurred the Chicago Haymarket affair, in which anarchists bombed policemen at a strike meeting, and after that the Bill of Rights began to come under legislative and judicial fire. With the assassination of McKinley came the act excluding alien anarchists, and the archetypical New York Anarchy Act, which only this year has received the sanction of the land's highest tribunal. The background is described in Hunter's "Violence and the Labor Movement." Concurrently, there began to take place the intensive development of the injunctive process. Yet the traditional American policy still appeared so unshaken in those innocent days that the learned Freund, in his work on the police power, could speak of the crime of seditious libel as practically obsolete in America, and Hannis Taylor could bewail the exclusion of lottery tickets from the mails as destroying the freedom of the press!

The late crusade for democracy abrogated the old constitutional rights almost completely. Loyal citizens were permitted to indulge a taste for whipping, tarring and feathering, and it became dangerous to life and limb to be suspected of pro-Germanism, or pacifism, to impute economic motives to the Allies, to criticize their idealism, or to refuse to help pay for the war. In many cases, judges sentenced traitors to purchase Liberty Bonds. The favorite method of the populace was to paint them yellow. That Palmer-Burleson-Lusk Golden Age is still fresh in everyone's memory, and a little of its history is preserved for the morbid in the excellent but all too apologetic and optimistic treatise of Professor Chafee: "Freedom of Speech."

The last few years have made it clear that what thus went on in war time is to be continued in days of peace. Indeed, the process of destroying the Bill of Rights is only now reaching its height. Against the laborite, and the radical who abets him, ever new and higher barriers are being raised. When the legislature of Kansas addressed an encyclical to Congress mournfully reciting that the very employés of the nation, recruited from an alien population, had wrong ideas of freedom, liberty and democracy, and urging an examination of all immigrants at the port of embarkation as to their ideas concerning "those doctrines known as free love, polygamy, com-

munism, radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism and anarchy," it unmistakably stated the policy of the new age. No less frightful than threats of foreign invasion are the dangers of domestic heresy. The guardians of the State resort to all available methods of control, adopting the best Continental models and inventing new ones. Raids, clubbings, the breaking up of meetings, and State trials in the grand manner come in waves. At a particular time all may appear peaceful, but we are always vigilant.

I attempt here a sketch of the principal methods at present in use to insure the docility of the citizen. It is not possible to cite more than a few examples, but they are all typical. We are now a great and moral nation, and hasten to hide our revolutionary and hence illegitimate origin. Perhaps, in time, we too shall be able to give the world a new "Il Principe."

II

So far as statutory prophylactics are concerned, the new trend is clearly revealed in three general types of statutes. They are known popularly as Red Flag, Criminal Syndicalism, and Criminal Anarchy or Sedition Laws. Most of the States enacted them in the open season of 1919-1920. New York and Washington had provided themselves against the future as early as 1902 and 1909 respectively, but Alabama proved a criminally negligent laggard until 1923. Not to count the criminal syndicalist ordinances in force in many cities, such laws have been enacted in thirty-four States. The legislatures, in passing them, have usually declared them to be emergency acts, but the emergency now seems to have become permanent.

Of the Anti-Red Flag laws, little need be said, for they are important only as symptoms. Their *reductio ad absurdum* has been achieved in the cradle of liberty. The Red Flag Law of the commonwealth of Massachusetts had to be repealed when it was discovered that it made the crimson of Harvard illegal!

The Criminal Syndicalism statutes in general all have a common design, with clauses as standardized as those of fire and life insurance policies. They forbid the advocacy of the duty, necessity, or propriety of committing sabotage or other violence as a means of accomplishing changes in industrial ownership or control, or of effecting political change. To attempt to justify criminal syndicalism or to publish matter advocating or justifying the same is also *verboten*. The criminal anarchy laws make it unlawful to preach the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force and violence. Besides, mere membership in a syndicalist or anarchistic organization is usually made criminal, and any two persons who unite to urge such doctrines are declared to be conspirators. A meeting-house used by them acquires the legal status of a house of ill-fame: to let a hall to them is prohibited.

Some special features are provided in several of the States out of an abundance of caution. For example:

1. In Massachusetts, where the act in general is mild, it is curiously specific to the effect that the accused may be arrested without a warrant.
2. The Washington act, without providing for immunity, declares that no witness in a sedition case may refuse to testify on the conventional ground that his evidence may incriminate him.
3. The Colorado act imposes the penalty of first degree murder for any death that is the result of its violation; thus, a speaker who makes a speech which is held to be seditious may receive the death penalty if a fatal riot occurs afterward.
4. The Kentucky act states as a matter of law what is elsewhere the usual rule in practice—that "in any prosecution under this act it shall not be necessary to prove any overt act on the part of the accused."

The latest and most remarkable extravagance comes from Idaho. Its Criminal Syndicalism Act has this year been amended to include the following items in its definition of sabotage:

1. Work done in an improper manner.
2. Improper use of materials.
3. Loitering at work.
4. Slack work.

Idaho clock-watchers had better beware!

In general, the penalties provided are extremely savage, running on the average to ten years. In six States, Colorado, Iowa, Louisiana, Montana, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, a sentence of twenty years may be imposed; in Kentucky, twenty-one years, and in South Dakota no less than twenty-five years. The timid law-makers seem to forget that homicide and the destruction of property are already punishable under the ordinary criminal law, and that what they make *malum prohibitum* is simply excitable or prophetic language.

In Iowa there is an act which makes it criminal to "encourage hostility or opposition" to the State or national government, and acts of much the same sort are in force in Louisiana and New Jersey. In Montana, it is a high crime to "utter, print, write or publish any disloyal, profane, violent, scurrilous, contemptuous, slurring or abusive language about the United States, the government of the United States, or the form of government of the United States." In Pennsylvania, it is *lèse majesté* to encourage any person to commit any overt act with a view to bringing the government into contempt; in Rhode Island, to advocate any change, alteration or modification in the significant form of the State or national government save in the manner provided in the State and national constitutions; in Vermont, to counsel refusal to obey a law of the State respecting the preservation of the peace and the protection of life or property; in West Virginia, to "communicate by language any teachings, doctrines or counsels in sympathy or favor of ideals, institutions, or forms of government hostile, inimical or antagonistic to those now or *hereafter* existing under the constitution and the laws of this State or the United States." Perhaps, however, the solons of Connecticut deserve the prize for the law which outlaws all persons who "before any assemblage of ten or more persons advocate in any language any measure, doctrine, proposal or propaganda intended to *injuriously affect* the government of the United States or the State of Connecticut."

Turn now to New Hampshire, a near neighbor to Connecticut. It not only has no criminal syndicalism or sedition laws, but its constitution, like that of Maryland, specifically recognizes the right of revolution, as witness:

> The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind.

Thus in Connecticut it is a high crime to read before ten citizens the constitution of New Hampshire!

In some of the States of the Old South there used to be statutes against inciting insurrection among the slaves, and in some cases among the free colored population. Here is an example from Louisiana:

> Whosoever shall write, print, publish or distribute anything having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of the State, or insubordination among the slaves therein shall be punished by imprisonment for life at hard labor, or death in the discretion of the court.

With historic continuity, a clause of the present Sedition Act of Louisiana makes it a crime for any person to incite or attempt to incite "an insurrection or sedition among any portion or class of the population." The class struggle similarly raises its head in provisions of the New Jersey and Iowa sedition laws. Mississippi, going even farther, has a law which makes it criminal to circulate "printed, typewritten, or written matter urging or presenting for public acceptance or general information arguments or suggestions in favor of social equality or of intermarriage between the white and Negro races. . . ."

Ten State Supreme Courts have formally sustained and approved these idiotic statutes. The anarchy and sedition laws have been held valid in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and the criminal syndicalist acts in Idaho, Minnesota, Oregon, Washington, Michigan, Kansas and California. Beside, the Connecticut courts, for all practical purposes, may be said to have

approved its sedition law when they decided that even if it was unconstitutional an alien could not plead its infirmity. In order to shut out aliens from the right to liberty as "persons" under the Fourteenth Amendment, the Connecticut Dogberries exhumed a case of pre-Civil War vintage in which it was held that slaves were not freed by coming upon the free soil of the State.

One of the few adverse decisions comes from New Mexico. There the statute forbade doing or causing to be done "any act which is antagonistic or in opposition to organized government." Perhaps the lawgivers invited their ruin when they also decreed that "any person, firm, *or corporation* employing or having in its employ any person or persons knowing him or them to be actively employed in advocating, teaching or encouraging the violation of any provision of this act is punishable by fine and imprisonment." The New Mexico courts, seeing corporations in peril, upset the law.

III

Under the criminal syndicalism and sedition acts over one thousand prosecutions have been instituted. Such States as Washington, Oklahoma, Kansas, Illinois and Michigan have done well with them, but their full potentialities have been realized nowhere as in the fair State of California, that great centre of American civilization and art, nestling upon the waters of the New Ægean. As I write seventy-seven prisoners, all Industrial Workers of the World, are held there in duress, and, consequently, the methods of the State courts must be particularly instructive.

There has been developed in California a convicting machine with an almost ideal technique. Indeed, it is practically flawless. While all good Californians, including judges, know that all wobblies are criminals *per se*, the ancient forms of the Common Law relating to evidence unfortunately require that in every prosecution the alleged criminal character of the organization to which the accused belongs must be established by competent testimony. In other words, one not a wobbly cannot testify as to the nature and purposes of the I. W. W. without violating the hearsay rule. The difficulty appears formidable, but it has been met in a formidable manner. The State of California at great expense ($250 a day and expenses!) has hired three patriotic men, all former members of the I. W. W., to be professional witnesses. One of them has admitted in court that he was once convicted of theft, arson and perjury. Another, affectionately known as Three-Fingered Jack, has served a sentence for the rape of a twelve-year-old girl. The third has confessed that he has deserted from the Army and Navy eleven times. Court records, moreover, show that he has been confined in a government insane asylum. He once admitted on the witness stand that he had never told the truth before in his life. He has appeared as an "expert" against the I. W. W. nine times, testifying to his harrowing experiences while a member.

Naturally enough, an I. W. W., confronted by such professionals, seeks "expert" testimony himself to prove that his organization is innocent. But this is simply jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. For example, consider the case of the two I. W. W.'s who went on trial for criminal syndicalism in Sacramento county in April, 1922. Ten witnesses, fellow I. W. W.'s, were put on the stand by the heedless defence to prove that the I. W. W. organization did not advocate force and violence. There ensued a very droll episode. On the spot the ten I. W. W. witnesses were arrested, and the admission of membership which they had made on the stand was the offence with which they were charged! After two juries had disagreed, all ten were convicted of criminal syndicalism in January, 1923, and got from one to fourteen years at San Quentin!

But we do not come to the most interesting contribution of California to juridic science until we reach what has now be-

come famous as the Busick injunction. In no other American State,—save Kansas, from which the model was imported—is it to be matched. It came to the rescue after the police and judges of the State had gone so far in the enforcement of the syndicalism act that juries began to refuse to convict. The attorney-general, annoyed by this recalcitrance, appealed to Judge Busick of Sacramento county to act as *deus ex machina* in the impasse. Specifically, the attorney-general appealed to Busick to restrain and enjoin all members of the I. W. W. in the State from ever violating its criminal syndicalism law.

To be appreciated, the super-Volstedian injunction that followed has to be read in some detail. It commands the defendants, their servants, agents, solicitors and all others acting in their aid or assistance to

> desist and refrain from further conspiring with each other to carry out or from carrying out or attempting to carry out their conspiracy to injure, destroy and damage property in the State of California and to take over and assume possession of the industries and properties in the said State as well as the government thereof; and from knowingly circulating, selling, distributing and displaying books, pamphlets and papers, or other written or printed matter, advocating teaching or suggesting criminal syndicalism, sabotage or destruction of property for the purpose of taking over the industries and property of all employers or otherwise or by advocating by word of mouth or writing the necessity, propriety or expediency of criminal syndicalism, sabotage or direct action, wilful damage or injury to physical property and bodily injury to person, or persons, or justifying or attempting to justify criminal syndicalism, the commission or the attempt to commit a crime, sabotage or violence or unlawful methods of terrorism with intent to approve, advocate or further the doctrine of criminal syndicalism, as the said terms "criminal syndicalism" and "sabotage" are defined in Chap. 188 of the Statutes and Amendments to the Code of the State of California for 1919, and from organizing, aiding or assisting to organize or extend or increase any society, assemblage or association of persons which teaches, advocates, aids or abets criminal syndicalism . . . and from doing any act to carry out the doctrines, theories and acts of criminal syndicalism. . . .

Under the California statute it is not necessary to commit any overt act of force, violence or sabotage to incur the pains and penalties of the law; to merely advocate such acts, or to attempt to justify them is a crime,—and anyone suspected of it may be brought into court under the Busick injunction and railroaded to prison without the slightest show of a fair trial. The wobbly who attends an I. W. W. meeting can be punished, not for violating the criminal syndicalism law, but simply for disregarding the injunction. Moreover, the injunction has the advantage of doing away with the provision against double jeopardy, for punishment for its violation is no bar to subsequent prosecution under the criminal syndicalism law itself!

IV

As supplying at this point some much-needed comic relief, it may be noted that in the West public school teachers are apparently regarded as sacred in their persons and offices, and that in consequence a species of contempt may be committed against them. "Every parent, guardian or other person," a law of Montana provides, "who upbraids, insults or abuses any teacher of the public schools in the presence or hearing of a pupil thereof, is guilty of a misdemeanor." A similar law is also in force in Indiana, Idaho and California, and only this year poor old Mississippi has rushed forward to put one on its books also.

Among the more haphazard inspirations of our parliaments, is a statute against peaceful picketing in Alabama which is perhaps the most extreme curb upon free speech ever heard of anywhere. Enacted in 1921, it appears to have escaped general attention. As everyone knows, picketing is illegal in many States, either at Common Law, by statute or by municipal ordinances. But the Alabama statute, not satisfied with this, declares that any person who

> shall advise, encourage or teach the necessity, duty, propriety, or expediency of doing or practicing any of the acts or things made unlawful by this chapter, or who shall print, publish, audit, issue, or knowingly circulate, distribute, or display any book, pamphlet, paper, handbill, document or written or printed matter in any form advertising, advising, teaching or

encouraging such necessity, duty, propriety, or expediency of violating or disregarding any of the provisions of this chapter; or who organizes or helps to organize, gives aid or comfort to or becomes a member of any group of persons formed to advocate, teach or advise the necessity, duty, propriety or expediency of violating or disregarding any of the provisions of this chapter shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

The net result is that, in Alabama, not only is the act of peaceful picketing criminal, but to suggest that it would be advisable to permit peaceful picketing is also criminal! In other words, a good many legal text-books, and such Red reviews as the *Columbia* and *Harvard Law Reviews* cannot circulate in the State, nor can, for that matter, the law reports of sister States containing decisions approving peaceful picketing. Moreover, to be merely a member of a labor union which practices peaceful picketing is made criminal.

But all these sedition laws, criminal syndicalism laws and the rest are quite recent, and, if there is one factor which makes juridic scientists distrustful it is novelty. Consequently, the statute-books have been conned by patient district attorneys for old and practically forgotten laws which could be used in present emergencies. In Connecticut, for instance, there has been revived and applied to men suspected of subversive ideas an ancient statute against three or more persons loitering upon any bridge or highway. In Maine, three wobblies have been convicted under an ancient anti-boycott law for posting up stickers and placards advising the boycotting of hostile merchants. Most famous, and best known, is the case of the director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Roger N. Baldwin, who was arrested under a New Jersey act of 1796 relating to unlawful assemblies for "riotously, routously and tumultuously" making and uttering "great and loud noises and threatenings."

With an humble desire to be of service to my country in its peril, I suggest that a whole field has been neglected in the ancient laws, still on the books in many States, which are directed against blasphemy and profane swearing. That radicals in general have little reverence for God is, alas, notorious, as is their habit of swearing upon slight provocation, especially when interfered with by the police. Hardly any *agents provocateurs* would be necessary to get them to violate these old laws. The same use can be made of the ancient riot acts. Has New Jersey forgotten another antique, still on its books, against those who "advisedly and wittingly maintain and defend the authority and jurisdiction of any foreign power, potentate, republic, kingdom or state or nation whatsoever in and over this State or the people thereof"? Obviously, it can be invoked against communists who talk of workers' solidarity and the Third Internationale. In Massachusetts Bay Colony there was enacted in 1654 a law forbidding the inhabitants to "wittingly and willingly make or publish any lye, which may be pernicious to the publik weal, or tending to the damage or injury of any person, or with intent to deceive the people with false news and reports." Kentucky has now revived this form of law—Chapter 47, Acts of 1924—and already a newspaper editor down there has been laid by the heels for flouting it.

The technique of railroading to jail questionable characters against whom the police have no evidence of actual crime is familiar to every reader of the newspapers. A common illustration is afforded by the conviction of alleged yeggs and gunmen for gun-toting under the Sullivan Law in New York. The same tactics are coming to be adopted against radicals, and are yielding rich results. In New York City recently members of the Workers' Party were arrested under a section of the penal law forbidding aliens to carry firearms: their actual act was drilling with stage muskets in preparation for a parade! More commonly radical speakers are taken from platform or soap-box and jailed for blocking traffic, or littering the sidewalk. In the West, the favorite charge is vagrancy; in parts of the East the vagueness of the crime of "disorderly conduct" serves the purpose

even better. A radical who was arrested with disturbing circulars in his possession was held guilty of disorderly conduct when he admitted that he intended to distribute them! In another case, peaceful picketing, where there was no direct ordinance against it, has been held to constitute disorderly conduct.

In general, Common Law crimes have been abolished, as dangerous in a free country, but the old crime of disorderly conduct survives. The New York legislature recently attempted to meet the objection to it in a sardonic manner. It undertook to define disorderly conduct, and pronounced it to be the use of "offensive, *disorderly*, threatening, abusive or insulting language," or acting "in such a manner as to annoy, disturb, interfere with, obstruct or be offensive to others," or congregating with others on a public street and refusing to move on when ordered by the police, or "unlawfully" causing a crowd to collect. This act not only leaves the matter as indefinite as it was before, but also creates a new crime against police authority. Even charges of murder are not too much to be resorted to against Reds, as witness the Centralia, and the Saccho and Vanzetti cases. Familiar also is the case of Carlo Tresca, politically *persona non grata* to the Italian government, against whom was employed the federal law against printing birth control information.

But the readiest weapon for dealing with radical meetings comes from the licensing power of municipalities. The Constitution guarantees the right to free speech, but where is the citizen to exercise that right? The public streets, squares, and parks of a democracy would occur to most men as suitable places. But a joker lies in the fact that the State is held to have full control over all public places, and may therefore forbid their use in its discretion. The law requires a license to be obtained, usually from the mayor, before a meeting may be held in the streets or parks. The mayors of the United States early awoke to the use which they could make of this licensing power to curb laborites and radicals, and it is only to such scoundrels that licenses are refused. Since it is practically impossible to prove an abuse of discretion, little relief can be had from the courts.

Indeed, it has often been refused even when it could be shown that the mayor had issued a blanket announcement that he would grant no permits for radical meetings. Moreover, as a matter of legal maneuvering, it is frequently most difficult to determine when to seek review by appeal and when by *habeas corpus*. Where appeal is tried, it is likely to be held by the court that *habeas corpus* would have been proper, and where *habeas corpus* is chosen, appeal may be recommended. In one of the classic cases in the reports, arising in Atlanta, Georgia, a professor desiring to speak on Socialism was refused a license by the mayor. When he attempted to speak without one, he was arrested and tried by the very mayor who had refused the license, who also happened to be *ex officio* judge of the City Court. The mayor must have been gifted with a fine sense of irony: he sentenced the professor to labor on the public works.

V

In many American cities the police have even forbidden meetings in private halls, and labor unions have been prevented from holding their regular business meetings in their own quarters. Philadelphia, for instance, controls meetings in this fashion. The proprietors of halls are given to understand that if they insist on hiring them to dangerous citizens the police will get after them. The multitudinous regulations of the fire and health and tenement-house codes are discreetly mentioned, and it is hinted to the proprietors that if they insist they will one day find themselves with their licenses revoked upon some technicality. It is practically impossible to secure judicial review in such cases.

A lawyer can no longer advise a client as to his rights merely upon the basis of

the law upon the books. He has to acquaint himself also with constabulary jurisprudence. The rules are frequently couched in very unjudicial language. Thus, the police commonly assume that a speaker who addresses a meeting in a foreign language means no good: as a jurist might put it, such a meeting is only conditionally privileged. In many places, the police regard the possession of such papers as the *New Republic* or the *Nation* as *prima facie* evidence of criminal intent. They also have their own sedition law, which forbids making speeches that are "too radical." They hold that it is criminal in all cases to resist arrest, and that all meetings are criminal which are likely to be disturbed.

All this takes no account of the effects of so-called moral legislation, nor of the custom in many jurisdictions of permitting the use of evidence illegally seized, nor of the many provisions of the national Prohibition Act which violate the constitutional provision against double jeopardy. There are innumerable prosecutions under that act after conviction under State liquor laws, and federal agents habitually use evidence which State sheriffs have illegally acquired in raids and turned over to them. I pass over, too, the abolition of trial by jury in padlock proceedings, and the occasional disbarment of bold lawyers who defend hated radicals, and the use made of State troopers, who now are commissioned in seventeen States to uphold law and order, and do so, perhaps, most ferociously in Western Pennsylvania; and the activities of privately paid deputy sheriffs in the coal-fields of West Virginia, and the whole magnificent structure of the law of criminal contempt, which confers upon judges almost complete immunity from constructive and destructive criticism.

It will perhaps have been noticed that I have been able to muster in this paper but little eloquence on the subject of the Constitution. The truth is that we are rapidly approaching, if we have not already reached, the bankruptcy of constitutionalism. The doctrine of fundamental and inalienable rights, after a century and a half, is in rapid decay. The cream of the jest is that, as the old rights come more and more flagrantly to be violated, precisely those States where they are most at a discount hasten forward with statutes making instruction in the Constitution compulsory in the public schools. Indiana, Kansas, Maine, New Jersey, and Oklahoma swelled the list in 1925. Arkansas prescribes "the essentials of the United States Constitution, including the study and devotion to American institutions and ideals"; the notorious West Virginia, the teaching, fostering and perpetuating of "the ideals, principles, and spirit of Americanism, and increasing the knowledge of the government and machinery of the government of the United States and the State of West Virginia"! In some States, it is even made a misdemeanor for a superintendent of schools to fail to provide such instruction! But Oklahoma is stingy; its act provides that this shall not be construed to "necessitate the adoption of additional textbooks." New Jersey, on the other hand, splurges: Chapter 54 of its Laws of 1924 provides that a handsomely bound copy of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the State of New Jersey shall be presented to every pupil in the public schools upon graduation.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE recreations of Men of Vision in Montgomery, as reported by the eminent *Journal:*

> The Kiwanis club of Montgomery heard the youngest orator it ever before listened to Tuesday at the weekly luncheon which was held at the Gay-Teague Hotel. Master Vaughan Hill Robinson, aged 7, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Robinson, who has for some time been in demand as a juvenile orator, spoke with great self-possession on Alabama and its men and resources. The child's voice is clear, his enunciation distinct and his effort was quite pleasing to the Kiwanians.
>
> Prizes were won by Jack Hobbie, Williford Duskin and A. B. Berringer. The one who should first count and announce the number of grains of corn in a box was to win first prize. Hobbie won and to his surprise the favor consisted of a box of Ruy Lopez cigars which he promptly passed around. Berringer won a small ornamental pin and Duskin a jumping jack.

CALIFORNIA

FESTAL day among California blue-stockings, as reported by the eminent Oakland *Enquirer:*

> Invitations to attend the breaking of ground for the new women's prison at San Quentin Saturday were mailed to 150 California clubwomen recently. The exercises will be preceded by a luncheon.

CONTRIBUTION to the New Jurisprudence by Britt, J., of El Dorado, as revealed by an Associated Press dispatch:

> Dr. A. W. Berrow, of Smackover, was charged with forging the name of a Hot Springs pathologist to a report on a blood test. Dr. W. T. Carter, of Hot Springs, appeared as the State's star witness. Following is the colloquy which passed between the defense attorney and the witness:
>
> *Q.* Dr. Carter, do you believe in the existence of a Christian God?
>
> *A.* No. I do not believe in the existence of a Christian God.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe in a future life?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe in the doctrine of future rewards and punishment?
>
> *A.* No, I do not.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe that when a man dies he dies like a cow or animal?
>
> *A.* Yes, I do.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe in an omnipotent power?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> At this juncture Judge L. S. Britt ordered the witness dismissed and the indictment against Dr. Berrow quashed.

MORAL example of a Christian corporation, as disclosed in a Los Angeles dispatch:

> The J. C. Penney representatives' western convention here went unanimously on record as endorsing the policy of J. C. Penney, founder of the J. C. Penney Company, that cigarette smokers must quit the habit or the company.

OBITUARY notice in the literary Brentwood *News:*

> The folds of the Great Red Curtain have been gently lifted and William Falls has been summoned across the silver-tipped peaks into infinite space. Likened unto these words, "using his burden for a pillow he lay down by the roadside mistaking sleep for death," Bill Falls, suffering from an excruciating headache, mistook strychnine for headache powder, and in spite of medical aid and all that loved ones could do, within the twinkle of almost infinitesimal time, this beloved man bid adieu to those near and dear to him and relinquished rights to a career that his supreme, analytical mind had builded as a haven of protection, guidance and affluence for the wife and four children who, in this hour, are suffering a poignant grief that is beyond the mind to conceive.

COLORADO

MATURE conclusion of the Hon. William M. Stuart, writing in the *Author & Journalist*, published at Denver:

> Save only the clergy, I believe the editorial class represents the highest type of mentality that the country affords.

CONNECTICUT

NEW world's champion discovered in Prof. Edward F. Bigelow, A.M., Ph.D., of Sound Beach, whose lecture, "Sixty Years with Girls, the Loveliest of All God's Creations," is "based on longer personal acquaintance, more careful observations and

a wider range of unique experiences with girls than that of any other person, either man or woman":

WHERE I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT GIRLS:

1. Four sisters (no brothers) and only girls as boyhood playmates.

2. Three daughters and two granddaughters.

3. For ten years a teacher of girls in public schools.

4. For twenty-five years a teacher of girls in the best boarding schools.

a. For twenty-five years lecturer and teacher in Miss Spence's School for Girls in New York City. For six years (1919–'24) have taken girls from that school to Summer camps.

Also lecturer and guide on outings in some fifteen other high class boarding-schools for girls.

Six years lecturer with outings Briarcliff School, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

b. For ten years in The Castle boarding-school for girls at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, as teacher, lecturer and guide in all kinds of outings and excursions.

c. For two years weekly outings and lectures at The Low-Heywood School for Girls, Stamford, Conn.

d. Two years lecturer and guide in outings in woods and fields, in The Ely School, Greenwich, Connecticut.

5. Sacred Heart Convents for girls in New York City (two); Rochester, New York; Detroit, Michigan; annual visits, three days each, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Providence, Rhode Island, and St. Mary's College for Girls in Monroe, Michigan—also lecturer in Catholic schools in Washington, D. C.

6. Sunday-school teacher of girls in Episcopal and Methodist churches for twenty years. Leader of St. Agnes Guild for Girls for about ten years.

7. For fourteen and a half years editor of "Nature and Science" of *St. Nicholas Magazine* —correspondence chiefly with girls.

8. Employer of girls for forty years.

9. Have taken girls and had personal charge of them in three leading camps for girls for last six years. Have conducted nature work and had charge of outings in eleven camps for girls in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CONTRIBUTION to the American language by the Hon. John H. Bartlett, A.B. (Dartmouth), formerly governor of New Hampshire and now first assistant postmaster-general, from an official publication entitled "Observations on the Duties of Contact Men as Applied to the Postoffice Department Organization":

> It is his act . . . even if it is never *signatured* by the postmaster-general or his assistants.

FROM a printed notice handed to his tenants by the Hon. Leland Barton, LL.B., landlord of a series of rooming-houses in the great city of Washington:

> In a city parents with children generally have a hard time to get rooms. To intercept an unfavorable criticism of such administration, it is deemed self-defensive to give a philosophical reason therefor. Nature, demanding a continuation of the race, has engendered a blind affection of parents for their children and deposed their ordinarily good judgment, so parents generally fail to realize their children are bad and bothersome, hence a parent's word his children are good can not be depended upon. When parents physically punish their children, it is desirable that that act not break up the happy dreams of brides and grooms, of bachelors and maids within hearing distance, by unearthly yells of the children. So, if some children are admitted into some rooming houses, then in those particular ones *spanking parlors* will be padded and deadened for the use of parents.

GEORGIA

CONTRIBUTION to the democratic theory of government in a recent Atlanta dispatch:

> Failure of Atlanta voters to approve a $2,000,000 bond issue for the erection of a new City Hall is attributed to the overshadowing interest of voters in the opening game of the Dixie baseball championship series between Fort Worth and Atlanta. More than 14,000 fans attended the game and the bond issue lacked 641 votes of a majority. Voting was brisk in the morning hours but the polls were practically deserted when the two teams crossed bats.

CONTRIBUTION to medical science by a reverend reader of the learned Atlanta *Constitution:*

> I am a preacher from Caldwell, Idaho. I claim that the air from a hive of angry honey bees, when taken deeply and gently into the lungs of a consumptive in the daytime for 72 hours, will heal the case immediately. Anger the bees 12 times each day. B. W. PRICE

ILLINOIS

THE net results of Law Enforcement in the great Christian *faubourg* of Evanston, seat of Northwestern University and the Garrett Biblical Institute and national headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, as reported by the eminent *News-Index:*

> 1. Liquor of a sort can be purchased with ease in a hundred Evanston shops, homes and dives. 2. The quality, while not up to pre-war standard, is equal to that prevailing in Chicago and the larger cities. 3. The price ranges from $1.50 a pint for non-guaranteed gin to $185 a case

for so-called "real stuff." 4. The police records show more drunkenness for the current year than for any year in the city's history.

DISCOVERY by the eminent chief editorial writer of the Chicago *Daily News:*

Flinging satire at the Rotarians, the Kiwanians and the so-called Babbitts is one phase of the carefully planned Marxian war against the bourgeoisie.

THE Hon. Harry G. Samson, of the executive board of the National Selected Morticians, in plenary session at Chicago:

Undertaker is of doubtful origin. It has been replaced by *mortician* or *funeral director*: *Coffin* is an archaic word. *Casket* should always be used instead. There is no such thing as a *hearse* any more. It has been succeeded by *limousine funeral-car* or *casket-coach*. There was never any justification for the use of the word *parlor* for a mortician's establishment. *Mortuary* or *chapel* is the correct word. Morticians have banished *remains*. *Corpse* also is an undesirable word. *Body* or the name of the individual is correct. Professionally, morticians use *patient*. *Morgue* belongs to the age of coffins and hearses. The modern term is *preparation-room* or *operating-room*.

THE rise of an aristocracy among the proletarians of the Illinois mining region, as reported by the *Illinois Miner:*

Bob, the barber, is now the Worshipful Master of the Unterrified Sons of Babylon. Plain John Smith (dry goods and notions) is the Supreme Seneschal of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table. Ben Babbitt (real estate and collections), has rubbed Aladdin's lamp and is comporting himself as the Sublime Keeper of the Mysteries of the Mysterious Order of Carolus Magnus. And so down the line to Billy Snodgrass (janitor), who is Guardian of the Outer Gate of the Inner Sanctuary of the Royal Sons of Noah.

INDIANA

NOTE on the state of civilization among Indiana Men of Vision, from a Boonville dispatch:

There are those who carry a rabbit's foot for good luck, but around Boonville the buckeye is preferred. At the Kiwanis club luncheon a check showed that seventy-three out of the eighty members present had in their pockets a buckeye. Some have been carrying them for twenty years.

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning:

A course in cheer-leading has been established at Purdue University.

PROF. J. C. MCBRIDE, superintendent of schools of Clinton county:

France today is the only dying nation on the face of the earth—and it is a childless nation greatly because of nicotine.

IOWA

NEW sport of earnest Christians, revealed by a dispatch from Cedar Rapids:

The churches of Cedar Rapids have completed their task of copying the New Testament, producing what officials of the Ministerial Association say is the only book of its kind in the world. A total of 7,959 persons copied one verse each and each signed his name to it.

KANSAS

THRILLING experience of a Kansas worthy, as reported by the Hon. Victor Murdock's great paper, the Wichita *Eagle:*

It was the lot of Sidney D. Long, business manager of the *Eagle*, to get a full view of President Coolidge's special train en route to the Legion convention at Omaha, as he passed through St. Louis homeward bound from a business trip through the East, which included New York, Philadelphia and other cities.

"No," replied Mr. Long to a question, "I did not get to see the President, but I saw his train and it interested me, in common with everyone else who beheld it."

FROM resolutions adopted by the Lyon county W. C. T. U.:

Passages in Mother Goose which mention tobacco or alcoholic beverages should not be read by children, and songs which mention tobacco should not be tolerated at State music contests.

MAINE

INTELLECTUAL recreations of the stalwart Americans of this proud State, as disclosed by the Lewiston *Daily Sun:*

Saturday night between 7 and 7.30 o'clock a hungry rooster is to be busily engaged eating grain in the Androscoggin Electric Company's window on Main street. To the person guessing nearest the number of grains said rooster will eat in the half hour John J. Sullivan, manager of the Pageant of Progress, to be held at the Armory, will give a valuable prize.

REASSURING news for visitors to Maine, from the Lubec *Herald:*

Nothing short of an army and navy acting in conjunction can cut off the supply.

MARYLAND

FROM a mellow editorial in the eminent Baltimore *News:*

There is no greater source of wisdom than the Bible. Everything worth while that has ever been said is said therein.

MASSACHUSETTS

WHY Boston is the dramatic capital of the Republic, as revealed in the cultured Boston *Herald:*

"What Price Glory?" will open at the Wilbur Theatre without a line of the profanity which lent much of the realism to its war-time scenes. The management agreed to the elimination of the strong language after an ultimatum by Mayor Curley that the play could not be produced here if the marines did not speak as in the stage trenches as they would before their mothers and sisters. The mayor . . . was moved to remark, however, that the play was not as bad as Walt Whitman's poems. This comment was occasioned by his having found on his living-room table yesterday morning a copy of Whitman which he had hidden behind the books in a bookcase. He brought the book in to City Hall to destroy it for his family's protection, but on hearing a prominent city official remark that he was curious to read it the mayor gave him the volume.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the great city of Boston:

Methods of the bootleggers' union in Chelsea were described in Federal Court today in the trial of nine persons for liquor law violations. William Hoffenberg, one of three men indicted who pleaded guilty, said members were fined $50 if caught selling liquor under the union price of $3.50 a gallon. He testified that such a fine was imposed upon him after other members of the union had held a regular trial and found him guilty of selling a gallon for $3.25.

GOOD works of the State Bible Society, as revealed in the *Actors' Equity Bulletin:*

At the solicitation of Ruth Lee Caulfield of the chorus of "Rose Marie" in Boston, the Massachusetts Bible Society placed Bibles in the dressing room used by the members of that company.

MICHIGAN

REMARKS credited to the Rev. Dr. James Thomas, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church, Detroit:

The Man of Galilee should be pictured as a cowboy, ruddy of face, and with a hand like a Swift premium ham, rather than with feminine features, as some artists have painted Him.

THE Rev. Russell H. Bready, of Port Huron, as reported in the *Times-Herald:*

Bryan . . . reminded me of Jesus Christ.

PROGRESSS of feminism, as revealed in the advertising columns of the distinguished Detroit *News:*

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by Mr. George F. Mann. Mrs. George F. Mann, 2612 St. Clair ave.

MISSISSIPPI

MORAL advertisement in the *North Mississippi Herald*, published at Water Valley:

WARNING!

AUTOMOBILE PETTING PARTIES MUST CEASE

Automobiles containing men and women, boys and girls, and parking on side streets, by-roads, dark roads, etc. both in the city and surrounding country, where petting parties and other obnoxious conduct are indulged in by the occupants, must cease.

Parents are warned that their girls are in grave danger—and unless something is done to stop this thing, disgrace and shame will be the result.

All "petting parties" are hereby warned that such practice must cease in this section—heed this warning before strenuous action is taken.

We mean this thing must stop

YOCONA KLAN NO. 98

KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

WATER VALLEY, MISS.

SINISTER notice in the Meridian *Evening Star:*

JUST GIVING YOU A CHANCE

There is a certain woman living on Tenth street, who has a hard-working, good husband. This woman is helping to wreck a certain home, in this city. You have been talked to that you might see your mistake. You have not seen fit to change. Do you wish for your husband to know, absolutely, the facts in the case? It might cause trouble. You must correct this matter. This may refer to a colored woman or white woman. You know.

(*Signed*) E. C., *of Meridian Klan No. 54*
Meridian, Miss.

PROUD boast of the Deer Creek *Pilot*, of Sharkey county:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we announce to the people of Mississippi that, at last, we have gotten out of our textbooks all matter that reflects on the South in any way and all objectionable matter in reference to the theory of evolution. We believe that we have for use in our agricultural high-schools next year the only textbook on biology that does not mention the subject of evolution.

MISSOURI

FROM an unsophisticated reader of the Columbia *Tribune:*

Another very strong illustration of the working of Socialist propaganda was the Scopes trial to break the anti-evolution law at Dayton, Tenn. . . . Who paid Darrow and his great array of counsel and scientists from all parts of the country? You don't know? To find the answer I would first search the cash accounts in the Russian soviet headquarters in Broadway, New York. I would also search the same accounts to find the amounts spent among our American universities for the propaganda against military training and preparedness for future wars. C. W. Loomis

MONTANA

Contribution to criminology by Mrs. Nort Frisbie, of Forsyth, as reported by the Bozeman *Chronicle:*

Greater effort in Americanization, suppression of the cigarette habit and prohibition of early Sunday morning dances—such activities, Mrs. Frisbie told the delegates, would do more for the suppression of crime than all of the peace officers and the standing army of the United States could effect unitedly.

NEBRASKA

Progress of science in this great State, as reported by the *Chiropractor:*

The Service Life Insurance Company, of Lincoln, is the first life insurance company in the world to appoint chiropractors as accredited examiners, and over twenty per cent of the insurance written by it during the past year was based on physical examinations made by Nebraska chiropractors.

NEW YORK

From the letter box of the Cornwall *Local:*

To the Editor:

Would you be kind enough to put the following in your next week's paper—that Charles Connors does not call at Mrs. Cohen's any more.

And oblige,

Charles Connors

Mellow judgment of Katharine Roberts in *Success Magazine:*

Charlie Chaplin is one of the greatest living sociologists and political economists. He is even more; he is the greatest psychologist of this age. He is to us what Horace and Juvenal were to the ancient civilizations.

Law Enforcement item from Manhattan:

Benjamin Josephson, who has a saloon on the Bowery, did not realize the weight of his epithet when he called John Cassidy, 40 years old, a "Prohibition Agent." The outcome was that the Bowery around Delancey street was thrown into a panic, and Josephson is at a hospital with two bullet holes in his body.

Stealthy workings of Satan disclosed by the ever-watchful editors of the *Bulletin of the New York Sabbath Committee:*

One of the most pernicious forms of Sabbath desecration is the Sunday newspaper. It is one of the most clever and most successful inventions that Satan ever devised for injuring the Kingdom of God. . . . The Sunday press occupies time that God set apart for rest and worship. It turns people's minds away from holy things. It keeps men away from the sanctuary. It unfits them for church, if they go. . . . Let a man spend an hour or two on Sunday morning in reading . . . the Sunday newspapers and even if he does afterward attend public worship, the sermon will be like pouring water on a duck's back. . . .

Advertisement in the great *Times:*

TO PROSPECTIVE WIDOWS

It should not be left to you to choose the family burial place. Then it is too harrowing, too tragic a task.

Talk to your husband now while the choice can be made with light hearts and mutual hope.

KENSICO

AMERICA'S BURIAL PARK

City Office: 103 Park Avenue

Telephone: Ashland 4770

Noble Christian work of an inhabitant of the Sodom of America:

Smoking, drinking and possibly Sunday newspapers will be taboo nearly throughout the world's loftiest skyscraper, a $14,000,000—5,500 room hotel building, which Oscar A. Konkle plans to erect as a monument to missionaries out of gratitude for the recovery of his son from lockjaw. The building will be 65 stories and eight feet taller than the Woolworth building. Ten per cent of the profits will go for missionary work. Each hotel guest will have to sign a statement pledging himself not to smoke, use tobacco or drink intoxicants.

NORTH CAROLINA

Strange workings of the Holy Spirit in Monroe, as reported in the Hon. Josephus Daniels' *News and Observer* of Raleigh:

Mrs. Julius Baucom, of New Salem township, is in a fearfully disturbed mental condition, believed to be the result of ideas received when attending the recent revival meeting in the courthouse held by Mrs. Olive. She has been showing evidences of disturbance for about three weeks. Friday morning before day she attempted to lock her husband up in a room, saying that he was the devil and should be shut up. He broke out of the room, and seeing him, Mrs. Baucom became frightened and ran and jumped out of the piazza and fell in the yard. Her husband followed, and she, still thinking

him the devil who was pursuing her, struck him in the face several times when he attempted to lift her up. Mrs. Baucom is about thirty-eight years of age and has been regarded as a very calm and sensible woman heretofore. She was an enthusiastic attendant at the meeting, so Mr. Simpson says.

OHIO

THE Higher Learning at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, as described in a hand-out sent to the Middle Western newspapers by the talented press-agent, Miss Mildred Ockert Waugh, 1297 Union Trust Building, Cleveland:

Freshmen at Kenyon are wearing the prescribed peanut caps during the first months of their attendance at the college and will not be permitted to the dignity of Kenyon canes until following their qualification for entrance to the sophomore class during the next semester. Each freshman entering and leaving the Kenyon campus has to jump the 100-year-old stone post which stands between the entrance gate posts on the campus, a custom which is observed scrupulously by all the younger men at the college.

THEOLOGICO-ÆSTHETIC pronouncement attributed to the Rev. G. N. Luccock, D.D., pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Wooster:

One of the dangers of modern society with its dress or undress is the undue exposure of beauty which God meant for only a husband to see.

How the poetical touch is added to the sacrament of marriage in Columbus, as reported in the eminent *Dispatch:*

A musical programme beginning at four o'clock will precede the marriage ceremony of Miss Thelma Matheny to Mr. Eugene Rosebloom in the King Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. . . . Miss Margaret Matheny, sister of the bride-elect, will whistle "At Dawning" and "I Love You Truly."

CONTRIBUTION to Christian pathology by Mrs. Flatter, a leading vice-chaser of Medina county:

The three poisons contained in each cigarette are nicotine, acsolyn, and furfurol. . . . Furfurol, an oily, gaseous substance, causes convulsions and paralysis, making raw spots on the lungs, and it destroys the brain cells, having a most destructive influence on those cells of the brain called *conscience* cells. Hence nothing matters—poor lessons result in school—and Christianity does not appeal to the cigarette toper.

OREGON

CHURCH notice in the Portland *Oregonian:*

RUSSELL M. BROUGHER

Live, Young, Magnetic Son of
Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher,

Preaches Sunday at the

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

"A KISS IN THE DARK"

or

"Sins of the Night"

PENNSYLVANIA

SAMPLE of virile American journalism from the columns of the respectable Lewisburg *News:*

Joseph B. Lippincott, a Bucknell student, at the peril of his life, saved Mrs. Ella Goho from being crushed under an oncoming train at Montandon. It was the strong arm, the courage and alertness of the athlete at the instant when death called for a victim. How this brave student did it, is almost impossible to describe, so quickly was it all done and the life of a noble woman spared.

Eager for the opportunity to manifest her gratitude for her life, she sought him out, and offered him $2000. Chivalry compounded, pyramided into an illuminating example of willingness to serve—and be a man—he refused!

With everything beating it on double quick, and human selfishness everywhere, there is abundant hope when there are existent and functioning such attributes as are here depicted in the courage of the man, the great heart of the woman, and the chivalrous refusal of gold for duty.

Let no man say that knighthood is dead and that women of wealth are all dumb and cold-hearted when it comes to translating profession into performance.

How the science of rain-making is being taken up by Mother Church, as brought to light in the Erie *Times:*

Prayers for rain offered throughout Erie county . . . were answered in small measure . . . when 2-100ths of an inch of rain fell. . . . A special rain prayer-meeting was held in the Catholic church in Wesleyville . . . and all during the week mass was held for rain and the children were summoned to communion for the same purpose.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FURTHER proof of God's partiality for His ministers on earth, as brought to light by a Greenville news report:

A congregation listening to the revival sermon of M. F. Ham in the tabernacle on Fall street

could not hear what the speaker was saying because of rain pattering on the roof. The evangelist paused in his sermon. Then he prayed: "Lord, Thou hast the control of the elements in Thy hand. If it be Thy will that Thy servant deliver this difficult message to this people, wilt Thou stay the hand of the storm that the people may hear undisturbed, for we ask it in Jesus's name. Amen." Then he resumed his sermon, and had not uttered half a dozen sentences before the rain ceased.

RECREATIONS of an Anderson worthy:

Colonel Lewis Campbell, Confederate veteran, 81 years of age, was recently married to Mrs. Mary C. Harris, whose age is 69. . . . Colonel Campbell is a man of many distinctions, although he is really 81 years of age. . . . To show the suppleness of this veteran, he has a stunt of sitting on the floor and scratching his head with his big toe.

SOUTH DAKOTA

CONTRIBUTION to the New Pathology by the learned Prof. Dr. W. A. Robinson, of Sisseton:

Pernicious anæmia is a case of slowly starving to death, no difference how much they eat. When the food is digested in the stomach the liquid extract of the food passes into the small intestines, where it should be taken into the system through tiny tubes to make blood, flesh and strength; but lying in wait are from 300 to 700 anæmias, many as large as the first joint of your finger. They absorb the extract of the food—THEY GET THEIRS FIRST—and the system gets what is left. . . . Some doctors say it is mal-nutrition. I agree with that, but it is no wonder; the system stands no show when a hungry herd of anæmias get all the nutriment.

TEXAS

SCIENTIFIC, æsthetic and social note from the Dallas *Journal:*

A novel entertainment has been planned for the animals of the Dallas Municipal Zoological Gardens at Marsalis Park. Next week the Melba Theatre will play a screen vision of A. Conan Doyle's "The Lost World," featuring a lot of prehistoric scenes showing the mammals that walked the earth before human flesh took its present forms. The Melba management will take the film, a portable screen and projection machine to Marsalis Park and show the animals the ferocious monsters that are said to be their ancestors. A few local scientists will be taken along to observe the reactions of the lions and tigers.

CARD of a medical specialist in the regions where birth control is interdicted by the clergy:

DR. CHAS. DOWDELL

Kidney and Bladder, Mental, Nerves and Heart Affections, *Acute or Chronic obstetrics* and Diseases peculiar to Women and Children.

TEMPLETON BUILDING
Corner Knox and Dallas Streets
ENNIS, TEXAS

PROGRESS of Christian morality in the rising town of Abilene, as revealed by recent additions to the city ordinances:

It shall be unlawful for any person to idle or loiter on any street or thoroughfare or in any store, theater, automobile, moving picture show, business house, or in the entrance of any of these places for the purpose of plying the avocation of a flirt or masher. . . . It shall be unlawful for any male person in the city of Abilene to stare at, or make what is commonly called goo-goo eyes at, or in any other manner look at or make remarks to or concerning, or cough or whistle at, or do any other act to attract the attention of any woman or female person upon or traveling along any of the sidewalks, streets, or public ways of the city with the intent or in a manner calculated to annoy such woman or female person.

WASHINGTON

PROUD boast of the distinguished Seattle *Record:*

No drive to cut off the supply of bootleg liquor has ever been successful in Seattle. There never has been a time when liquor was not plentiful here. There are unquestionably more bootleggers operating in this town than there are policemen, deputy sheriffs and federal dry agents combined.

CURRENT advertisement in leading organs of the African race:

King Solomon instructed King Hiram to employ black men to work on the Temple. The book entitled, "The Black Man Was the Father of Civilization," has the above matter in it. (Proven by Biblical history.) It gives 2,000 years of the black man's history in the Bible. Agents wanted. Write Rev. Jas. M. Webb, 1107 Yakima ave., Seattle, Wash. A picture of Jesus as a colored man with woolly hair and a book proving the same. Price $1.

WEST VIRGINIA

NOTICE in the Fairmont *Times:*

You are hereby notified not to take our daughter, Vallie Harper, in your car. Anyone not heeding this notice will be dealt with to the full limit of the law.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM HARPER
Horton, Box 16

WISCONSIN

SERMON-SUBJECT at a Methodist tabernacle in Beaver Dam:

ARE CHRISTIANS CRAZY?

MacDOWELL

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

YESTERDAY the postman brought me a letter from the widow of Edward MacDowell, telling me about the progress of the MacDowell Colony, and asking for help at the task of raising an endowment for it. Enclosed in the letter was a photograph of the little cabin in the New Hampshire forest where the loveliest of MacDowell's compositions had their birth. Twenty-seven years had passed since I last saw that picture, held in the composer's own hands. Memory is a tricky thing; we can never tell what slight detail may serve as a key to open its vaults. All day I found myself thinking about MacDowell, and in the evening, instead of falling asleep, I was talking with him. I was surprised to find how many of his words came back to me, as vivid and as fresh as if he were just uttering them. So many others have come to love MacDowell in the course of the years that it seemed to me it would be worth while to set down his remembered phrases. Many of them may seem trivial, but they are at least authentic, they are his own words, and each contributes something to that roundness of outline which distinguishes an actual object from a drawing.

When I first heard of Edward MacDowell, I was a poor student, sixteen years old, living in a top-story room in a lodging-house in New York. There were two other students in the house, one the son of the widow who kept it. He was a musician, a poet, a religious mystic, and sad to relate, something of a sloven. I recall the windowless cubby-hole in which the other student and I sat and laughed at the poetic eccentricities of Stephen Crane, and listened while the young piano genius played his music, and explained what he thought it meant.

This youth wrote to Edward MacDowell, and was invited to call, and came home with the rapturous tidings that the great composer considered him to have remarkable talent, and had offered him free instruction. Thereafter, as you may believe, there was a great deal of MacDowell in our conversation, and a great deal of MacDowell music from the elderly piano. One of the first reports I remember vividly: the great composer had instructed his new pupil to get his hair cut and to wash his neck. "The day of long haired and greasy musicians is past, Mr.——." Since the young man was soon to become a successful church organist, we may believe that this lesson was in order!

A year or two later I was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and went up to Columbia University, and registered as a special student, with the intention of acquiring all the culture there was in sight. There were two courses in general music, one elementary and the other advanced; they were given by MacDowell and an assistant. I took them both in successive years, so during those two years I spent one or two hours each week in the presence of the composer. There were, I think, not more than a dozen students in the class. I remember times when there were only six or eight present—which gives you an idea of how much Columbia University valued genius in those days.

Edward MacDowell was the first man of genius I had ever met. I was going in for that business myself, or thought I was,

so I lost nothing about him; I watched his appearance, his mannerisms, his every gesture. I listened to every word he said and thought it over and pondered it.

He was a man of striking appearance, in spite of his best efforts to avoid it. He was robust and solidly built, and his moustache did its best to make him look like a Viking or a Berserker. His eye-brows also wanted to stand out—he could easily have been an old style musician with a mop of wild hair, slightly tinged with red; but he kept it carefully trimmed, and was extremely neat in his dress, trying in every way to look like an American banker. He had an expressive face, and his lips, I remember, were especially sensitive. He had some difficulty in restraining his gestures, and he could not help making faces at things he did not like—musical sounds, and also words. There were words that affected him as physical pain, he said, and cited the word "nostrils," and showed with a face how much it hurt him.

He differed from most musicians whom I have since met in being a man of wide general culture. He had read good literature and talked wisely about books. I got the impression that he was something of a rebel in his political thinking, but I cannot recall a single specific saying upon this subject. But he was certainly a friend of every freedom, and of every beautiful and generous impulse. He hated pretense and formalism, and all things which repress the free creative spirit.

I recall just two of his literary judgments. I had been reading Balzac, and got tired of him. I said that when you once got to know that world of sordid avarice and corruption, you had had enough of it. And MacDowell said, "You are right. I can't read Balzac." The other judgment was upon a novel of Hamlin Garland, the title of which I have forgotten. I have the impression that MacDowell knew Garland personally, and spoke with sympathy of his Single Tax activities, and of his courageous realism. The novel in question had to do with a man of the Rocky Mountain trails, and how he went to England and defied the aristocracy in their lairs. I said that the first part of the book was interesting, but the latter part was unreal. MacDowell said, "I can't see how he could write such stuff; and when I see him, I shall tell him so. If a man like that went to England, and was introduced into social life, he would be so scared he wouldn't know which way to turn."

II

I would not say that Edward MacDowell was a successful teacher after the university pattern. He was lacking in that subtle pedagogical technique which can now be acquired through correspondence courses. I think he was new at the game, and didn't know quite how to set about it. We began obediently with primitive music and ancient music, and we got down to Palestrina, and it was all entirely dull and respectable. Then MacDowell would find himself trying to tell us about music, and what it meant, and he would grope around for words, and find very jumbled and inadequate ones, and conclude with a gesture of despair. I had developed a habit of staying after the class, and talking with him, and one day I said, "You are not a man of words. Why do you try to lecture in words? You ought to play us the music and talk about it before and afterward."

Being a really great man, he was willing to take advice, even from a boy. He began hesitatingly to try it, and in a very short time his class in general musical culture was spending its time listening to MacDowell play some music, and then asking him questions about it. That, of course, was horribly unorthodox and unacademic, and it was obvious that a professor pursuing such a method would get into trouble with Nicholas Murray Butler. There was only one other professor in the whole university doing anything so presumptuous, and that was George Edward Woodberry; in a room over at the opposite end of the campus he was reading us poetry out of

Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." So, of course, Woodberry, like MacDowell, was fired by Butler, and Columbia University died. These were the two men in the place who did most for me. They helped me to understand the true spirit of beauty, and to assert and defend through my whole life the free creative attitude. Of the two men, MacDowell was the more dynamic, for Woodberry was a little pessimistic and very sad. But MacDowell was a fighting man.

He believed in America. He believed that things could be done by Americans. He believed that students came to him in order to go out into the world and make beautiful and inspiring and human art. That is why I watched him, why I listened to his every word, and stayed over after his classes, and stole every minute of his time that I could beguile from him. And now, as I remember and write down what he said, please understand that I am not making it up, nor writing vague impressions. I am using MacDowell's own words, and I am able to do that after a lapse of twenty-seven years, in spite of the fact that I never made a single note. I have a curious memory for vital words—not especially for dates or names or anything of that sort, but for the things which lie under them. It is my habit to compose what I am writing complete in my mind before I touch a pencil or a typewriter, and if something happens to delay the setting down of it, I find that after a lapse of days, or even of months, I have lost very little of it.

I begin with MacDowell's musical judgments. He was a worshiper of Beethoven, a spirit in every way akin to his own. Of the Moonlight Sonata, he said that it presented one of those cases where a foolish title had been given to a masterpiece by a music publisher. He played the first movement for us and said, "It is an expression of the most profound and poignant grief." Someone referred to the later sonatas, having opus numbers up in the hundred. He said, in substance, that they were a matter for despair, penetrating to such subtleties and intricacies of the spirit that it was difficult to follow them. Concerning the Ninth Symphony, he said that he disliked to express his opinion of it, because Beethoven was such a great composer and so noble a spirit that one wanted to approve everything of which he himself approved. Nevertheless, it was MacDowell's opinion that the main theme of the chorus, the "Hymn to Joy," was essentially obvious and commonplace, so that nothing could be done with it.

Concerning Wagner, he said that the music dramas were overlong, and that much of their dialogue was tiresome and loaded down with details not properly musical, but that when Wagner came to his great moments, especially his portrayal of the powers of nature, his music became sublime beyond description. MacDowell was not an admirer of grand opera as an art form. He did not have to see things on the stage. I remember asking if he went to the Metropolitan Opera House, and he said that he had been there once, and they had given him a seat directly over the big bass tuba, and the first time the man had let it off it had blown him out of the building.

MacDowell was an eager and tireless champion of programme music. He used to insist that music could give you definite ideas of realities, and we would have amusing controversies in the class. He played for us his "Wild Rose." What could be more obvious? How could anyone possibly think that it referred to anything else? Said I—impertinent youngster: "It seems to me it could refer to many other things." "What?" demanded the composer, with some excitement, and I answered, "Well, it might be a pretty girl coming down a lane!"

Sometimes he would prepare unhappiness for himself by playing us this or that bit of his own music and expecting us to guess what it was about. He played us a Scotch bit—I don't recall the title, but it had something to do with a maiden looking out of a window while her lover was at the wars, or in a storm, or doing some-

thing else violent. It was easy for him to explain why the thing was Scotch, and to account for the storm, or the war, but it was more difficult to show the maiden looking out of the window!

I recall another piece that was Turkish, and in it occurred an extremely ugly discord, which made the composer's blood run cold. He told us—I forget which—either that he had been walking by the shores of the Bosphorus, or that he had been reading about it in the Arabian Nights, or both, and had suddenly thought of the wives of the Sultan who had been strangled with whipcords and thrown into the Bosphorus. Well, one can put a disharmony into a composition for many different reasons, but certainly the average student must consider himself ill-used when he has to guess such a thing as a sultan's wife strangled with a whipcord!

III

MacDowell played us many of his own compositions, because we wanted them, and were bold enough to clamor for them, and to point out that this was the music he could tell us most about. He played the "Hexentanz," and told us it was another case of a foolish title given by a publisher. It had been written as a "Schattentanz," and you could see firelight flickering on a wall; there was no suggestion of witchcraft in it, but the publisher had thought that a witch's dance would sell. He played "The Deserted Farm," and told us about the New Hampshire place where he worked in Summer. He played "To a Water Lily," and quoted Geibel's poem about the white swan floating by. He played his great Eroica Sonata, and I am embarrassed to recall what I said about it in class. I didn't understand it, and confessed the fact, and asked, in substance, what was the basis of its form. Suppose it had stopped half way through, could one have told the difference? I don't recall his answer, but I do recall his patient willingness to explain. If I feel ashamed now at this recollection, it is not because of any word of his, but simply because I realize how crude my question was, and how little equipped the whole class was to profit by the intellectual treat spread before it.

But MacDowell was always willing to teach, and at the same time to learn. He went traveling as a missionary of beautiful music; he met crowds of people and played for them, and when an old farmer came up and told him that the crashing chords at the end of "From an Indian Lodge" made him see the old chief tramping along, MacDowell was greatly pleased. Also, he had to admit that the old farmer was right about the eagle which stands upon his high rocky perch . . .

> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
> He watches from his mountain walls,
> And like a thunderbolt he falls . . .

MacDowell had to admit that the thunderbolt hit twice on its way down!

He spoke of his concert tours. He had to make them; one spent all one earned in New York. They were very wearying; few people realized the nervous and physical strain involved in giving a pianoforte concert—it was a giant's labor, and one was bathed with perspiration at the end. MacDowell had powerful arms. I never heard him in a concert hall, but I heard him in the Columbia class room, in an old building in a far corner of the campus. When he wrote *fortissimo* he meant all of it and more, and he made the walls of the building shake; it has seemed to me ever since that nobody else knows how to play MacDowell.

And yet he could be infinitely tender, caressing each beautiful note. He would show us how these gentle effects were obtained upon the piano. He showed this delicacy, indeed, in everything—in his appearance, his tastes, and his conversation. I remember he told us an amusing story. Some of his pupils had sent him a birthday gift, and they had put inside a card containing a few lines from "Das Rheingold," beginning, "*O, singe fort so süss und fein!*" That was a very pretty sentiment to

send to a composer, said MacDowell; but unfortunately, glancing at the card and reading the first three words, he had taken them to be French instead of German, and had read "O powerful monkey!" He apologized to the ladies in the class before he told this story, and I was struck by the fact, for I had never heard that it was not good form to mention a monkey in the presence of ladies.

MacDowell was rigidly insistent upon the subordination of technique to the vital spirit of art. He spoke of some virtuoso—I think it was Rosenthal—and said that his kind of playing was akin to a trapeze performance. On the other hand, he said of Paderewski that the man used his marvelous proficiency to produce beauty and splendor more than one could find words to praise. MacDowell told how, while leaving the hall after a Paderewski performance, he had met a world famous piano manufacturer—he named him, but I shall not do so. This gentleman remarked that MacDowell liked his instrument tuned a tiny bit higher than Paderewski. MacDowell pointed out that that was all a piano meant to the manufacturer: he was interested in the details of producing tones, and in exchanging such banal shop talk, but he had really got nothing of Paderewski's vital message.

I saw MacDowell a few times after I had completed the two years' course. I met him once in his Columbia class room after he had had his dispute with the great Nicholas Miraculous, and had resigned. He told me a little about the trouble, but without going into details. The point was that the university did not esteem music, and would not give the necessary credits for musical study. He had hoped to build up a great department, a center of culture, but he had failed.

The next time I saw him was at his home, an apartment in upper Eighth avenue, or Central Park West, as it has since been named. I had written my first novel, a boyish effort, but it was full of a fine frenzy, and I thought it was marvelous, and asked MacDowell to read the manuscript. He did so, and I went to get his verdict, and I remember the apartment-house, and the elevator, and the large room looking over the park, and the piano, and MacDowell. He was very generous and kind, and wrote me a few words about the book. I don't remember them, and I shall not look them up, because they might be the means of causing someone to read that boyish effort.

I never saw him again. Soon afterward I read in the papers that his mind had failed from overwork and nervous strain. There was nothing I could do; he needed medical attention, not the admiration of a young student. He died; but he lived on in my memory, as you can see from this brief record. His personality was to me as a bit of radium, which continues to give out energy, and yet is undiminished and imperishable. He was a vital artist, and one does not meet many of them in one lifetime.

THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN MUSIC

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Although it is impossible nowadays to mention American music without hearing someone murmur, as if in echo, "jazz," there is, as a matter of fact, a great deal more in the best American music of our day than "pep," "punch," and "kick," and we have a number of composers, of competent technical skill and distinctive personality, who have no commerce with the rag-time jerk. American music, indeed, is already a sturdy offshoot of the great tree of European music, and sufficiently flourishing to deserve respectful attention. No doubt the work of even our best composers still leaves something to be desired, for they labor under great impediments, chiefly psychological; but they have given us nevertheless a music, and a music that is not jazz.

Perhaps it would be better to say that they have given us ten or a dozen musics. It is highly characteristic of their situation that instead of working in one clear tradition, as their German, French or Italian brothers more or less do, they are bewildered by the multiplicity of the traditions which here subsist side by side, mutually diluting, confusing, or even cancelling one another. This confusion of traditions is a peculiarity of American artistic life. If anyone thinks it a small or an academic matter, let him consider for a moment how large a proportion of all that is finest in the musical art of the world owes its existence to tradition: how much of Bach's style, for instance, is reflected directly from his predecessors: how impossible Beethoven would have been without Haydn and Mozart, or Wagner without Meyerbeer and Weber: how fully are already present in Beethoven the germs of Schubert and Schumann, and in them those of Brahms and César Franck.

To consider these things is to get a sense of how small is even the greatest individual, how all-determining is the tradition he works in. Weissmann asks what would have happened to Mozart had he been born in the Samoan Islands, what he would have been able to do. At most, he thinks, he might have extended the native gamut of three or four tones to seven, and created melodies a little more complicated; but "he would have been as incapable of composing symphonies as Archimedes would have been to invent an electric dynamo." Art is a coral reef, and the greatest artist is only one more insect, owing his virtue more to his attachments than to himself. Hence it is no small matter that there is in American music no main reef, but only a confusion of tendencies. With us even the most gifted individuals find it difficult to attach themselves anywhere; instead, they swim distractedly about, make head-on collisions, and generally get in one another's way.

II

The first of all our traditions,—indeed, for a long time the only one that powerfully affected us—was that of German romanticism. Roughly speaking, it dominated our music from its first timid beginnings about 1850 until, let us say, 1890. Those of us who studied with the first serious American composer in the larger forms, Professor John Knowles Paine of Harvard, remember how submissively his music reflected the

romanticism of Schumann and Mendelssohn, just as most of the American literature of that period reflected English models. His "Island Fantasy" was supposed to be inspired by the Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, but artistically speaking it was within easy sailing distance of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides."

His younger colleagues and followers, Arthur Foote and George W. Chadwick, did valuable work, but belong on the whole, like him, to the epoch when our music was dominated by German models. MacDowell was of the same heredity, his line coming out of Schumann through Joachim Raff. His greater distinction came largely from his narrower assimilativeness, and was purchased at a price. Three Rheinberger pupils contributed much to our music: Henry Holden Huss, a composer of unusual romantic charm but inadequate constructive and self-critical power; Arthur Whiting, one of our most genuinely native talents despite the meagreness of his output, and Horatio Parker, so facile and so voluminous, and on the whole so characterless. Then there is Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, whose "New England Symphony," technically one of the most competent works our country has produced, is German to the backbone. Despite its title, there is in it scarcely more of New England than there is of Old England in the works of Bennett, MacFarren, and other composers of the period when England was dominated by Händel and Mendelssohn. Like most of the works of its generation it is, as Mr. Arthur Whiting once called the songs of a young American composer, "as German as kraut." In most of these works the dominance of a foreign model seems to paralyze personal feeling. MacDowell is almost the only exception, and he purchased individuality at the price of a terrible limitation of style and emotional reach.

The first powerful rival influence to that of Germany, beginning to make itself felt about 1890, came from France, quickened to national self-consciousness by the Franco-Prussian war. It assumed two strongly contrasted forms: first, the modification of romantic sentiment toward the classic reserve, balance and plastic beauty naturally produced by French love of clearness and order, as manifested in the work of César Franck and his greatest living disciple, Vincent d'Indy; second, the distrust of all sentiment and the devotion to sensuous charm typically represented by the impressionism of Debussy and the irony of Ravel. Some of us who were in college in the nineties found the mysticism and spirituality of Franck and d'Indy quite as potently persuasive as the less subtle romanticism of Schumann and Brahms, and were irresistibly led to try to incorporate in our style both streams of influence. Others were more attracted by the novelty of the sensuous appeal of the impressionists, who enjoyed moreover an infinitely greater vogue.

Debussy and Ravel are reflected in such contemporary American composers as Edward Burlingame Hill and John Alden Carpenter, both of whom studied under Paine at Harvard in the nineties, as unmistakably as Schumann and Raff are reflected in MacDowell. Mr. Hill, as he has shown in his orchestral suite, "Stevensoniana," can score with a richness and clarity of color evidently learned at the feet of the French impressionists, though combined with a naïveté and tenderness of feeling quite personal. In other works, such as "The Fall of the House of Usher," he is less personal, more conventional, more purely reflective. Many of Mr. Carpenter's clever and refined—almost too refined—songs and piano pieces might have been written by Debussy, while his suite for orchestra, "Adventures in a Perambulator," is essentially Gallic in its economy of means, its distinctiveness of color, and its ironic wit.

Of all the cases of French influence no doubt the most striking is that of Charles Martin Loeffler, a somewhat older man, and Alsatian by birth. Something of an exotic in America, Mr. Loeffler is surely

one of our most distinguished composers, distinguished especially through the singleness and complete unity of his style, entirely French in its fastidious reticence, its refinement of sentiment and its delicacy of color. And what is more, he is not only exclusively French, but inclusively French: there is in his string quartette in memory of Victor Chapman, for instance, the noble seriousness and earnest though reticent feeling of d'Indy, and there is, in works like the "Pagan Poem" for orchestra, the sensuous fascination of Debussy. Such works are as fine as anything that modern France itself has produced.

III

At the end of the Nineteenth Century, then, two traditions dominated our American music, both imported, one from Germany, the other from France. Those composers who through singleness of temperament and concentration of mind succeeded in thoroughly assimilating one tradition, and one only, as MacDowell did German romanticism and Loeffler did French impressionism, succeeded in producing works that still have a life of their own, however narrow, and a permanent artistic validity.

During the first quarter of the Twentieth Century, however, when traditions began to multiply among us with alarming rapidity, such concentration became more and more difficult to achieve. We must remember that one does not master a tradition merely by defining it academically or understanding it intellectually: one has to live into it, to make it by long habit a part of one's point of view; and the more traditions one is sensitive to, and the more various and perhaps even opposed they are, the more arduous is this assimilation. We have had from the beginning, unfortunately, too many parrot composers, clever enough in imitating any prevalent idiom of musical speech, but too superficial to ponder its meaning. Our path is littered with still-born "masterpieces," once acclaimed and now forgotten. The more traditions there are to follow the more featureless does such an eclecticism become; and in our day the traditions have become so tangled that only the most powerful intelligences can find their way through them, only the simplest spirits can proceed undismayed by them to the goals appointed by their temperaments.

There were, for instance, several minor national traditions which, though far less powerful than the German and the French, began to make definite claims upon our attention. There was what we may call Russian barbarism, which came to us from Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, via Prokofieff and Stravinsky. Leo Ornstein was the chief American composer, if such he may be called, to listen to that formidable Amazonian siren. Then the torrid sunlight of subtropical Spain was flashed into our cooler atmosphere by Albeniz, Granados, and others, and reflected for our dazzlement by Ernest Schelling. Musical speech began to fall upon our ears in many strange and outlandish dialects. Grieg beguiled us with a Norwegian accent, Dvořák with a Bohemian, Sibelius with a Northern wail, Elgar with a bit of British drawl, and Stanford with a brogue. Quick to take a hint, we began to exploit our own "local color," and blossomed forth in Indian suites and Negro rhapsodies.

Once started, the process of differentiation did not stop with nationalism, but began to produce many conflicting schools, groups, and cliques. In Europe itself music, already decadent in the preciousness and exaggerated sensuousness of Debussy and in the distrust of its own feelings betrayed by the irony of Ravel, lost unity and balance altogether, and broke into fragments. Differentiation became disintegration. Musicians ranged themselves in rival camps, all more or less partial and futile. In one were pedants like Reger and Schoenberg, trying to ratiocinate their way to a beauty that comes only through feeling. In another were hysterics like Scriabine, striving to refine the soul of art out of its body. In still another were the impatient and the

disillusioned, who like irritable children smashed the toys they could not mend (the Italian *bruiteurs* for instance), or who, like the Dadaists or French Group of Six, finding reality too slow, exacting and laborious for them, reverted to infantility and took to riding rocking-horses.

At the very moment of this disintegration of tradition in Europe, we in America, through the economic effects of the war, were put more than ever into the position of a receiver nation. Already before the war we looked to Europe for guidance with all the conscious inferiority of youth and inexperience; now, without increasing our wisdom, the war vastly increased our power, by placing Europe in the relation to us of bankrupt parents forced to defer to immature children in order to live. Since 1914 musicians of every country on earth have flowed in upon us in an unending stream. The music of the whole world has battered our ears. For us, the only ones with wherewithal to pay the piper, the habitable globe has danced and sung.

How could we hope to stand against such a flood? What was there for us to do but open our mouths and shut our eyes, and try to swallow as much of it all as we could without drowning? Too much passive reception, too little self-realizing activity—that had always been the characteristic danger of our situation. Under the vast mass and variety of influences that now swept in upon us our modest powers of assimilation were hopelessly deluged and gutted. We became vast stomachs to swallow at one gulp the music of the universe, while our legs and arms, just timidly sprouting, gave up the unequal struggle and withered away. In short, American music from 1914 to 1925 is the Music of Indigestion.

Go to a concert of any of the "advanced" organizations of the day, such as the International Composers' Guild, and listen to the rumblings and belchings of this indigestion. Listen to the confusion worse confounded of our house of a hundred traditions, our modern babel. Hear Emerson Whithorne's Chinese tunes, as insulated in their European harmonies as the inhabitants of Pell street in modern New York. Watch Samuel Gardner's Russian folk-song bacteria bombinating in a matrix vapidly German-sentimentalist. Study Henry F. Gilbert's Negroes in his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes"; not full-blooded, you will observe, but halfbreeds —quadroons—octoroons—descended by some repellent miscegenation from Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Notice Charles Wakefield Cadman's Indians, whose only arrows are collars from Troy, and who wear Derby hats. Even John Powell, probably the most gifted of all our younger composers, apparently does not recoil when, in his "Rhapsodie Négre" (French titles have appealed to American composers ever since the days of Gottschalk), the swarthy faces of his protagonists suddenly assume the Jesuitical smile of Liszt.

Alas, the confusion of traditions among us is almost overwhelming, even to the greatest talents. We are not only parrots, but polyglot parrots. Where shall we recapture our native tongue, or at least learn to speak the Esperanto of cosmopolitanism with voices recognizably our own and an authority not borrowed? This has become the insistent æsthetic question of the day, upon our finding a right answer to which seems to depend our artistic salvation.

IV

One answer which has attracted much attention, both by the plausibility of its theory and by the interest of practical results already obtained, is that of the nationalists. It is based on the analogy of the various national awakenings that have taken place in European music, such as that of Germany, throwing off the yoke of Italian opera in the work of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner: of France, finding itself in the activities of the Société Nationale and other organizations and individuals after 1870: of Russia, reaching national self-consciousness in Borodine,

Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff: and finally of England, asserting itself only in our own day through the work of Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst and other living composers.

This last nationalism, that of England, is quite naturally, and for several reasons, the one that has most deeply impressed us here in America. It is not only the most recent but the nearest, since we are conscious of a closer kinship with the English, æsthetically, temperamentally, and socially, than with any European people. Moreover, exactly the same kind of featureless eclecticism that has blighted so much of our own music was imposed on England for generations by the prestige of Handel and Mendelssohn; and to hear at last Elgar, Holst, and Vaughan Williams after so many Sterndale Bennetts, Cowens, MacFarrens, and Prouts, fills us with a great hope. In this we have been encouraged by observant visitors. Dr. Vaughan Williams himself did not hesitate to prophesy, when he was here a year or two ago, that we should go through the same evolution as England. We were about a generation behind the mother country, he told us; our present men were doing the educational and preparatory work accomplished there by Parry, Stanford, and their fellows; and in twenty-five years we might hope to see such a school of native composers as flourishes there now.

English nationalism is undeniably a vital movement. No doubt its claims may be sometimes exaggerated, as the claims of all nationalisms seem to have a way of being; we may see reasons, as we go on, for questioning the universal applicability of its theory, and the exclusive validity of its practice, especially under other conditions. But that it has breathed new life into English music in the last twenty years seems certain. The extraordinary beauty and variety of the native songs and dances of Britain were first revealed through the work of enthusiasts like the late Cecil Sharp, who devoted a laborious life to discovering, recording, arranging, and publishing them. Through the British Folk-Song Society, founded by Sharp, they were given wide vogue. Attractive settings of them were made by many composers, slightly elaborated but preserving their essential naïveté.

Interest quickly spread from them to the less popular, more artistic music of early England, and such labors as Fellowes' monumental collection of Sixteenth Century madrigals revealed an undreamed-of richness in the native musical background. Scholars began to discuss the melodic, modal, and rhythmic peculiarities of this music, and composers more or less consciously to mold their style upon it. The result was what may fairly be called a new voice in the chorus of the world's music. Such works as Vaughan Williams's "Variations on a Theme of Thomas Tallis" and his "London" and "Pastoral" Symphonies are as unmistakably English as D'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Song" is French, or Balakirew's "Islamey" Russian. Dr. Williams has carried the same methods into opera in his "Hugh the Drover," in which, appropriately enough, the hero fights the villain, not with sword or poniard but with good British fists; and Holst has recently woven an entire one-act opera, "At the Boar's Head," out of thirty-odd traditional tunes.

Meanwhile Sharp himself was carrying his investigations into America, discovering in the Appalachian Mountains and other rural districts little affected by civilization many survivals of songs brought from England generations ago. His publications contain curious examples of songs less corrupted by time in America than in England, or differently corrupted here, just as our speech is said to preserve Elizabethan words obsolete in their native land. Howard Brockway in his two collections, "Songs of the Kentucky Mountains" and "Lonesome Tunes" (as these melodies are quaintly called by the mountaineers) has made available much material of great historic interest and, what is better, refreshing artistic simplicity and charm. Both

Mr. Brockway and Leo Sowerby have made folk-music settings as attractive as those of Percy Grainger, and David Guion has given us in "Turkey in the Straw" as fetching and as Anglo-Saxon a dance as "Shepherd's Hey" itself. So far as the larger forms are concerned our composers have been slower to venture on the new ground. John Powell is almost the only one who has as yet worked there successfully, in such pieces as his "Sonata Virginianesque," his violin concerto, and above all his orchestral overture, "In Old Virginia." This work is American-English in the sense in which Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral" Symphony is English-English. And in its own way it is certainly just as beautiful.

Is it necessary, however, we are likely to find ourselves asking at this point, that all of our music in America should be of this American-English variety? Is it indeed even desirable? Why should not some of our American music be American-German (from Pennsylvania), or American-French (from New Orleans), or American-Jewish (from New York), or even American-Negro or Red Indian? May it not be, in fact, that a nationalistic theory which works out well enough for a tight little island like England, or even for the four tight little Islands of Britain, must find itself all at sea (if I may mix metaphors in describing a very mixed situation) in a melting-pot such as our modern America? May it not be that we are necessarily polyglot, and that to speak American, in any comprehensive sense, is to speak, not English, but something rather more resembling the language of the Swiss tourist: "*Donnez-moi some aqua calda, bitte*"? In any department of American life the Nordic is a sufficiently absurd figment of theory; in music, with its deep obligations to Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, and Jews, and its power of leaping all barriers of race and of class, he is likely to be both ridiculous and pernicious. The nationalistic thread hardly seems capable of leading us very far, then, in such a labyrinth as we inhabit.

V

But since in art practice is always more important than theory, the theoretical difficulties of nationalism in America, obvious as they are, come to seem formidable only when we consider certain practical results of all efforts to apply it to our music. It seems to be a formula so narrow that it can hardly be applied without being broken. Thus if we observe carefully the work of a folk-music setter such as Mr. Brockway or Mr. Grainger, we find that he can never quite accept the narrow limits of the idiom he is using; we notice that he constantly passes beyond the tradition of his material, and enhances its interest by features borrowed from other traditions, and wider ones; and if we have a keen sense of style, we feel a resultant incongruity.

When Mr. Brockway prefaces a forthright do-re-mi-fa-sol kind of tune like "The Nightingale" with a few measures of highly subtle Debussyan harmonies, when Mr. Grainger buries the lithe body of an Irish melody under fold on fold of Wagnerian velvet and brocade, we are delighted, but uncomfortable; we feel that something is wrong; it is like being summoned to dinner in the sonorous sentences of Sir Thomas Browne. When, on the other hand, a composer manfully accepts the restrictions of folk-song idiom, and harmonizes, as does Dr. Williams in his "Pastoral" symphony, page after page with nothing but triads moving *en masse*, as if clamped together, we grow uneasy for another reason; monotony skirts the edge of boredom, and limits begin to seem like limitations. The difficulty that all nationalists seem to find in sailing a course that will avoid shipwreck either on the Scylla of incongruity or the Charybdis of bareness seems to suggest a fatal defect in their idiom itself. It seems to be so primitive, melodically, harmonically, and structurally, in comparison with other idioms with which we are all perfectly familiar, that it will neither mix with them natu-

rally nor long hold our interest without them.

Our sense of restriction in the idiom of folk-song seems, moreover, to be but the index of a deeper dissatisfaction we cannot but feel in its emotional and intellectual poverty. No doubt its very charm comes from the contrast of its simplicity with our complexity; no doubt beings born like us to complexity are apt to have a rather morbid craving for what they imagine to be the simple life; but when they get a taste of it they always find that for them it is not natural but artificial. City people often day-dream of a picnic in the country; but if they actually go on one they find that much of the charm lies in getting back again to where they feel at home. Modern music-lovers may enjoy a folk-song or dance for a change, but for a steady diet they find a Brahms symphony or a Wagner music-drama more satisfying than the Volga boat-song or "Barbara Allen." Whatever the faddists may say, the world of folk music is really too narrow a habitat for us to feel comfortable in; to live in it is for us unnatural. Says Ernest Newman:

> The nationalists isolate a certain genre of expression—the folk-music of centuries ago—and tell us that only by absorbing this genre into his tissues can an English composer hope to be English. That, I claim, is a monstrous fallacy. A modern novelist who sees the life around him imaginatively and clearly can make first-rate English art out of what he sees, even if he has never read a single old English legend or heard a single old English ballad. The composer has only to do what the novelist does. If he feels deeply and sincerely about life, and can find beautiful and convincing expression for what he and the rest of us living people feel, he will make great English art even though he may never have heard a folk song and never have seen an agricultural laborer.

Thus when we examine closely the claims of nationalism it seems to fail us, at least as a universal formula. Even in England, where the mixture of nations and of races and the confusion of traditions is so much less than here, nationalism is prevented from being a universal panacea by its intrinsic limitations both of idiom and of emotional and intellectual scope. We seem therefore to be thrown back upon eclecticism, and obliged to ask whether there is not, after all, some other kind of eclecticism than the "featureless" variety. May there not be also an eclecticism of power, of choice, of individuality? May not the distinctiveness achievable by American composers be a personal rather than a national distinctiveness? May not such personal distinctiveness be, indeed, the only kind that is genuinely attainable in an art that has reached such complexity and such cosmopolitanism as modern music?

This view, to be sure, cannot hope to be agreeable to our American taste for herding, for standardizing, for doing everything in large numbers and *en masse*. But in art no formula can be universal, and it is precisely the pretension of nationalism to universality that is its most injurious trait. Nationalism is excellent as an ingredient, but disastrous as a dogma. The promising way towards a rich and various American music seems much less likely to lie through any system of branding, organizing, and licensing, such as nationalism and all other isms are too apt to foster, than through an elastic eclecticism of individual choice.

Originality has been well defined by Van Wyck Brooks as "a capacity to survive and surmount experience after having met and assimilated it." If he is right there must be possible to us as many musical personalities as there are possible combinations and permutations of vital traditions. Therefore, when MacDowell meets and assimilates German romanticism, when Loeffler meets and assimilates French impressionism, when Powell meets and assimilates Anglo-American folk-song, let us not cavil and define, let us rather rejoice and applaud. Were a single one of them to be forcibly "Americanized," music in America would be the poorer. Music in America is the richer for each and all of them; and music in America is a thing far more worth working for than "American music."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Language

WOBBLY TALK

By Stewart H. Holbrook

A wobbly, as every man, woman and child west of Chicago knows, is a member of the great order of Industrial Workers of the World. The East knows him only as an I. W. W. He has developed, within his group, a peculiar argot, and it is little known outside the ranks. Originally it was a hybrid, a combination of underworld slang and hobo phrases, but though a few of these early expressions are still current, wobbly neologists have manufactured a great many new ones. They are used not only in conversation, but also in the various wobbly newspapers and propaganda pamphlets. Thus they have acquired a sort of official status.

The word *wobbly*, although it is not dignified by an official act of the General Executive Board of the I. W. W., nevertheless is the usual designation of a member by his fellows and himself. There are half a dozen theories about its origin, but only two of them have much credence among the rank and file. Most of the boys will tell you that it was conceived, if only unconsciously, by a Chinaman. This Chink was the proprietor of a small and portable eating establishment with which he followed the large crews of Swedes, Irishmen and hunkies who pushed the Canadian Northern rails into the far wastes of Saskatchewan, twelve years ago. Many of the laborers were either "packing red cards" or at least had leanings toward the I. W. W., so the Chink, being a go-getter and a believer in Service, lined up with the gang. In a laudable effort to cash in on his affiliation he would show his card to all potential customers, telling them that he was a member of the I. W. W. But the heathen tongue was not equal to the letter *w*. "Me likee I Wobbly Wobbly," was the best it could do. It proved enough. *Wobbly* spread from man to man and, by mysterious, unseen jungle news-channels, from camp to camp, until now it is used by all the Western headline writers. WOBS PULL STRIKE AT HARBOR CAMPS and WOBBLY HALL WRECKED BY POLICE are familiar to every literate resident of the Pacific Coast. A smaller school of wobbly etymologists holds that the word came over from Australia, and is a corruption of *wallaby*. But this theory lacks the support of a specific legend and I am of the opinion that it is unsound.

One of the broadest and most useful terms in the wobbly language is *dehorn*. This word originally had a surgical meaning in Texas, but since its adoption by the wobblies it has become as wide as the concept of 100 per cent Americanism. In general it designates anything in opposition to I. W. W. teachings. When one has no horns, *i. e.*, no class-consciousness, then one has no weapons to battle with the monster of capitalism. *Dehorn* goes further. Rum in any form, gambling, Ford automobiles, fiction magazines, the Kept Press, *femmes de joie*—all these are *dehorn*. They take the worker's mind off the class struggle. A *dehorn committee* is one which, during a wobbly strike, pickets bootleg-joints and proletarian seraglios, keeps workmen away therefrom, and thus, in theory at least, prevents members from throwing themselves too quickly upon the strike fund.

A *gyppo* is anyone who works by the piece, or by any sort of contract whereby volume of production and not time of labor is considered. Like the widely used

verb, *to gyp*, it was suggested by the well known propensity of gypsies to take everything not nailed down. "He was *gypsied* out of it;" *i. e.*, crooked, hornswoggled. The analogy is clear if you understand the I. W. W. philosophy of labor under capitalism: the least and poorest work for the highest wages. A piece or contract worker will perform a lot more in eight hours than a man working by the day. The contract worker gets up a big sweat and works from early to late, and though he makes more money than the wage slave, he at the same time produces more for the boss. And the wobbly decalogue says that "all wealth belongs to labor, which creates wealth." Therefore, the contract worker is not only being unmercifully *gypoed* by the boss, but he is himself *gyping* another man out of a job.

The *gyppo* felling and bucking of timber, where workmen are paid by a standard timber scale, is variously known as *working by the inch*, or *working by the mile*, or *by the bushel*. *Scissorbills*, generally speaking, are workmen who do not accept the wobbly's sociological concepts. The term is widely used, especially in reference to hillbillies and other yokels who will not join any sort of labor organization. Its etymology I don't know.

Dating from the famous Homestead strike of 1892 is the odious *fink*. It is by far the most derogatory term in the wobbly lingo. *Fink*, according to one version, was originally *Pink*, a contraction of Pinkerton, and referred to the army of strike-breakers recruited by the detective agency and sent to Homestead to subdue the striking steelworkers. Many of these workers were foreigners and understood little of the American language. But they tried to pick up the battle cry, "Th' goddam Pinks are comin'!" and "the goddam *finks*" was the result. The word has since been used to designate a member of a private gendarmerie, a strike-breaker, a mine-guard, a company operative, or a plain stool-pigeon. Among the wobblies it is a mean word, a nasty, scrap-starting word, the equivalent of the familiar quadruplex expression which, when used by one Brother Elk to another, should always be accompanied by a smile.

The popular *hijack*, a word that has reached wide circulation since the advent of Volsteadism, may not be pure wobbly, but its earliest use was largely within the I. W. W. ranks. It comes from "High, Jack!", a command to throw up the arms, and originated among the gangs of small crooks which used to traverse the harvest belt at the close of the wheat season. These yeggs, in groups of a dozen or more, would ride the freights and rob the returning migratory workers of their wages. In an effort to combat them the I. W. W. organized protective and retaliatory gangs which *hijacked* the crooks.

Another sort of *hijack* is used by the I. W. W. for extending membership and gathering in dollars. Crowds of wobbly organizers gang up and ride the freights east and west. They close in on a gondola or box-car full of scissorbills and by threats of violence *hijack* them into paying initiatory fees and current dues for what are termed *red cards*, the official membership credentials of the I. W. W. Thus coffers are filled and "membership" extended. On many railroad lines, where the freight *shacks* (*i. e.*, train crews) are wobbly sympathizers, it is almost imperative that a hobo carry a red card.

The expressive *clown*, as applied to constables, sheriffs and deputies, is always used in the wobbly press. The same holds true of *cutor*, the name for a prosecuting attorney, although the word had its origin in crook circles. *Jungle* and *jungle buzzard* are also used, but these were coined by some knight of the road long before the I. W. W. came into existence. *Packing the rigging* is pure wobbly. It means carrying I. W. W. organization supplies—propaganda literature and other material for getting new members. The *rigging-packers* are the evangelists of the organization, the Spreaders of the Word. As such, they may be either paid delegates at $4 a day—the

official daily wage of all wobs, from the general chairman down to the office boy—or voluntary delegates with no official pay.

A good part of the argot of construction and logging camps comes from wobbly neologists. There is much of it which, though rich in humor and philosophy, unfortunately could not appear in a magazine designed for reading in Christian homes. Most of it contains more of real worth than one finds in anything yet produced by soldiers, crooks, or the sporting fraternity. Who, for example, could better *gut-hammer*? This instrument is the triangular piece of iron on which the cook beats his signal for supper. If you have ever watched a gang of two hundred hunkies attack a meal of mulligan, you will appreciate the dramatic value of a word like *gut-hammer*. It is superb.

A cook, no matter who or where, is a *boiler* or a *sizzler*. A plate of hash is a *load of culls*. Hotcakes are *flats*. *Highball-camps* are those where work is speeded up by a superintendent or foremen or by *straw-bosses*. A logging superintendent is the *bull of the woods*. A foreman is *the push*. The *straw-boss*, or foreman of a small crew, is known as a *king snipe* when he has charge of a track-laying gang. Steel gang laborers are *gandy dancers*. All wage earners are *slaves*. Horses are *hay-burners*. Teamsters are *hair-pounders*.

Carrying a balloon is wob talk for carrying a bed-roll or blankets. Since the installation of company bedding at most camps in the West, *carrying a balloon* has been considered very bad form. *Bunyan camps*, so named in memory of a pioneer if mythical logger, are those at which bedding is not furnished. The term is also applied to camps in which living conditions are not up to the wobbly standard. These are often known as *haywire outfits*. When a worker is obliged to carry his lunch in a bucket, it is known as a *nosebag show*.

The age-old and mutual scorn with which wanderers and stay-at-homes regard each other is found in *boomer* and *homeguard*. A *boomer* is a *short staker*, a very transient worker who makes the logging camps, the harvest, the construction jobs and even a trip on a marine transport, all in one season. *Homeguards* are steady employés who year in and year out work for one concern. There is much antipathy between the two. The footloose *boomer* looks down on the *homeguard* with the condescending scorn of a globe-trotter for the village yokel, and the *homeguard* considers the *boomer* a tramp.

Hoosier is applied to any man who does not know his job. Its use in this way is said to have had its origin in an advertisement inserted a dozen years ago in Indiana country newspapers, asking for "men to learn the lumber industry in one of the largest lumber manufacturing plants in the world; situated on the Pacific Coast; plenty of chance for advancement." The company responsible for this advertisement is still in business in the State of Washington and is widely if not favorably known as the Western Penitentiary. Its go-getting and optimistic announcement brought to the Swede-infested Western country a small army of farm-hands who had never seen a sawmill, much less "one of the largest lumber manufacturing plants in the world." Their efforts to handle lumber, if one is to believe eye-witnesses, were pathetic. Hence, the word *hoosier* is applied to anyone who is incompetent. When a crew of workmen purposely *hoosier up* on the company, it means what experts in sabotage term a "conscious withdrawal of efficiency."

The wobbly press, which has weekly papers in Chicago, Duluth, Seattle and Portland, and one monthly magazine, has a cant distinctly its own. The style of its editors is not cramped by a style-sheet. To successfully hold their jobs they need only "make it hot for the goddam parasites." Like Hearst editors, they must have a *cause célèbre* on tap at all times. During the past ten months I have seen but one edition of an I. W. W. paper which did not have a large, black scare-head across its front page.

By *brass check sheets* the wobbly press

refers to daily newspapers of the *parasitic* or non-proletarian class. Upton Sinclair's book, "The Brass Check," is the source of the phrase. *Pie in the sky* is a somewhat cynical reference to the bourgeois heaven. *Daytonesque* needs no gloss. *CS* is used extensively; it is wob for the famous Criminal Syndicalism Act of California.

The *Industrial Worker*, wobbly organ of the imminent revolution of the proletariat, has for its columnist one T-Bone Slim, a gentleman I strongly suspect of originating many of the newer wobbly words and phrases. In a recent number he wrote:

> A working stiff often gets it into what he thinks is his head that by merely saving what money he can spare from his $3.50 per day, and investing it in Just Some Good Safe stocks, he will some day surely become a Ford or a Rockefeller. Such a working stiff, gentlemen, should be treated at once. He is suffering from the first stages of *hydroforbesia*.

A great Hearst publicist comes in for much razzing at the hand of Slim, and *brisbanalities* is now official in the wobbly thesaurus.

But wobbly editors are always complaining about the lack of good reporters and correspondents. They say that the fellow workers have not good news-sense and are prone to be both vague and verbose in their news items. I feel that such criticism is hardly justified. Consider the following from the Job News department of the *Industrial Worker* (Seattle):

> *Natron Cutoff Job*, Near Eugene, Oregon.—The Dutch Kid's Camp is No. 4. Garbage rotten at $1.50 per. This is a gyppo layout. All the slaves have humps on their backs from hurry. I got canned for selling wob papers.

Another report from the same paper:

> *Aberdeen, Wash.*—Coates-Fordney Camp.—Highlead layout; two sides, rig-up crew and steel gang. Wages: gandy dancers, $3.75; rigging, $4.25 to $6.50. Garbage: $1.45 per day. Mattress furnished; carry your own balloon. Slaves dissatisfied with conditions, but talk nothing but dehorn and World's Series. Two of us Fellow Workers just started to line up a few of the boys when the push hit us on the behind with pay-checks. He has the wobbly horrors bad. Fellow Workers coming this way should lay off the bull bucker here. He is a fink. Pretends to favor the One Big Union and when you ask to stamp him up he turns you in.

There is surely nothing the matter with that reporting. It tells everything a camp-going wob needs to know in a clear, concise manner, and its contribution to the American language is better than anything to be found in the sporting pages of the newspapers or in the Tom-show advertisements in the *Billboard*. The trouble is, I fear, that the wob editors don't know good reporting when they see it.

Folk-Lore

THE SONGS OF THE INDIANS

By Frances Densmore

One reason why people do not like Indian music is that they do not understand the words. Another reason is that they do not know why Indians sing. The net result is that few would stay to the end of a concert of Indian music, sung by Indians, unless it consisted entirely of love songs. We have a natural sympathy with love songs in any language and it is easy for us to imagine that the Indian, brave and strong, is a magnificent lover. But the words of these songs, as they are presented by American composers, are purely "white man." Courting songs, in fact, were considered bad form, to say the least, among the old Indians. This, however, does not trouble the public because it doesn't know it. The audience smiles and says, "Love is always the same, in every race. Isn't it sweet?"

Marriages among the Indians in the old days, as a matter of fact, were arranged by the parents of the young people, and an old Indian lady once told me that brides usually cried a good deal. She added that of course the parents knew what was best and that the young people got used to each other after a while. She said she thought that marriages on that basis were happier than when the young people managed for themselves. Of course the young men

played the flute in the evening. They wandered around the edge of the village, tootling pretty tunes, but no mother who regarded the proprieties would let her daughter go out of the lodge in response. The young man could come inside to do his courting and grandmother would sit up until he went away, putting a fresh piece of wood on the fire if she thought it advisable to let him linger. Sometimes a young man put words to the tunes he played on the flute, but even that was not general.

The singing of love songs, in many tribes, is connected with inebriation. When a man reaches the stage at which he feels terribly sorry for himself he sings them. I have heard prisoners in a guard-house singing melodies of delightful, haunting sadness,—just the type of song that is considered true Indian music, voicing the last farewell of a dying race and that sort of thing. Once, collecting Indian songs, I said to my interpreter, "Why do you never get me such lovely songs as I hear in the twilight, passing the guard-house?" He replied, "If you took those songs, the old chiefs would have nothing more to do with your work." The one exception to this rule, in my personal experience of more than seventeen years on the reservations, recording songs for the Bureau of American Ethnology, is found among the Makah who live at the end of Cape Flattery and have a culture similar to that of the Northwest Coast. They sing songs of admiration for each other at all social gatherings. At a beach party, an old lady sang of her "sweetheart," and pointed to her husband, a sedate old gentleman with weak eyes. Their weddings in former times were elaborate ceremonies, lasting several days. One event was a wrestling match between the prospective groom and a hypothetical rival. The hold was by the hair.

Negro music has an advantage over Indian music in that the emotions of the Negro bear some resemblance to our own. The spirituals bring a thrill that we cannot get from the songs of the Indians. It is easier to respond to an exaggeration of one's own concepts of personal salvation than to realize that a man is feeling religious when he sings about a Thunderbird. Personal salvation, vicarious or otherwise, had no place in the religious thought of the old-time Indian, and it is a question whether he believed that his conduct in this life had any effect on his happiness after death. Indeed, the term Great Spirit has been attributed to the Indian without his knowledge or consent.

The Indian religion was practical, and concerned health, long life and the food supply. The Indians, like the old Jews, combined the priesthood and the medical profession, and did it so successfully that their good health has become proverbial. We say that it was due to their outdoor life, so we take a supply of tinned food into the wilderness and try to "live like Indians." But the Indians believed that temperance in all things, self-control, and many doses of carefully-selected herbs were essential to a long life. We pride ourselves on conquering nature, but the Indian regarded nature as his friend. He lived in harmony with it in a manner that would do credit to a Christian Scientist. Once I heard a Sioux sing "The sun is my friend," and in honor of that friend he wore an ornament with radiating feathers, like the rays of the sun. Happy the man who had the Thunderbird for his friend!

The bear was an excellent ally of the doctors. Who has such good claws as the bear for digging roots? When a doctor went to treat a patient he would inspire confidence by mentioning his friend the bear, and by saying that he would now sing the songs taught him by the bear for such a case as that before him. The sick man would begin to feel better as soon as the doctor began to sing. Songs came with dreams, and if those songs could give health, wealth and success on the warpath it seems a bit cavilling to insist that they should also be pretty tunes, like "My Wild Irish Rose." Long ago a man wrote in a book that a certain tribe had no music,

as he had been among them six months and never heard them singing around the camp. I found an abundance of music in that region. The writer, however, was correct in his idea that the Indians have no "popular" music. They do not mention bananas in their songs. They do not *play* with music. It is a gift from the spirits, to be used with due respect and a definite purpose, which usually concerns the welfare of the tribe or an individual.

The Indians never sang for exhibition, although there were standards of excellence for the singers who sat around the drum and provided music for the dancing. Originally, it is believed, all the dances were connected with ceremonies, but that time is very long passed, and the dances incident to many a ceremony have now eclipsed the ceremony itself. In the old days a really great singer could produce great effects by his singing. The question was not the quality of his voice, but whether he could bring rain by his singing, make the crops grow, or cure the sick. The acid test of a song was: will it *work?* A man might have received the song in a dream or bought it from some other medicine man, but he must have within himself the power to make it do what it was intended to do. Otherwise he became ridiculous in the eyes of his little world and sang no more.

Many Indian songs are the unwritten classics of the tribes, and the Indians consider it a pleasure and privilege to hear them. Such are the song rituals of the ceremonial tribes and the long series of songs found, for instance, among the Yuma, Cocopa and Papago on the Mexican border. The words of these songs are filled with native poetry. The manner of rendition is not dramatic nor "interpretative," neither is the tune lyric in character, as we like our music to be, but it gives the Indian a pleasure similar to that which we derive from "intellectual" music.

All night the Indians will dance, and the white settler within sound of the gourd rattles will wonder how they can keep awake to such monotonous music. His little victrola, with records from the mail order catalogue, gives a much better variety. He does not understand the Indian words. Perhaps he has read Zane Grey and would not like them if he did. The Indian sings of the desert in songs like this:

> I have created you here, I have created you here,
> The red evening I bring you.

If you have ever seen the red evening in Arizona you will feel the dignity and wonder of it coming back. The following lines have the calm of the desert:

> Downy white feathers are moving beneath the sunset,
> And along the edge of the world.

And in this song one catches the transforming light that makes the rugged landscape a wonder of beauty:

> A white mountain is far at the earth-end,
> It stands beautiful,
> It has brilliant white arches of light
> Bending down toward the earth.

To those who ask, "Have you ever attended the Snake Dance?" I always reply, "Have you ever seen an Indian cremation?" Only two other white people were there. The logs were piled high and on top was the coffin. The man's clothes were on it, and people threw silk dresses and other garments into the fire that the departing spirit might take them to their friends who had died. The dry cottonwood blazed furiously, billows of smoke rolled upward, and bits of silk were floating in the flames. The crackling was horrible. I moved farther away. The shrilling of the women mourners was distressing to hear, and the sobs of men exhausted from weeping. Two or three hours before I had seen the body that was now burning. It lay on a cot under a desert shelter, its face covered by a bright handkerchief and a pack of cards on its chest. The family were wailing and kissing the limp hands. The wailing rose above the ceremonial songs as an old man shook the sacred deer-hoof rattle above the body. If only the fire did not crackle so horribly!

A long trench below the pyre received the ashes and soon the place was smoothed over so that even a close observer would have had difficulty in finding where the fire had been. The desert takes its own and does not tell its secret. The songs I heard on that tragic morning were, many of them, recorded later on a phonograph. When you see the notes, some day, perhaps you will say that Indian music is not very interesting. But the glare of that burning pyre cannot be reflected on a printed page. The horrible crackling is over. The desert returns to its silence.

The desert Indians sing of the wind in terms of color:

From the West a white wind is coming out,
Stand there and look, it is not near,
It is beside the ocean, there you will see it,
By the reflected light of the sun you will see it.

The same idea occurs in this song:

A blue wind,
I saw the tracks on the blue mountain,
Inside that mountain I found a bamboo plant growing.
From there I saw a seven-headed mountain running low from East to West.

The tragedy of the intense cold that sometimes comes with Winter on the desert is in this song, sung by an old woman in danger of perishing:

No talking, no talking,
The snow is falling
And the wind seems to be blowing backward.

The music of the Indians is the language of a race to which the white man must be forever a stranger.

Surgery

SURGICAL COMPLICATIONS

By Douglas Boyd

For every careful surgeon the completion of an operation means the beginning of a period of close observation and well-planned treatment, which ends only when the patient has resumed his former mode of living. In the last quarter of a century there has been a rapid development of this branch of medicine, and now all parts of the body are operated upon without the fear of the technical difficulties which so long deterred our predecessors. Mortality rates have been strikingly reduced, but certain dangers still accompany all operations—among them, pulmonary complications. Only in recent years has the studious attention of the profession been turned to the problem that such complications present. An analysis of large groups of cases shows that a definite proportion of the people who submit to surgery develop them during convalescence. Their exact nature, the method and cause of their production, and ways and means of relieving them, remain major problems today.

In the early days of surgery even the most daring methods of relief were justified. Patients came then only as a last resort—for the amputation of mortifying limbs, the removal of debilitating tumors, and the arrest of hemorrhages uncontrollable by simpler methods. The risks were great, but the high mortality was justified by the more certain death without relief. The procedures used were regarded as miraculous if the patient survived a few days. What wonder, then, that the fact that he developed pneumonia ten days later suggested no connection between the operation and that pneumonia? Infections in the wound or generalized infections were described, but little further attention was paid to them.

It was not until the introduction of a satisfactory general anæsthetic by Morton in 1846 that surgery began to expand. Morton first demonstrated that operations could be performed painlessly under sulphurous ether. Following this, more attention was paid to technique, and a more careful study was made of the condition of the heart, lungs and kidneys of the patient, for it was soon learned that ether had deleterious effects on diseased lungs and other organs. In this period of study it was

probably first noticed that certain patients, apparently recovered from the immediate effects of their operations, developed pneumonia. No records of such late post-operative complications were in the writings of the elder surgeons, but their successors, having introduced a new element into their operations, naturally reasoned that the pulmonary complications must be due to it. They were thus ascribed to the irritant action of the anæsthetic, and, not without reason, as all those who have been given ether will testify. This situation remained unchanged for many years and there gradually crept into the medical nomenclature the term inhalation pneumonia, a term still used, but no longer accepted as the sole explanation of the large number of pneumonias following operation.

That explanation was first questioned by certain German surgeons, who in 1900 reported similar complications following the use of the then new local anæsthetic, cocaine. Using cocaine in the tissues directly operated upon, far removed from the lungs and trachea, they observed that in a certain proportion of patients there developed nevertheless the familiar lung pathology, four to ten days after operation. This, plainly, could not have been produced by irritating effects within the lung; so a new explanation had to be sought. Meanwhile, it had been observed that an occasional patient, several days after he seemed out of all danger, expired suddenly, without apparent cause. Examination showed that the cause of death was a large plug which had arisen at some place in the circulatory system, become free, and then suddenly lodged in one of the arteries supplying the lung, thereby completely shutting off that organ from its blood supply. A search of the lungs revealed numerous smaller plugs or emboli lodged in smaller arteries; while not sufficient in themselves to cause death, they gave changes resembling pneumonia. These small emboli had undoubtedly, in many instances, been the source of the changes which, by examination of the chest, had been interpreted as pneumonia. Here, then, there developed a new conception of the cause of this distressing complication.

The incidence of post-operative pulmonary complication varies as reported by different writers, but in general we expect it in 2.5% of all patients operated on under general or local anæsthetics. Fatal complications are seen less frequently, usually in 0.5%,—a proportion which, while small, is nevertheless alarming. This includes all types of disease of the lung following operation. Some are undoubtedly due to local irritant effects in the lung, or to chilling after operation, but a large proportion are plainly due to the lodging of small plugs or emboli in the arteries.

What is the origin of these emboli? Most students of the condition believe that they arise from the field of operation, and may be caused by infection of the tissues, by injury to the tissues, or by the motion of the part of the body operated upon. Cutler, who has made extensive studies of their mechanism, calls attention to the importance of all these factors. Surgeons have learned, following the dictates of the late Professor Halsted, that by taking great pains with their technique they may be able to reduce the incidence of embolic lesions. Other factors that may cause them are pre-existing lung disease and the weakened general condition of the aged. These we are able to control by taking pains to make careful examinations of all persons before they submit to operation, and by eliminating the unfit.

Within the last few years surgeons have become familiar with other affections arising in the lung after operation, one a condition in which the entire lung on one side is collapsed, airless and so useless; the other, one in which an abscess develops in one lung. The first is known as massive collapse of the lung, and was noticed frequently during the late war, following wounds of the chest. There is a voluminous literature on it, notably in the papers of Rose, Bradford, Scott and Jackson, but

thus far no adequate explanation of it has been given. In this condition the patient is suddenly confronted with the difficulty of continuing life with one half of his respiratory mechanism lost. Fortunately, nearly all patients so affected recover after a few days, and suffer no permanent injury. But what lies behind this sudden disfunction of one lung? The problem has been taken to the physiological laboratory, but so far there is no explanation, nor have we been able to reproduce the condition in animals.

In these days of the widespread removal of tonsils, surgeons are frequently confronted with the development of abscesses in the lungs some days later. Such an abscess is most distressing to a patient. It may become chronic, lasting for months, and its drainage is extremely difficult. Why should a simple operation, done in the flash of an eye, result in such injury? Some authorities have offered the explanation that pus is sucked down into the lung, and, recently, Schleuter and Weidlein have been able to reproduce such abscesses in animals by putting small particles of tonsils into the blood stream. The particles become lodged in the lung arteries and there produce abscesses like those seen in man after the removal of tonsils. This experimental finding may alter the current method of removing tonsils, and so we may hope to have fewer lung abscesses than are now seen.

Surgery has made tremendous strides in reducing the mortality following operations, but there yet remains the menace of lung complications. One person in every thirty to fifty operated upon develops such a complication, and one in every 150 to 175 dies. It is only recently that we have gained a reasonable explanation for most of them. As we learn the mechanism of their production, we are better able to provide remedies. Investigation on animals has already illuminated their physiology and pathology and soon or late measures to combat them will undoubtedly be perfected.

DREISER

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since Theodore Dreiser wrote, and in a manner published, a first novel called "Sister Carrie." The qualifying phrase is necessary, for, as is well known, the publishers took alarm when they reflected that Carrie had been a very bad girl and had not been adequately punished for it, at least in this world, and so, after sending out a few review copies, they withdrew the book. Here, then, was an ambitious youngster—he was only twenty-nine—with bitterness in his heart and hopes of fame deferred, driven to earn his bread by hack writing and hack editing. Had America broken another butterfly on the wheel? Certainly, the Younger Generation of the intelligentsia, had they known of it, would have cast their nursing bottles upon the floor and reiterated their intention to go and live in Paris when they grew up.

Since then Dreiser has been the recipient of countless other uppercuts, solar plexus jabs, rabbit punches, and left hooks to the jaw. No other American writer, except, maybe, Whitman, has received so many thumps upon his obstinate head, so many kicks upon his stubborn shins. He has endured the snobbery of campus critics, the prudishness of publishers' maiden-aunt readers, and the earnest resentment of multitudes of honest, God-fearing, law-abiding, right-thinking men and women. He has been impaled upon the Comstocks' grotesque lance; he has been ejected by indignant moralists from the Hall of Fame. He has even been apologized for by his friends, who have complained sadly about his style. In brief, few roses have strewed his path, and those few have been plucked late in the season.

Yet his head is not only unbowed—it is not even bloody. Far from being extinguished by that environment which proved so damaging to Mark Twain and Henry James, he has thriven upon it. He has not found it necessary to compromise or to listen to what is called reason, but has gone on being grandly and solemnly himself. Today he stands up like some ancient oak or craggy mountain, austere, unyielding, and unmoved—at once a sort of a poet and a sort of grizzly bear, with a skin as tough as an elephant's and a heart as soft as butter. He is a romantic, a realist and a mystic all in one; a man pretending no faith in the good intentions or sanity of the universe, or any feeling of responsibility to a Moral Order, or any belief in rewards and punishments, yet one moved by an inner compulsion as real and strange as that which sent John Brown to Harper's Ferry; a man ferociously critical of his country and his countrymen, yet one with an understanding, pitying and forgiving love for it and them that makes the orthodox patriot seem almost like an apologist.

How did he contrive, not merely to live, but even to reach fruition in this America that received him so badly? Not easily, one may be sure, and not without some desperate quarter hours. He entered upon life, and continued for a long time, as sensitive and defenceless as an oyster without a shell. He was, and still is, a sentimentalist—even a kind of Sentimental Tommy. It is only necessary to glance into "A Hoosier Holiday" or "A Book About Myself" to be convinced of that. He "reveres James Whitcomb Riley with a whole

heart," "feels a little lump in his throat at 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Dixie'," mends his grief at parting from a sweetheart by turning it into a poem, and writes the chorus of his brother's maudlin song, "On the Banks of the Wabash." Pity runs like a golden thread through every paragraph he has written, though it is not, it seems, an emotion he respects. There is still encased in him, to this hour, the wandering, wide-eyed child who was reared in that pious German household in Warsaw, Indiana. He might be a newspaper man for a hundred years, make love to a thousand women, walk a million miles of vicious streets, and yet never be thoroughly sophisticated. Freshness and ingenuousness are still in his view of life; he never gets tired of it; he is always finding out things that he never knew before, and they fascinate him even while they disgust him.

II

But, as in every sentimentalist who survives being weaned, there is also a metallic, unbending streak. Though he is less Nietzschean than he thinks, and is incapable of trampling other people under foot, he does resist, with the placid firmness of a steam roller, the attempts of others to trample him. The quality which enables him to do this is not mere obstinacy. It is a perception, which he seems to have developed very early, that if he does not do a thing in his own way he cannot do it at all. No doubt its development was hastened by the efforts of his father to make him a docile Catholic. He resisted, and out of that resistance sprang a lifelong hatred of authority, of fixed institutions, of congealed routine—in brief, of all those depressing influences which cramp and oppress the individual, and seek to make a mere number of him.

The young Dreiser was shy, innocent and emotional, and if his instructors had been sufficiently imaginative they would have caught him, perhaps, in their celestial mouse-trap. He spent his earlier years, as he recalls them, in a nebulous dream, scarcely dispelled until he had passed out of his 'teens. Very early he was on fire with the sweet mysteries of sex, though his bashfulness long kept him virginal:

> Girlhood ravished me. It set my brain and my blood aflame. I was living in some ecstatic realm which had little if anything in common with the humdrum life about me, and yet it had. Any picture or paragraph anywhere which referred to, or hinted at, love lifted me up into the empyrean. I was like that nun in Davidson's poem to whom the thought of how others sinned was so moving. I never tired of hauling out and secretly reading and rereading every thought and sentence that had a suggestive, poetic turn in relation to love.

He was like one imprisoned in a little room, beating vainly against windows opening upon a vast prairie. He was poor, he was without influential friends, he thought himself unattractive to women, and yet he was poignantly conscious of the great and vivid flood of human passion which was roaring all about him. "Indeed," he says, "I was crazy with life, a little demented or frenzied with romance and hope. I wanted to sing, to dance, to eat, to love." This was not, at first, the yearning of the artist. He did not want so much to picture the whirling scenes he saw about him as to play a part in them. Self-expression through the written word was the last thought he had in mind when, being lucky enough to find himself in the mad city of Chicago just before the World's Fair, he resolved to become a reporter.

"I think," he confesses, "I confused reporters with ambassadors and prominent men generally. Their lives were laid among great people, the rich, the famous, the powerful; and because of their position and facility of expression and mental force they were received everywhere as equals. Think of me, new, young, poor, being received in that way!" Shades of Horace Greeley! But this was not a mere ambition, as if he were a farmer boy hoping to become a merchant prince or a log-splitter contemplating the presidency. It was a pain, a desperate hunger. He saw happiness eddying past him in a fierce torrent, and clutched wildly at every straw. Youth, youth! It

throbs like a refrain. "Youth would come no more! Love would come no more!"

Obviously, a depth of emotion, a strength of desire, quite as formidable as that which gave us our lords of railways, mines, steel mills and finance. How well, later on, he understood Yerkes, Harriman, Carnegie, Rockefeller! Spiritually, in those days of dreaming, he was one of them. When he became a novelist he did not need to invent his supermen and quasi-supermen, for he had lived their lives vicariously. That fact accounts for much that is otherwise mysterious in his fiction—its elephantine bulk and plodding style as well as its overwhelming reality. You ask for rhythm and the balanced phrase, for restraint and a neat sense of structure. "But, good God!" you seem to hear him cry, "I am not playing with building blocks. This is real!"

III

Some artists escape from reality, some into it. Dreiser was necessarily of the latter group. He had seemed to himself a prisoner of religious and moral delusions, which stood between him and that terrible and enchanting wilderness of the world in which he longed to set foot. As he became aware of himself, therefore, he swept aside romance—at least what passed as romance among the literary gentry of the day—as though it were an embattled enemy. He took fierce delight in recognizing politics as "a low mess," religion as "a ghastly fiction," commerce as "a seething war, in which the less subtle and the less swift or strong went under," and woman as "nothing more than a two-legged biped like the rest of us." He faced, with a kind of joy, "those sterner truths which life itself teaches—the unreliability of human nature, the crass chance which strikes down and destroys our finest dreams, the fact that man in all his relations is neither good nor evil, but both." Beyond the wrecks of his illusions lay freedom, and freedom was for the valiant and the great lovers. The art he served, as solemnly and devoutly as any meagre priest kneeling at dawn between his wavering candles, was "the stored honey of the human soul, gathered on wings of misery and travail."

Yet freedom came late and came hard. He had worked on newspapers in Chicago and St. Louis, seeing plenty of horror, foolishness and corruption, but until he read Balzac, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, in Pittsburgh about 1893, he retained "some lingering filaments of Catholicism—faith in the existence of Christ, the soundness of His moral and sociologic deductions, the brotherhood of man." These threads of faith suddenly snapped under the hard blows of Huxley's logic, and the stars danced inanely in the sky.

This was, in short, a kind of conversion. He was as miserable as Bunyan or St. Paul. He wandered the streets of Pittsburgh and later of New York in a mood of despair hardly rendered more profound by the fact that he came to know want and got close to what seemed utter failure. He did not care for a time whether he was poor or rich, or whether he died or lived. For him no light shone on the road to Damascus.

He clambered out of this pit of darkness by a kind of plodding peasant strength inherited from his forefathers. He allowed himself to be convinced that the mere fact that successive generations consent to be born, and that the young and vigorous are hungry to live, is evidence of at least the physical integrity of life. Though never again could he be "frenzied with romance and hope," he could see that human existence was worth while, if only for its amazing dramatic quality. "Life was intended for the spectacular, I take it," he concluded. "It was intended to sting and hurt so that songs and dreams might come forth." The theme recurs again and again —"the ache of life"; "life at bottom, in spite of its seeming terrors, is beautiful"; "the long, strange tangle of steps or actions by which life ambles crabwise from nothing to nothing"; "life is a strange, colorful, kaleidoscopic welter."

Five years after this wrestle with despair he wrote "Sister Carrie," and from that time forth, regardless of the ups and downs of fortune, the Theodore Dreiser of the present moment is recognizable in him. He has grown a shell of comfortable thickness now. He has also acquired some of the defensive properties of the stickly-prickly hedgehog. You would look twice, as Browning remarked of the young soldier at Ratisbon, ere you saw that his breast was all but shot in two. Nor would it be easy to recognize in him today that "dreamy cub of twenty-one, long, spindling, a pair of gold-framed spectacles on his nose, his hair combed *a la* pompadour, a new Spring suit, a brown fedora hat and new yellow shoes," who set out in 1892 "to force his way into the newspaper world of Chicago." Gone, too, beyond recall is the St. Louis stripling who stood six feet, one and one-half inches in his socks, weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and shuddered at the doctrines of Nietzsche.

IV

This does not mean, of course, that the sentimental boy is dead. At fifty-four he is still capable of such sentences as this: "There is in me the spirit of a lonely child somewhere, and it clings pitifully to the hand of its big Mamma, Life, and cries when it is frightened; and then there is a coarse, vulgar exterior which fronts the world defiantly and bids all and sundry to go to the devil." Or: "It seemed a great, sad, heroic thing to me then—common day-labor. I have the feeling that the poor and the ignorant and the savage are somehow great artistically. I have always had it." Is it Lincoln speaking? And again: "Yet for the dream's sake . . . I would like to see . . . this Republic live on. It is so splendid, so tireless. Its people, in spite of their defects and limitations, sing at their tasks. There are dark places, but there are splendid points of light, too. One is their innocence, complete and enduring; another is their faith in ideals and the Republic. A third is their optimism or buoyancy of soul, their courage to get up in the morning and go up and down the world, whistling and singing. Oh, the whistling, singing American, with his jest and his sound heart and that light of humorous apprehension in his eye! . . . Dream on! Believe! You may vanish as have other great dreams, but even so, what a glorious, an imperishable memory!" Whitman would not say it much better, or differently.

In another mood he is sure that "no nation has ever contributed less philosophically or artistically or spiritually to the actual development of the intellect and the spirit"; charges us, or at least our revered ruling classes, with a "financial and social criminality . . . regularly accompanied, outwardly, at least, by a religious and sex Puritanism which would be scarcely believed if it were not true"; and describes America as "the land of Bottom the Weaver." But the sum of it is that, despite their long ears, Americans fascinate him. He finds their gay, childish energy intoxicating. His drumming fingers keep time, whether he will or not, to the swing of their dancing and marching. This is a puppet-show, and meaningless, and an indifferent showman pulls the strings, but what a wild and captivating drama it is, after all, that these grotesque figurines enact—these wistful, struggling Americans!

Life, then, is a parade to him, impressive chiefly in its tumult and variety. He sees a beginning and, far off, across a troubled interval, an end, and he marches solemnly, resolutely, from one to the other. He is deliberately serious. Of his style the critics have said more than enough; though he can be profoundly moved, even to tears, by music, he is plainly indifferent to the music of words. Not for him do they sing exquisite little songs, quite apart from their meaning. They are but stepping stones, across which he strides as he passes toward his destination. There are dull stretches in life; why should there not be

dull and unmusical stretches in books? Along these stretches his words march—the phrase is his own—like soldiers.

Yet in the height of emotion he is capable of a rhythmic, almost heart-rending beauty. It is in his autobiographical pieces, curiously enough, that the style is best. Perhaps the reason is that here he is most consciously the literary man; in his fiction, which is more autobiographical than his autobiographies, he is too much the eager actor. But how poignantly he can move you, as in the last scene in "Jennie Gerhardt," when Jennie goes to the station to see Lester Kane's body put on the train! And how those gargoyles, meaningless carvings, and dingy grey walls of his style do soar at times, and take on the spirit of loveliness!

If he had a keener feeling for words he might be able to have his say in fewer than the 300,000 which seem to make up his latest novel, "An American Tragedy." He revises, indeed, writing, rewriting and correcting proof painstakingly, but it is of the edifice of incident and situation that he thinks, not of the verbal straws and mortar of which it is composed. But his prolixity is not entirely a matter of style. The fact is that he has the painter's eye. Perhaps he should have been a painter himself, an Innes or a George Bellows—he admires both men tremendously. A feeling for color and line stands out on almost every page he writes. He observes minutely, is blessed with a tenacious memory, and has a good reporter's conscientiousness in getting his details right:

> There are city-scapes that seem some to mourn and some to sing. This was one that sang. It reminded me of Rops or Vierge or Whistler, the paintings of Turner and Moran. Low-hanging clouds, yellowish or black, or silvery like a fish, mingled with a splendid filigree of smoke and chimneys and odd skylines. Beds of golden-glow ornamented and relieved a group of tasteless low red houses or sheds in the immediate foreground, which obviously sheltered the heavy broods of foreign miners and their wives. The lines of red, white, blue and grey wash, the honking flocks of white geese, the flocks of pigeons overhead, the paintless black fences protecting orderly truck gardens, as well as the numerous babies playing about, all attested this. As we stood there a group of heavy-hipped women and girls (the stocky peasant type of the Hungarian-Silesian plains) crossed the foreground with their buckets. Immense mounds of coal and slag, with glimpses of distant breakers perfected the suggestion of an individual and characterful working world . . . In the middle distance a tall white skyscraper stood up, a prelude, or a foretouch to a great yellowish black cloud behind it. A rich, smoky, sketchy atmosphere seemed to hang over everything.

A man who can compose a picture like this ought to be handed some brushes and a box of paints.

V

In the exact sense he describes rather than creates. His characters are all near enough alike to have been members, or at least near relatives, of the Dreiser family. His autobiographical volumes enable one to trace the origin of many of his plots. For instance, his love affair with Alice, as related in "A Book About Myself," is plainly the same affair which Eugene Witla had with Ruby in "The 'Genius'." He even reproduces a peculiarly touching passage from Alice's final letter, addressed in the one case to Eugene and in the other to Theo. In short, he kisses and tells—with infinite advantage to his fiction. His great achievement is less in creating character than in making real the predicament in which it finds itself and in giving that predicament a symbolism that makes it represent a nation and an age.

William Marion Reedy once remarked: "Thank God, Dreiser hasn't got style. If he ever gets one it's good bye." It should now be obvious that he is not a man who can be presented with one. He is not arrogant about this, for it springs from some inner prompting over which he has little control. In 1893 and 1894, when he was fumbling desperately for some future outside journalism, he tried to unravel the art of the short story, as it was then being practiced. It seemed, he found, "to deal with phases of sweetness and beauty and success and goodness such as I rarely encountered." A more facile person, with only a smattering of Dreiser's talent, might

have adapted himself to the market and flourished like an oil-well promoter. Many did. But Dreiser did not because he could not. He sent a short story to Robert Underwood Johnson of the *Century*. Johnson not only sent it back but wanted to argue about it. But Dresier could not argue. That story was as much a natural phenomenon as a flea in a carpet or a wind on the prairie. The world, Johnson included, could take it or go to the devil. That was and is Dreiser.

Whether "An American Tragedy" indicates any alteration in his philosophy or his technique, or not, is a question best left to time and the critics. He says, not without pride, that he is not aware of any change. Yet his theme changes. The period of the Titians is passing. No longer does New York, or any other American city, present the extremes of poverty and wealth, of power and servitude, that he marked in the early 'nineties. The supermen and superfools are gone, and a new generation is making money, not as a rule by piracy or violence, but by investing it at a safe return in sound securities. Wall street is now a Sunday-school. The population of the slums, whose chief reason for existence once seemed to be to invent and commit new offences against decency, has floated into Kingdom Come; the Bowery is now as safe and moral as a country lane.

Life is more interesting than it used to be for nearly everybody, and so fewer people have to be wicked in order to avoid boredom. Here and there comes a stirring toward artistic expression. Half the people you meet, says Dreiser, want to write; at least one in every hundred is bent upon becoming a playwright. The new generations are palpitating with energy, and since the economic structure is being mechanized and stabilized, and there is less hope of adventure, the result may be a sound contribution, soon or late, to the more decorative aspects of civilization. Dreiser does not have much faith in progress. The sum total of good and evil remains about the same. But the character of the human performance keeps up with the times, and programmes are changed every year or so.

In Dreiser there is no visible flagging of energy or enthusiasm. He is full of novels, plays, essays, memoirs, poems, which he will produce in his own way, in his own time and without regard to publishers, critics or readers. He lives inconspicuously, and does not frequent literary circles. He is wistfully fond of his friends, wanting to be liked and approved by them. He enjoys automobiling, but he can still do his twenty-five miles a day on foot. Before Prohibition he was almost a teetotaler; now, as an advocate of liberty and fraternity, he feels that he should wet his whistle now and then, and does. In congenial company he is a very amiable and even merry fellow, but strangers, especially if he feels they are wasting his time and have no claim on him, find him brusque.

You may imagine him sitting, of a late Fall afternoon, at an eastern window of a tall office building in Manhattan, fifteen flights above the street. There is white in his hair, a slight relaxation of the lines of the face, in the eyes an expression of philosophical calm that may not always have been there. Some of the fire and fury, perhaps, are gone with the old despair. The fear of want and failure has departed, like his youth—perhaps it *was* his youth.

Yet, as the lights come out in the swift darkness, spreading far away across a dark river, he speaks with a kind of awe of all the mysterious forces that move the world and all the strange lives they fashion, and you see the creative fervor blazing up. In a way he is just starting. His mind is full of things he intends to do. He has one complete, new, unwritten novel, he tells you—as tangible as the chair you are sitting on, though not one word has been put down. With "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Titan," and now "An American Tragedy" behind him, he may yet have greater things ahead. Perhaps, in the autumnal days, when he has finished writing and rewriting "Hamlet," he will give us a "Tempest."

MISSISSIPPI

BY NANNIE H. RICE

Isolation

At twilight the man turned in for a lodging for the night, a Russian Jew pedlar overtaken by the dusk. The child felt shivers of excitement. The child's father never denied shelter to such travelers, who brought life and color in over-full payment for their food and bed.

They were, for the most part, pedlars, coming in the Spring of the year, walking stooped under big, black, oilcloth-covered bundles, or driving well-kept horses to trim, light wagons. Once there had been an Armenian, small, swarthy, treacherous-looking, with richly embroidered wares, who told of Turkish massacres. His tales may have been manufactured, but there were thrills in them. Another time there had been a Russian Jew with the English name of Robinson, prosperous, in a wagon. He had studied at the University of Kiev; he had seen a pogrom; he could discuss with the child's father similarities between the Yiddish language and the German. Again there had come out of the West, in the gold of the evening, a much-traveled Irish horse-trainer, dropped from heaven knows where, attracted by exaggerated rumors of horses belonging to the place.

The pedlar of this evening was sturdy and stooped; his countenance was burned a brick red, and was as unimpressionable as a mask. He was, it appeared, a Mr. Simpson from Nashville. Years later she who was that child knew that the name might just as well—or better—have been Arztsibashef or Yarmolinsky. The child had an Uncle Simpson somewhere in Nashville.

After supper the pedlar sat silent before the fire on the hearth. His pack was in the hallway beneath the stairs. In the morning would come therefrom, as gifts to the children, marvelous wall-pockets of buff *repoussé* cardboard, representing the caravels of Columbus, and bearing the names *Santa Maria*, *Niña* and *Pinta*. Tonight the pedlar would rest. The father, unable to draw anything from him, had turned to his books. The other children were at play elsewhere; the mother was in the pantry. Only the child sat near the hearth, intent on the stranger. He was yet unexplored. She ventured a question. "Are you kin to Uncle Simpson who lives in Nashville?" The pedlar blankly answered no.

That day the child had been fascinated by a new word. Later she could not understand the fascination. The word was "seldom." She would like to try it aloud, on an audience who might respond to its charm—or was it that she wished to impress an outsider with her learning? Again she ventured. "Arthur seldom knows his lessons," she said to the pedlar. The statement was a lie, however true the word. The brother was the most studious of the children in the small one-room school to which they rode daily, two and a half miles away. But it did not reach the consciousness of the tired man before the fire. The child was a timid thing; her voice weak; and a sense of guilt also choked her. The use of the new word gave her no pleasure or satisfaction.

She punished herself the next morning by silently relinquishing ownership in her share in the cardboard boats that came from the pack in the hall. She was not sorry to see the pedlar go.

II

Deprivation

The girl had just received notification that she was appointed one of the two pages for the commencement exercises at the college. It was the end of her second year in the preparatory department, passed, she had hoped and believed, in obscurity. She wished she might be non-existent, invisible as if in a fairy tale. The pain of her timidity was terrific. There was also the question of her shoes. In the first heat of Summer she still wore the high-topped ones that had carried her through the year, clumsily resoled, rusty for want of polish, with strings broken and knotted. There was no money for new shoes. There was really no need for them. The girl had planned, when she returned to her home in the country for the holidays, to do as she had observed other girls doing—to cut the tops neatly from her high shoes for greater coolness in the hot weather.

But being a page—she remembered the pages of the year before—meant being seated conspicuously on one of the end seats of the first row in the middle tier of benches, badged with a red ribbon, ready to respond to an augustly crooked finger, to carry a message or a note to an usher or to some one far back in an overwhelming audience. On the rostrum above would sit the imposing dignity of the college president, of the trustees, of the governor of Mississippi—at that time the longhaired, majestic Vardaman. Palms and bunting and a pitcher of ice water with glasses would decorate the rostrum. The air of the chapel would be vibrant with fluttering fans, moving bodies, and low voices, and fragrant with the odor of June flowers and the perfume of women dressed in their best. The musical director, standing on the rostrum beside the two pianos, would wave her stick; the stirring music of the march, played by four pairs of hands, would quicken the atmosphere. Then they would come,—the columns of blue-clad girls, marching two and two, separating at the head of each aisle to fill the benches reserved on both sides, one column to the right, one to the left, and so on, almost endlessly, until, the last girl in, the music would crash to a close with all eight hands holding hard the keyboards. The girls seated, the president would open the exercises. Then would come the vocal solo. All her life the girl would remember the startling, voluminous notes of the toreador song with which the imported baritone filled the chapel the June before. The long talk of the orator was to be dreaded.

Then the president's eye would rove the audience. It would rest on a distinguished visitor. The page would be summoned to carry a note. The distinguished gentleman would quietly make his way to the rostrum. The orator would finish his peroration to applause that heated the air. The certificates and diplomas would be delivered amid the agitation of fans, of twisting bodies, and of inaudible comments as each huge, beribboned document was handed over to a girl who stumbled to the rostrum. The diplomas would be given by the governor; there were not enough to tax him. But the certificates would be handled by the president, as the nature of each was called loudly, the name of the winner more loudly still, and the name of the county represented by the student as through a megaphone. Sonorously they would reverberate . . . Itawamba . . . Tallahatchie . . . Tishomingo . . . Yalobusha . . .

The girl's shoes in all this solemnity of ceremony and dignity! Her ill-fitting clothes were no concern to her. Line was lost in the dark color of navy-blue silk and serge where everyone else wore navy-blue silk and serge. The girl had friends who were glad that she had been honored. One of them sensed the dilemma. The daughter of a well-to-do delta planter, she was properly equipped—an unusual thing in that student body. "See here," she said. "You know my new patent leather slippers are too tight for me. Won't you break them in until I go home?"

III

Centrifugal

Columbus, externally of rare charm and individuality, is a town of more than dual personality. There is—or was ten years ago—the exclusive aristocratic class, attesting its superiority in dress, equipage, and gardens, who preëmpted the Episcopal church and held also certain pews in the First Methodist and the Presbyterian churches. There was the middle class who held the Baptist church and completed the congregations of the First Methodist and the Presbyterian. There was the poor white class—factory and shopworkers—for whom the Second Methodist and Second Baptist churches had to be built. There were all of these classes duplicated in much the same degree in the colored population in its segregated district. And there was the college, the State College for Women, with its seven and eight hundred girls and its half hundred faculty, in Columbus, but not of it. The Columbus aristocracy was proud of the college as of a museum; the Columbus middle class was appreciative of the financial value of a college in its midst, and sent its daughters; the Columbus poor white probably never knew very clearly what the college was.

The college loved Columbus; to it the beauty and charm of the town belonged. True, on the outskirts there were disfiguring elements—a sawmill eating into Luxapalile wood; a railroad shop of switching engines; cotton-oil mills and compresses; a chair factory, a comfort factory; warehouses near the railroad terminals. But within the city there was beauty—the wistaria overhanging the street from the elm tree near where Jackson's military road debouched into Third street in the rear of Stephen D. Lee's home; the warm gold of jonquils, and the pink and white hedges of Japanese magnolias in the garden of the Moore place; the yellow and lavender iris borders; the crocuses in the new grass.

On the north edge of the town was and is Orr Hill—a misnomer for those fingers of slopes declining gracefully into a cup of a valley; slope and valley shaded by tall pine trees and spread with brown pine needles through which trailed the earth-clinging vines of the partridge berry. This was the goal of our walks in afternoons after school hours; this was the escape for the young instructors harassed by trying to teach something for which we were ill prepared to worse prepared students. Here, when autumnal smoke hung low in the valleys, we found silence, if we wanted it, peace, joy in comradeship, and re-creation.

On another fringe of the town was the Tombigbee river, tortuous and sluggish except in the Spring. Stretches of its banks were ugly with unsightly, poverty-stricken shanties. But from our vantage point, the river forty feet below us, we could look across to meadows willowed-bordered and to gorgeous sunsets. Often above the willows the pink clouds would pass into lavender before the grayness and the chill from the river would drive us home.

What was there to justify the possession of all that beauty? One of the group is now in New Orleans; one in Oklahoma City; one in Denver; one in Atlanta. Only two remain in Mississippi: one held by bonds of husband and children, the other by nothing save sentimentalities.

IV

Nostalgia

"En don't yer ever hyer frum yo pa's kinfoks? Mis' Ma'y Scaife, Mis' Julyer Woodard, Mis' Minerva Woodard, en Mis' Lizzie Ga'yett? Don't they ever write to yer?" Aunt Delphi groans despairingly when I tell her no. "Don't yer reckon they're in Sous Calina? Sous Calina's a gret State, a gret State. You could git eny kin' of fruit yer wanted there. Ole Marster had apple trees all over his plantashun. I never knowed yer had ter buy an apple befo' I cum out here. Now I'm thankful to pick up a co' in the road. Missippi's the

las' place God made. Missippi's the las' place Chris' died fer. In Sous Calina we had chinkapins, chestnuts, hazelnuts." The old woman dwells long on these last words. She lets them out from beneath her overspreading upper lip as juicily as her toothless jaws will permit.

She sinks back into the chair, her head inclined on her breast. Her filmy eyes look over the railing of the gallery, past the magnolia trees in the yard, past the oak trees in the distance, far away into South Carolina. She bends forward. With her forefinger she touches me on the knee. She whispers as if fearful of disturbing the spirits of the past.

"En don't yer ever hyer frum yo pa's kinfoks? Mis' Ma'y Scaife, Mis' Julyer Woodard, Mis' Minerva Woodard, en Mis' Lizzie Ga'yett? Don't yer ever hyer frum um? Don't yer reckon they're in Sous Calina? Sous Calina's a gret State, a gret State. I never knowed yer had ter buy an apple befo' I cum to Missippi. We had chinkapins, chestnuts, hazelnuts."

V

Pioneers

Mississippi is more conscious, possibly, of remaining in her pioneer condition than any other State in the Union. She has not been left in ignorance that she foots almost every list of comparative statistics, or, if the tabulation is the other way around, that she heads the list or occupies some place not far from the top. Mississippi was the last settled of the Southern States east of the great river. The West has been settled since then, taking from our State, as from the rest of the Union, the most spirited, the most adventurous of our youth. There was a time when our pioneer blood was active, when we did things in the grand pioneer manner. The first charter granted for any purpose by the Mississippi territorial government in 1802 was to establish Jefferson College. The first college established—it is claimed in the world—for the higher education of women was Elizabeth College in Mississippi. Mississippi was the first State to give married women a legal right to their property—a law taken from the customs of the Chickasaw Nation. It was a Mississippian who was chiefly instrumental in establishing equal suffrage in Wyoming in the sixties, in reaction to the Negro rule he had left in Mississippi.

Mississippi, the least settled of the South-eastern States, was left in a hopeless condition in the sixties. With South Carolina she suffered most from Negro and carpetbag misrule. Next to Virginia she had seen more of the conflicts of the Civil War than any other Southern State. It has therefore taken her longer than other States to repair her loss, to regain her stride of pioneer days, and to pioneer in new fields.

The exodus of the Negro in recent years is as nothing compared to the exodus of the whites that has gone on continuously since the sixties. Opportunity, like a magnet, draws our steel away from us. There remain the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the fools of problematic wisdom who yet love the soil; they who are trapped by circumstances and poverty; they who find fields for exploitation even among the very poor; they who are sufficiently strong-willed and strong-brained to make opportunities for themselves and their children, and for others and for future generations. These last are now building the future. There are builders in Mississippi, as elsewhere, who make much noise and clatter of hammer and nails. There are also they who work quietly.

VI

The Passing of the Forests

One third of our area, our 10,000,000-acre long-leaf pine region, faces the extinction of its natural wealth. In 1920, 3,000,000 of these acres were already unproductive, cut-over pine-stump land. The cutting of the trees has not cleared the ground for agri-

cultural settlement: the gray loam needs fertilizer; the grass that was once abundant gives only meagre grazing. Not many years ago Northern lumbermen descended upon our forests,—up to that time used primarily for naval stores and the grazing of cattle. They bought the land for from 50 cents to $1.50 an acre, in tracts as large as 300,000 acres. Sawmills now work night and day to hasten the denudation, for our taxes on standing timber are too heavy, owners say. Never before has the lumber market been so active.

We are chagrined that others than ourselves garner our wealth; we feel consternation at the approach of its extinction. Almost before our eyes our long-leaf pine region is passing from the magnificent to the ugly, the trivial. That we have benefited cannot be gainsaid. Mississippi, in 1923, ranked fourth among the States in the value of its timber products. The lumber companies publish striking statistics of the wages and salaries and taxes they pay. Whole communities are supported by them. And they have brought other things. We have been stimulated by the marvels of industrial and mechanical efficiency in the monster sawmills. Local discoveries and inventions of new forces and methods in lumber manufacturing have stirred our imagination. The town of Laurel, of mushroom growth, in the heart of the lumber region, has an art gallery, a park cemetery, a municipal band; and Samaroff has played to its citizens.

We are not letting our wealth go passively. Students in every high-school in the State are writing essays on conservation. Our South Mississippi Experiment Station has a project for reforestation. We are agitating legislation to give State fire protection to our forests and to modify our laws to exempt reforested land from taxation for a period longer than the altogether inadequate ten-year period now allowed. If we fail, then, when the last lofty pine is cut, the lumbermen will move on to Central America or wherever forests are still standing, and leave us bare.

VII

The Capital

Jackson has less of inherent interest than any other of our few large towns. By large towns I mean towns of above 8,000 inhabitants. Only Jackson and Meridian approach 35,000; only eight of our other towns have populations above 8,000.

More picturesque than Jackson are the river towns: Greenville, the metropolis of the rich, black delta region; Vicksburg of the bluffs, memorable for the siege of 1863; and Natchez with its lovely homes and its traditions of Spanish governors, Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson, and Jefferson Davis. Of far greater interest are the coast towns, Biloxi and Gulfport, almost bursting with their growth:—Biloxi, where Iberville built Fort Maurepas in 1699, now busy with its sea-food industries, its pleasure seekers, and its land boom; where, the press reports, an art colony is being founded; Gulfport, the leader in the go-getter movement along the coast, but offsetting its materialistic dizziness with its Gulf Park College, where in the Spring Vachel Lindsay teaches.

But Jackson is our political centre. And politics is our civic sport. To every Mississippian with any degree of awareness Jackson is of interest; to a certain type of Mississippian it is the *ultima Thule;* to a few it is a stepping stone to Washington. Every one in Mississippi who travels at all sooner or later goes to Jackson. Approach Jackson by train, and you are immediately in the midst of things: the Edwards Hotel, the most significant hostelry in the State, is across the street from you as you leave the station; the Capitol looms large at the head of the street, a few blocks away. The stakes are open. Every one can have his running and win his goal—provided he knows his track and can keep to it. This is no easy matter. Our political ramifications are many and devious.

Jackson lacks coherent individuality. It has its stable, permanent population, its

Rotarians, its Exchange Club, its Chamber of Commerce, its women's clubs. But that stable population is not of a size to hold its own against the numerous rootless population: the several college student bodies, the State departments and institutions, the endless conventions, the biennial legislative assemblies. Every two years the attention of the State is focused on Jackson. If one may judge from the vigor of the vibrations that reach to the farthest corners of the State, Jackson for three months biennially is effervescent with excitement. We have formed the habit of looking for a sensation every two years and are disappointed if it doesn't come. During the legislative sessions, when the news gets hot, we who are away from Jackson meet trains to get the Jackson *Daily News*.

The charge of inhospitality has been lodged against Jackson,—not Jackson of the hotels, the boarding-houses, the streets, but Jackson of the home-dwellers. Grant that it is true. What would you? Suppose you have gone to live in Jackson. Soon thereafter come the State senator and the two representatives, with their families or without, from your home county. You know them. Your removal to Jackson almost automatically argues a political connection somewhere. Next comes the club woman of your town to the State Federation of Women's Clubs. You know her. You are similarly progressive. Then comes your doctor or your dentist to his convention—or your hardware dealer, or the pastor of your church, or your daughter's teacher, or your undertaker. Suppose your heart and board expanded with neighborliness? Where would you be?

IK MARVEL

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Donald Grant Mitchell chose to shield himself from the reading world behind the mellifluous pen-name of Ik Marvel. Mellifluence is the outstanding characteristic of his work. It is full of sweetness, but it has very little light, and it is never measurable by the standards of reality. His contention seems to be that however unreal may be his musings on life, they at least check up with the *feelings*. The heart is the point of reference and not the head. The world in which the feelings operate is the true world of imagination and not the world of experience.

This attitude was not original with Marvel, but was that of his period. Books written on the assumption that "the luxury of ignorant feeling" was the principal constituent of all beautiful literature poured from the American presses in the '40's, '50's, and '60's. Never before or since has a whole literature so nearly succumbed to a flood of tears. Marvel's first success, "Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart," sold 70,000 copies in its first year, and thousands of readers gobbled up even worse stuff by Susan Warner, Fanny Fern, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Maria Cummings—all women, be it noted—and by the egregious T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." The stream flowed on uninterrupted until the Civil War cast its shadow over all the national literature. After the war American writers slowly struggled out of the mire of tears on to firmer ground.

Marvel's work is perhaps the most respectable sample that is to be dredged from this appalling literary mess. He, at least, may be analyzed with some show of seriousness. He was, as a matter of fact, taken very seriously by his contemporaries. When he asked permission of Washington Irving to dedicate "Dream Life" to him, Irving replied:

> Though I have a great disinclination in general to be the object of literary oblations and compliments, yet in the present instance I have enjoyed your writings with such peculiar relish, and been so drawn toward the author by the qualities of head and heart evinced in them, that I confess I feel gratified by a dedication, over-flattering as I may deem it, which may serve as an outward sign that we are cordially linked together in sympathies and friendship.

Oliver Wendell Holmes considered him an important figure, and William Dean Howells has indicated the general reaction of the more literate class: "The young people of that day were reading him with a tender rapture." His popularity among the masses can be gauged from his sale. To be sure, he did not escape unscathed from the more civilized minority of contemporary critics. Scattered through his books are elaborate affectations of indifference, but that the shafts of those who derided him did strike home is obvious from this letter, written to William Winter:

> I am all the more grateful since you are one of the very few writers of established reputation who have had the hardihood to speak an honest, undisguised word of approval,—without apologizing to the public for having decoyed them into reading books of sentiment, and without shamefaced allusion to the "callow days" or "green salad" days when such reading was permissible.

Marvel's biographer links him with this same Winter and with G. W. Curtis among his contemporaries, and with Irving and Longfellow among his elders. That places him well enough in American literature.

A more accurate analysis of his brew will reveal that it is compounded of German, French, and American elements: "The Sorrows of Werther" by Goethe, "Paul and Virginia" by J. H. Bernadine St.-Pierre and New England Puritanism run to seed. In his three chief books, "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), "Dream Life" (1851), and the novel "Dr. Johns" (1866), feeling, as in the Goethe and St.-Pierre volumes, is in full ascendency over the intellect. There is romantic and frustrated love; there is the heightening of the virtues of the love object; there is heavy emphasis on home and children; there is the preference for the country as against the city. Marvel's additions are peculiarly American. The Puritanism which he added was not the hard, tough, intellectual thing of Increase and Cotton Mather, but something that had become a pose, an attitude, softened and sentimentalized, not by any recognition of the inadequacies of its philosophy, but in the interests of mere feeling. It was Puritanism romanticized. The Bible became but a firm point of reference in the welter of tears. Allegiance to this Puritanism meant, not conviction, but simply a sentimental attachment to the conventional and established. Virtue was put on a par with the other shibboleths: home, mother, true-love, friendship, and so on. Marvel represented the last glow of life granted to orthodox Puritanism before its final extinction as a religious force at the hands of more emotionalized sects.

II

That the America public of that time was ripe, even on its higher levels, for such work as he offered may be seen in the response he got, and in the exceeding popularity of the sentimental women who imitated him. G. W. Curtis, in "Prue and I," put his finger on one of the underlying causes: "But Prue and her sex regard sentiment more than action. . . ." Women made up the larger part of the American reading public then, as now, but they had no share in the everyday life of the world. The United States was in a period of immense activity, but they were not allowed any hand in it. Instead, they were carefully set apart, and in so far as it was economically possible, maintained in idleness as symbols of economic success. To them was allocated the duty of maintaining whatever intellectual life there was to be. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has sketched the type:

> Margaret was . . . the type of a class of New England girls, which, fortunately for New England, is not a small class. These young women for the most part lead quiet and restricted lives so far as the actualities are concerned, but very deep and full lives in the world of books and imagination, to which they make early escapes.

And Howells has described their theoretical position:

> Our women are in rare degree the keepers of our consciences; they influence men here as women influence men nowhere else on earth, and they qualify all our feeling and thinking, all our doing and being. If our literature at its best, and our art at its best, has a grace which is above all the American thing in literature, it is because the grace of the moral world where our women rule has imparted itself to the intellectual world where men work.

Naturally then, estopped from any purposeful activity, they came to "regard sentiment more than action." The American world of men was especially active in those days in at least three directions: in trade, in Western settlement, and in the controversies preceding the Civil War. To the men, thus incessantly and exhaustively employed, literature had no real significance; it touched them only in so far as it happened to link up with their mundane interests, which was seldom. Horace Greeley was typical in his admiration of Whittier's Abolitionist poems beyond all the other poetry that was being written. The men of America cared nothing for such a sentimentalist as Marvel, and he ruefully noted that "America is but a poor place for the romantic book-dreamer. The demands of this new, Western life of ours are practical and earnest." His audience was chiefly, and indeed, almost wholly female. To quote his biographer:

> The great and immediate success of "Reveries" and "Dream Life," the quick homage paid to the young author by people of all ages, and the *extravagant devotion of girls and young women*, were enough to turn the head of . . . any man. . . .

Marvel himself admitted that he "scarce expected to find a single fellow-confessor, unless it be some pure and innocent-thoughted girl."

The specific content of his work checks up accurately with these generalizations. To an astonishing degree his intellectual career parallels that of Washington Irving. He began with satirical sketches of life in New York City. He went to Europe and returned with a book of sketches, "Fresh Gleanings from Old Fields." He wrote the two books of mushy essays on which his reputation rests. And then he wrote several books of history which nobody reads.

"Reveries of a Bachelor" contains all his elements. It consists of a series of musings on love and married life. There is no attempt to achieve an exact picture. There is only sentimentality; it runs through every situation. There is a good deal of frailty and sickness and death, particularly among the wives and children. Every character is "good" and most of the women are beautiful and charming, and innocent as well. There is a great lot of pointless eccentricity among the old, which is "appealing." There is no grinding poverty. The range is from genteel indigence to the state of being "comfortable." Material concerns impinge but slightly upon this moony world. True love overbalances riches. Politics is not a serious concern. The men are "stout" this and "stout" that, but it means nothing. Their essential qualities shine through their crusty surfaces. And those qualities are always pleasant.

Marvel's novel, "Dr. Johns," is one of the few works of fiction in American literature classifiable as religious. Like the others it is so only because its central figure is a clergyman. There is no earnest prying into the religious experience, nor any realistic examination of the clerical life. There is no conflict over dogmas. The book is alleged to be an unsparing examination of a dying Puritanism, but that is not borne out by a reading of it. The story could have been written, in fact, around any pious old gentleman of orthodox Congregational faith. Dr. Johns serves as a peg upon which to hang the view of Puritanism which Marvel entertained. That view was anti-intellectual. He imputes a horror of Roman Catholicism to Dr. Johns, and a tolerance of it to himself. It was, however, a tolerance born of lack of intellectual and emotional force, not of superiority to dogma. Marvel's Puritanism was one step nearer death than that of Dr. Johns. The whole story in the end resolves itself into a pious justification of the conventional. A child of sin is made pure by a marriage. The minister's free-thinking son perishes in a ship-wreck. The world, it is plain, should be oriented around the Bible, the Church (Congregational), and Home. "Dr. Johns" adds nothing to what Marvel had previously said in his essays.

Nothing is added by his other books either. Two should be mentioned, however, because they bring to a head the agrarian strain in his work. The country, to romantics, is always preferable to the city. "Wet Days at Edgwood" and "My Farm at Edgwood" are both written in this spirit. The former discusses in brief essays those writers, from the Greeks down to the present, who have considered, however briefly, farms, farmers and farming. It contains a great many curious quotations, but is written in such an uncritical manner as to be worthless. Obscure English poets and prosateurs are dragged out of their stygian night into the light of day for extended examination, and men like Arthur Young are barely mentioned. Jethro Tull comes off somewhat better because he was a "character." "My Farm at Edgwood" discusses Marvel's own farm in particular and farming in New England in general. It is tenuous stuff, completely outclassed in accuracy of reporting and vigor by Crèvecœur's "American Farmer" and Whittier's poetized reminiscences.

All these books are written in approxi-

mately the same style—the style which is called playful or whimsical, and is really sentimental. The effects Marvel strove for were achieved in obvious ways. One observes a free and frequent use of diminutives. Everything is softened by a qualifying adjective—mockery, for example, becomes *tender* mockery. The older folks are always sensible, honest, good-natured and stout (*i.e.*, robust). The girls are invariably sweet. Pride, Ambition, Death, Life, Misery, Anguish, Pleasure, Eternity and so on are capitalized as here. And there is a free use of the playful. This paragraph is typical: "I hate a match. I feel sure that brimstone matches were never made in heaven; and it is sad to think that, with few exceptions, matches are all of them tipped with brimstone."

The man who wrote in this maudlin fashion could not escape being an ass. Marvel surely was. He not only wrote for women, but he adopted the ways of his audience. In some respects he went further. He shut politics and business out of his interests, and ignored the Civil War. There is something ridiculous in the fact that he refused to visit his wife's home in the South following the war because "he had no desire to see the ravages which war had wrought on that once prosperous and beautiful country." This is surely sentimentality with a vengeance. And he had all the immemorial, irrational Puritan horror of the "improper" and the nude:

> It was always his custom in reading aloud to omit any passages which were in any way questionable. They seemed to embarrass him. . . . I have in mind too his dislike of the nude in painting and sculpture. He especially disliked St. Gaudens' statue of Diana.

That, somehow, has a familiar ring.

III

Marvel long outlived his usefulness. He dragged on to eighty-six, not dying until 1908. Though that was but eighteen years ago the dust of the ages is already well settled on his work. His unforceful personality and Puritanism were too much for his romanticism to triumph over. He remains, however, a significant figure in the history of American taste. His writings take on significance when they are related to their time. Some one had to provide acceptable books for it, and he hit upon a successful formula. But in proportion as his temporal reward was great, his eternal reward promises to be small. The professor who published Marvel's biography in 1922 contends that it is as yet too soon to make a final judgment. That may be true, but I doubt it. Meanwhile, his collected works continue on sale by one of the most reputable publishers in the Union, and are easily available to the curious. One may gaze on them, one may take them from the shelf and heft them, but it is useless to look in them for any light upon the ebon mysteries of existence in this world.

HEARST COMES TO ATLANTA

BY HERBERT ASBURY

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST bought the Atlanta *Georgian* in February, 1912, and immediately seduced journalism in that pearl of the Southland with banner lines, photograph layouts and Advice to the Lovelorn, the latter written, for some little time after the acquisition of the paper, by the eminent Fuzzy Woodruff, under the pseudonym of Beatrice Fairfax. Mr. Hearst lit running, as the saying goes, backed by the ponderous pronouncements of Arthur Brisbane, the business genius of S. S. Carvalho, and the editorial acumen of Keats Speed and Foster Coates. He shot the doddering and decrepit *Georgian* full of comic strips, headlines and syndicate features, and for a little while Atlanta took him to her bosom and fawned upon him; journalistically he soon had the town by the tail and was swinging her high, wide and handsome, to the extreme distress of the *Constitution* and the *Journal*, whose editors had never before known the terrors of competition with America's journalistic wild-cat.

But eventually, in Atlanta, Hearst failed, as nearly as a man with his millions could fail. Certainly he did not accomplish what he set out to do. He still owns the *Georgian*, but it is one of the runts of his journalistic litter. Today, thirteen years after Atlanta first heard the screeching howl of the wild headlines and poured her amorous longings into the receptive ears of Fuzzy Woodruff, the paper has resumed to a large extent the outward aspects of its pre-Hearst existence. Nevertheless, Hearst made a profound impression on Georgia journalism. Temperatures are still high in the councils of the *Constitution* and the *Journal*, and editorial pulses still throb with the fear that some day he will import a fresh lot of fancy reporters and make another effort to transform Atlanta into a metropolis and the *Georgian* into a New York *Evening Journal*. But the danger is not imminent.

When Hearst acquired the *Georgian* he had in his employ Keats Speed, now managing editor of the *Sun* in New York and a hardened veteran of the Munsey wars, but then managing editor of the New York *Evening Journal*. He sent Speed to Atlanta to become editor of the *Georgian*, and with him Speed took Mike Clofine, from the copy desk of the *Journal*, and Bill Farnsworth, of the sporting staff of the New York *American*. Farnsworth became sporting editor of the *Georgian*, and Clofine became city editor, and a great city editor he was, too. Two photographers from Chicago also went to Atlanta, and three artists from the New York offices, to handle the pictures and the layouts, always great circulation-getters for the Hearst papers. Later Tracey Mathewson and one Brown, a first-rate photographer whose first name I have forgotten, took over the camera work, and Pruett Carter, now a popular illustrator, did the bulk of the art work.

Speed was an ideal man for the job. Atlanta's go-getting business men were, and probably are, very fond of referring to their city as "the New York of the South," but nevertheless they looked upon Northerners with suspicion. They were prepared to accept Speed because of his Kentucky birth and ancestry. If Hearst had not interfered with him, the Atlanta venture very likely would have had a dif-

ferent and a more successful ending, for it was not until he had been replaced that the *Georgian* began to show signs of collapse. Speed was familiar with the South and Georgia; he knew almost exactly what the people of Atlanta would accept. From the beginning he went in heavily for pictures, for he had been very thoroughly trained in the Brisbane school and knew, as the Hearst editors have always known and as the great commercial success of the Hearst newspapers has proved, that the people of this country do not read the newspapers so much as they look at them. It is more and more becoming true that the successful paper is the one with the most pictures.

Speed knew, also, that as the constant dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone, so will the constant repetition of news propaganda and editorial comment, however silly, wear away the thin layer of common sense that surrounds the mind of the average human. He knew that the vast majority of people will believe anything if they hear it often enough. He found the *Georgian* putting out two editions a day, the last one at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, ignoring the rich field provided by the baseball games and the late afternoon murders. The *Journal*, the other evening paper, was doing the same. Speed increased this to an indefinite number; he proceeded exactly as he had been doing in New York, popping an edition onto the street every time anything happened that would justify a headline, and frequently when it wouldn't.

This required some trick writing and make-up, for there was generally a dearth of local news and the same story had to provide banner lines for different editions. So for one edition one aspect of the day's best murder, robbery or what not was emphasized, and for the next the lead was rewritten and another aspect brought into prominence, making it appear that there had been new and startling developments. If nothing better came along, we employed that fine old journalistic standby, the Wave of Crime. We combined all of the petty robberies, and all of the Negro fist fights that found their way into the Recorder's Court, into one story, and the *Georgian* went yelping into the streets with headlines proclaiming that "Wave of Crime Sweeps City." Atlanta, unused to this sort of journalism, found it very exciting, and the *Georgian* found it very profitable.

But of course there was nothing new in this. Most evening newspapers all over the United States do it constantly, and many of the morning ones as well. The difference is that the Hearst papers do it more boldly than the others, and in Atlanta we did it better than it had ever been done there before. And because Speed was thus giving the people of Atlanta something new and exciting to look at and gasp over every two or three hours, the *Georgian* immediately began to gain circulation. According to Ayer's American Newspaper Annual, it was distributing 38,000 copies when Hearst bought it in 1912; Speed increased this to 60,000 in less than a year and a half, and on the day that Leo M. Frank was convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan the paper reached its high water mark of 135,000. Naturally, an increase of this size soon had the *Constitution* and the *Journal* teetering on the verge of insanity; and particularly the editorial staffs, because they could not verify half the *Georgian's* stories sufficiently to rewrite them for subsequent editions. Indeed, we who wrote them could not ourselves verify all of them.

II

During the first two years of Hearst's ownership of the *Georgian* some of the biggest news stories broke that the South had read since the Civil War. Some were legitimate; some were manufactured, and of course a little laboratory work was generally done on those in the first category. There was, in particular, the Frank murder case, of which more later, the Eugene Grace murder, the first coming of the Metropolitan Opera Company to Atlanta, when the oper-

atic stars strode through a grovelling populace and browsed in rich pastures of publicity, and various meddlings in legislative affairs. The *Georgian's* circulation went up with the screaming headlines, and down with the comparatively conservative issues; generally, I think the people resented the Hearst journalistic methods but loved the pictures. How they did love the pictures!

The Grace murder occurred only a little while after Speed had reached Atlanta, completed his reorganization and was praying to the Hearst gods for a story with which to dazzle the town. He did it with the Grace case. Both Grace and his wife, who was accused of murdering him, were prominent socially, and the *Georgian* played the story for all it was worth, and more. Pictures and more pictures, sob stories and scholarly dissertations by Beatrice Fairfax on the amorous aspects of the case, stirring pen portraits by Fuzzy Woodruff out of character—everything in the Hearst journalistic menagerie was trotted out and paraded before wondering Atlanta. The town gasped, but bought the paper, and before the Grace case had been concluded by the acquittal of Mrs. Grace, the circulation of the *Georgian* had almost doubled and shrieks of anguish were issuing from the *Constitution* and the *Journal*. Hearst was off to a flying start and his goose hung high. Yet it was only a little more than a year later that the goose was cooked.

From time to time Keats Speed had been recalled to New York for a few weeks and replaced in Atlanta by Foster Coates, then a mighty power in the Hearst editorial councils. These changes, I fear, had never done the *Georgian* much good. Speed knew better than Coates how far the paper could go; he had believed from the beginning that the *Georgian* could not do many of the things that the *Evening Journal* did in New York. But Coates, knowing little if anything of the South or the Southern temperament, thought the *Georgian* could do these things and more; he probably went farther with the Frank case, and played the story harder, than any Hearst paper had ever played such a case anywhere. Had he handled it differently, with a better understanding of his public, it is very likely that Frank would never have been arrested, the case would have attracted only passing attention, the Jews would not have raised the cry of persecution, the people of Marietta would not have hurled eggs at William J. Burns, and Hearst would still have had in Atlanta a very fair imitation of his *Evening Journal*.

The Frank case, which developed probably the greatest news story in the history of the State, if not of the South, broke late one Saturday night about a month after I reached Atlanta. Coates was in charge of the *Georgian* when Mary Phagan was found murdered in the basement of the plant of the National Pencil Company, where she worked and of which Frank was manager. Coates saw the possibilities of the story immediately, and aroused Mike Clofine. Clofine saw even more than Coates had seen, and before noon the next day every reporter on the *Georgian* staff was working furiously, while the staffs of the *Constitution* and *Journal* were slumbering peacefully in church or otherwise wasting the Sabbath. On Monday morning the *Constitution* printed a half column or so about the crime, and the *Journal*, in its first edition, had even less. And had not Hearst owned the *Georgian*, it, too, would have published half a column, and in a few days the story probably would have died a natural death.

But the *Georgian* devoted three pages to the mystery, and our first edition was on the street about eight o'clock in the morning. We had pictures, in somber but artistic layouts, on every page—pictures of the murdered girl, of her father, her mother, her grandfather, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins; pictures of her birthplace in Marietta, of her home in Atlanta, of the pencil factory, of the chief of police, and of a trolley-car conductor who thought he had seen someone acting suspiciously — all sorts of pictures. Across the front page was a screaming banner line of noble proportions, with smaller lines below it, and a

leaded editorial demanding the arrest and punishment of the murderer. We had a drawing of the murderer himself, prepared by one of the artists from descriptions of various eager citizens who thought they had seen someone who might have been the man, and a diagram of the basement of the pencil factory, showing where the body was found and where it had been dragged, and so forth.

We printed stories of previous child murders, stories about and interviews with every member of the murdered girl's family —thousands of words. My own contribution was an interview with Mary Phagan's grandfather in Marietta. It went something like this: "'By the living God of my fathers!' cried the aged man as he stood bare-headed in the doorway of his modest cottage, unmindful of the pelting rain which mingled with his tears as they ploughed great furrows in his gaunt and withered cheeks, 'I shall not rest until I have had vengeance upon the murderer of my innocent child! I swear it!'" It was not raining, either, although it might well have been.

Our paper was, in modern parlance, a wow. It burst upon Atlanta like a bomb and upon the *Constitution* and *Journal* like the crack of doom. And especially did it burst upon the *Journal*. The editors of that paper had expected the *Georgian* to do something a bit unusual, but they had not anticipated anything even remotely resembling our performance. They were dazed, but they were soon awakened by the plaintive cries of their circulation managers, who reported tearfully that *Georgians* were selling like the proverbial hot cakes, while *Journals* could not be given away. They lifted what they could of the *Georgian's* stories for their second and subsequent editions, and within half an hour after we were on the street the whole *Journal* staff was clamoring at the flabbergasted police, who had expected to make a quiet little investigation and forget it. The case presented a tough problem, and they were not very keen on tough problems.

III

Leo M. Frank was a tall, thin, nervous young Jew, widely known and well-connected in Jewish circles in Atlanta, and in Brooklyn, where his mother lived. He was not arrested until several days after the murder, but meanwhile Atlanta was quite frantic with excitement. People gathered in groups on the street corners, reading the *Georgian's* screaming headlines and soaking their brains in our weird and exciting stories. In some quarters there was resentment against the Hearst method of handling the story, but on the whole the population thoroughly approved of us, because we certainly did provide snappy reading matter and fine pictures to look at. There was much talk of lynching, but it was aimless talk, directed against no one in particular; the general opinion seemed to be that a Negro must be guilty, and the police did all they could to find a darky on whom they could fix the crime. But for once they failed.

Foster Coates made a blunder when Frank was accused of the crime and taken to Police Headquarters. He put an extra on the street, of course—and wrote a banner line for it which said without qualification that the strangler had been arrested! The type was even larger than we used when we tried to convince the citizenry that there was news when there was none. The line was a blunder of the sort that is made every day in newspaper offices, but it had far-reaching consequences. The Jews of Atlanta considered it a deadly insult to their race; they said the *Georgian* had called Frank guilty before his trial, and that it showed the existence of an organized conspiracy to railroad him to the gallows. Immediately they raised the cry of persecution; they came singly and in groups to the office and demanded that the editors denounce the police and insist on Frank's immediate release, declaring that he was being persecuted because he was a Jew. This was not true then, but it became true later on.

There has been a lot of wild writing and talking about Frank's martyrdom, but the fact is that there was no sentiment against him because of his Jewish birth and religion until the Jews themselves raised the issue. Then, quite naturally, the people of Atlanta began referring to Frank as "that damned Jew," and they began to grow annoyed at the insistence of the Jews that manufactured evidence was being used against him. Yet if Frank had been an Italian they would have called him "that damned wop," and if he had been a Negro they would have said "that damned nigger," and no one would have complained that his arrest was an insult to the Italian or Negro races. If the Jews had been content to regard Frank as a man suspected of murder, entitled to a fair trial and nothing more, instead of as a Jew on the threshold of martyrdom, hounded by Christians thirsting for his blood, there would have been little or no anti-Semitic feeling in Atlanta.

The *Journal* and the *Constitution* paid no attention to the demands of the Jews, and for a long time the *Georgian* ignored them also. But pressure was soon brought to bear in New York, and little by little the editorial and news columns of the *Georgian* began to veer toward Frank, although evidence was constantly piling up against him; indeed, toward the end we worked as hard trying to prove his innocence and build up sentiment for him and against the Negro, Jim Conley, who had confessed to helping Frank hide the body, as we did to find legitimate news of the case. The *Constitution* and the *Journal* turned more or less against Frank, though never violently so, largely because the *Georgian* had taken the opposite position.

But everything the Jews did to aid Frank reacted against him. The New York *Times* became interested in the case, and then the other New York newspapers, and for a long time Atlanta was overrun with hordes of special writers and "trained investigators," sent down to make a "fair and impartial inquiry." These inquiries invariably proved Frank innocent. Someone sent William J. Burns to Atlanta to unearth evidence that would free Frank, and he arrived with a great fanfare of publicity, but with a complete loss of memory as to the identity of his employer. Burns is, perhaps, a great detective, but he did nothing in Atlanta to prove it. He breakfasted daily at ten o'clock or thereabouts, and over his eggs each morning gave the reporters glowing and optimistic accounts of the sensational evidence that he was going to unearth that day. His daily prediction became a standing joke among Atlanta newspaper men. So far as I can recall now, he learned nothing that was of value to anyone. He did obtain a few confessions, but they could not be corroborated, and once he went to Marietta and messed about so effectively that he left town about one jump ahead of an enraged citizenry. His agency was finally barred from doing business in Georgia. He only succeeded in intensifying public feeling against Frank.

The impression prevails, principally because of the news stories written by the "trained investigators," that Frank did not have a fair trial, but I do not think that is true. These "trained investigators" did much to injure him. Atlanta took them seriously, whereas everybody in the newspaper business knows that as soon as a reporter is assigned to a good crime story he automatically becomes a "trained investigator," just as a sporting reporter becomes an "expert" after he has seen his first prize-fight. But Frank's trial could hardly have been fairer. Two of the most capable lawyers in the South, Reuben Arnold and Luther Rosser, were employed to defend him, with an array of lesser counsel. And there was plenty of money available; we heard then that the New York Jews had raised a fund of $40,000, but I do not know if the story is true. Frank's jury was as intelligent as most juries are, and his case was reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States, which upheld his conviction. Later Governor Slaton

commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, thereby committing political suicide.

It was Hearst's championing of Frank that made certain the ultimate failure of his Atlanta enterprise, but the decay of the *Georgian* began before Frank was arrested. For a few days after the discovery of the girl's body the storekeepers and other business men rubbed their hands and chuckled a jovial Rotarian chuckle at the spectacle of crowds standing about staring at the headlines and the pictures; they thought so much excitement would bring people into town and that business would be good. Many ordered new stocks. But business was not good; it was worse than it had been for many years. People did come into Atlanta, but both visitors and townspeople were so busy reading about the murder and enjoying their thrills over the pictures and the diagrams that they did not have time to buy anything.

So after a little while the merchants began to complain; they asked Coates, in person and through the advertising department, to let the excitement subside a bit so their customers could be lured back into their stores. But Coates was as excited as anyone; he was riding wild with the best story of his large experience and he refused to stop. Instead, he gave Atlanta another dose of headlines. Then the merchants began withdrawing their advertisements. Some took them out immediately; others notified the paper that they would not renew their contracts.

There were thus three prime factors in Hearst's Atlanta defeat. He antagonized the merchants when the *Georgian* failed to heed their cries of business anguish; he antagonized the Jews with Coates' headline, and he antagonized everyone but the Jews when the *Georgian's* editorial and news columns were biased in Frank's favor. He further antagonized this faction when, after Frank had been convicted and sentenced to hang, the *Georgian* waged a campaign for the commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment.

IV

Coates strove mightily to undo the damage done in the handling of the Frank case, but the animosity was too deeply rooted and the *Georgian* declined. In the early part of 1914 Hearst summoned Coates to New York and sent Keats Speed down to Atlanta to take charge again. Coates returned at various times for short visits, but was never again in sole command. John Temple Graves, who had been largely instrumental in inducing Hearst to buy the *Georgian*, also came down occasionally to do a bit of crying in the wilderness. At one time Graves had been editor of the *Georgian*, but he was then general political representative of the Hearst newspapers and could only function editorially. He scorned the news side of the business; all he did when he came to Atlanta was to write an editorial, make a banquet speech eulogizing Hearst, and hasten to New York with a sizeable expense account. He had no hand in the conduct of the *Georgian* after Hearst bought it.

Frank went to trial not long after Speed returned, and by the judicious use of headlines and proper prayers to the gods of sensationalism, the circulation of the *Georgian* was boosted to its peak of 135,000, probably the highest figure ever reached by an Atlanta newspaper. But it was not sound circulation; people bought the *Georgian* in preference to the *Journal* merely because we had a more efficient mechanical organization and were first on the street with more editions. They were so eager to read about the verdict that they would have bought anything. As soon as the excitement began to subside the circulation of the *Georgian* dropped; the American Annual's figures for 1914 show a drop of more than 10,000 from the circulation of the year before. These figures in themselves are not particularly impressive, but they become so when it is noted that they represent one-sixth of the paper's total circulation; such a decrease is equivalent to the loss of about 100,000 by Hearst's principal New York paper.

And the loss in circulation, with a corresponding and natural loss in advertising revenues, was not all. The *Georgian* lost woefully in prestige; thousands who had been our friends turned upon us. Everywhere we heard mutterings about "the damned *Georgian*," and Speed saw at once that if he was to accomplish anything he would have to arouse interest in the paper and compel Atlanta to take a more friendly view of it. So he began to cast about for some great moral issue which we could champion without treading on the toes of too many business men.

He decided to do something about the legislature, and found his moral issue in the prospective salvation of the little children slaving eight to twelve hours a day at the looms of the cotton-mills. At that time Georgia had probably the worst child-labor laws in the United States. The legal age limit was ten years, but the law contained a dependent father clause which permitted children of eight to work. I have seen tots of five and six at the looms. I spent most of the Summer writing harrowing tales of these things, and when the legislature opened its Fall session, in 1914, we began to print them. They had no little to do with the interest our campaign aroused, and several times, when I revisited various towns for more information, indignant but dependent fathers set their dogs on me. But the mothers liked it.

We introduced a bill in the Senate and the House of Representatives raising the legal limit for employing children to fifteen years, and found immediate and strong opposition, because a great many of the members, especially of the Senate, either owned shares in cotton-mills or were counsel for them. Naturally, they resented any attempt to take away from Georgia's little ones, as they lovingly termed the children, their "God-given right to work." We had tough sledding, but by playing upon the human craving for publicity and other things, we managed to pass a bill on the last night of the session with a majority of two in the Senate and not many more than that in the House. But it might not have passed even then if I had not been thoughtful enough to steal the works of the House clock, thereby preventing adjournment except by joint resolution—and we controlled too many votes for that.

Most of the work of putting through the child-labor bill was done by James B. Nevin and myself. Nevin was the principal political reporter of the *Georgian*, with an extraordinarily wide acquaintance and a thorough knowledge of conditions throughout the State. He was a native of Georgia and intended to remain in Atlanta, and so was not expected to do many of the things that had to be done. So I did them; about the only thing I wanted from Atlanta was a chance to get out of it. These things were gum-shoe work; it was my duty to learn the blind sides of our opponents and attack them there. With a few, a lady's smile did the trick, with others a drink of corn liquor brought favorable consideration of anything that I might propose, and with all publicity was effective.

But no one was bribed, and no attempt was made to bribe anyone; the possibility that a member of the Georgia legislature could be bribed or otherwise unduly influenced never occurred to us. Yet if I found a legislator, particularly an enemy legislator, or an on-the-fence legislator, perishing for a drink of corn liquor, memories of my Christian upbringing invariably prompted me to give him one, or two, or as many as he could absorb. Mindful of this great humanitarian duty, I never went to the Capitol building without a bottle of corn in each overcoat pocket. And it was only natural, too, once I had mellowed the legislator and, as the saying goes, softened him up, that I should discourse to him upon the subject nearest my heart, which at that time was the child-labor bill. And having impressed upon him that the passage of the bill was a necessity if civilization was to endure, I made it a point to sympathize with him on the trouble that would ensue if the *Georgian* should

print a story that he had come to Atlanta on State business and had been overcome by the Drink Demon. He invariably saw eye to eye with me on this.

One of our most valuable allies, in work along this particular line, was a young woman who had herself worked in a cotton-mill, but who on reaching years of discretion had moved to Atlanta and ceased to work at all. She was very good-looking. It was her custom to flirt, when possible, with various and sundry legislators, paying especial attention to gentlemen with wives and families, and to suggest to them that she knew where they could get a drink, Prohibition at that time being legal in Georgia but not especially active. They thereupon repaired to a locker club or other low resort, and some time later I wandered in and joined them upon invitation from the lady. It was her duty, then, to inquire what I was doing abroad in such dens of iniquity, and I replied clearly that I was collecting material for an article on "How Members of the Legislature Spend Their Leisure."

By this time the giddy legislator was fit to be tied, and none of those who were thus caught in our trap failed to see the virtue of our child-labor bill. But the majority of the votes that switched over to us came through publicity. Tracey Mathewson and I went to the Capitol, dragged a member of the Senate or the House onto the steps, and there photographed him in the accepted attitude of a statesman, head bowed under the cares of state and hand thrust into the bosom of his frock coat. Then I hustled back to the office and surrounded the picture with a pattern of adjectives, calling attention to the legislator's glorious record and dwelling heavily on the fact that party leaders were considering him for the gubernatorial nomination. I always mentioned them for governor; a few of the more obdurate ones got into the presidential class, and others became promising senatorial timber.

We played fair with the members whom we wrote up so handsomely by distributing large bundles of extra papers in their political territories, and they played fair with us, usually, by voting for the child-labor bill when matters came to a show-down. This sort of work occupied me all the time the bill was getting into committee and getting out again, somewhat disheveled and amended, but still a far better child-labor bill than anything Georgia had ever had or was ever expected to have. Meanwhile, Speed was having his troubles, for various church and uplift organizations had become interested in our fight, and the good brothers and sisters were beginning to mess about the Capitol and undo all the gumshoe work that I had been doing. Speed finally got rid of them by suggesting that they confine their work to arousing public opinion with meetings, and that they enlist God's aid by the proper use of prayer. This they did, and the night the bill passed one good sister said to me:

"God has been good to our Little Ones today."

And I said:

"It took Him quite a while to get around to it, didn't it?"

And she departed in one of our most precious journalistic standbys, a high dudgeon, vowing that I was wicked and blasphemous and promising to pray for me. Yet what can be said of a God who employs a Hearst newspaper as His instrument in a project involving the welfare of His Little Ones, many of whom, by this time, have no doubt grown to manhood and joined the Ku Klux Klan?

And so proceeded the work of that great deliberative body, the legislature of the sovereign State of Georgia. We smote the opposition hip and thigh; I covered alternately the House and the Senate, and every time a bill came out of committee I wrote a nasty story suggesting that the legislature stop frittering away its time on such trifles and take up that most important measure, the child-labor bill. Occasionally I adorned the story with doggerel.

But we did not have things all our own way. The cotton-mill interests fought back,

and viciously. I had various opportunities to acquire new suits of clothing and to take sight-seeing trips to the Pacific Coast, but being young, and with ideals breaking out upon me like boils, I spurned them. One member of the Senate became so infuriated, when I visited his home town and wrote a story about the children and their slavery in the mills, that he prepared a resolution barring me from the floor of the Georgia Senate forever, on the ground that I was a "hired briber and an assassin of character." Luckily, he did not introduce it; it probably would have passed. Instead, he made a loud and vitriolic speech; in fact, everyone made a speech. I doubt if there was a member of either the House or the Senate who did not deliver an impassioned oration either for or against the bill.

V

But the bill passed. It came up for final passage in both houses on the last night of the session, and we had, promised, a safe majority in the House and a majority of three in the Senate. But a death in his family forced President Anderson of the latter body to leave, and that left us with only two more votes than our opponents, not by any means a safe majority, as some of our own people were decidedly lukewarm and were only supporting the measure under pressure. The bill went into conference after both the House and the Senate had amended it, and as it finally came out for passage the age limit had been reduced to thirteen years. But still that was three years better than the old law, and the dependent father clause had been abolished.

To my mind the passage of this bill was the finest thing that any Hearst newspaper had ever accomplished, and Hearst should have received much *kudos* for it, even though, unless Speed reported to him, he knew nothing of it except what he read in the newspapers. It was Speed's idea from start to finish. But neither Hearst nor the *Georgian* received one single *kudo*. Atlanta's antagonism, based primarily on the Frank case, was too deeply grounded. Some few letters of praise were received from citizens, but many of the dear brothers and sisters of the uplift, who by their zealous meddling had interfered with our practical political work, became very nasty. They said that if the *Georgian* had kept out of the way they could have passed a much better bill; they lost sight entirely of the obvious fact that in many years they had not succeeded in having a good bill introduced; even the worthless ones were promptly killed in committee.

So the situation, for the *Georgian*, grew worse. We began to hear antagonistic mutterings against the fact that many members of the editorial and business staffs of the paper were outlanders from the North, taking jobs away from deserving native journalists and go-getters. The bitterness increased, even though Speed reduced the size and number of his headlines and did other things calculated to conform to Atlanta's conservatism and at the same time carry on as far as possible the Hearst tradition. And so, finally, in the early Winter of 1914, Hearst surrendered. He recalled Speed, Farnsworth and Clofine to New York, other members of the editorial staff followed as soon as they could find jobs, and Nevin was made managing editor, with instructions to give the people of Atlanta the sort of paper they wanted.

By the first of the following year the *Georgian* had practically an all-Georgian, or at least an all-Southern staff, and all of the bombast and the trumpeting of the earlier days of the adventure were stilled. Today it is probably the most conservative of all the Hearst papers, and wallows happily and not without a certain measure of prosperity in its journalistic rut. But in New York, Boston, Chicago and other Hearst strongholds the red lemonade is still on tap, and journalistic hot dogs are served hot off the pan, bountifully seasoned with mustard.

WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

"MEN," my hostess was saying, "have a mania for possession. They want to bind their women to them by economic dependence, but when they have done it they find that it defeats romance. Now, Bill and I——"

So I listened while she told me about Bill and herself. They were, as Bill had already informed me, living together but not married. During the recital Bill seemed to be a trifle bored. I judged that he had heard the tale many times.

"I don't blame men for being what they are," she continued. "Marriage itself is to blame. Marriage is an impossible institution. It robs men of just as much as it robs women. Freedom is absolutely necessary; otherwise the man loses his illusion of pursuit and that means for him the end of romance."

Fresh cigarettes were lighted and thus ended the first lesson. I was a stranger in New York at the time, and while I was not entirely unsophisticated, still this message produced something akin to a thrill in me. My hostess, I already knew, earned her own living. In fact she had some kind of a small business. Reports as to the nature of it differed and she herself referred to it simply as her career, which was not quite explicit.

About a week later I happened to meet Bill again.

"Bill," I said, "let's wander down to one of the Italian joints and have dinner together. You and I are just about due for a talk. Opinions of great pith and moment, bearing upon thousands of unsettled questions, are seething in my bosom. Also, I might give ear to a few of your own. How about it?"

Bill smiled, toyed with the idea for a moment, then put it from him.

"She'd raise hell," he finally explained.

"Then what," I demanded, "becomes of that oration on freedom and romance?"

"Well, I have very little right to kick," Bill confessed. "I used to applaud that speech; in fact, I may have taught her part of it. My only defense is that I believed it at the time."

"Is there, perhaps, a flaw or two in it now?" I queried.

"Oh, yes, several."

"For instance?"

"I'll name the most important one first; it covers so much territory that the others don't matter. Item one is that women have a mania for possession. To them men are simply property. Romance may flourish or die, but property rights remain sacred. For example, if I go out tonight she'll raise hell. It won't be jealousy, though there may be a diplomatic and complimentary effort to pass it off as such. No, the point is that I am property and must not stray."

"But, Bill," I countered, "I thought she earned her own living."

"Well," he replied, "she thinks the same thing. She flutters from one business to another, but there is a lot of hard luck in the world. These businesses have a way of failing. Then we discover another one that is perfectly grand—and I put up some more capital."

"Wouldn't it be easier just to give her an allowance?"

"Of course it would, but that would destroy her independence."

"Bill," I said, "I believe this romantic experiment has grown a trifle stale."

"It has."

"Then why don't you clear out? Come along. Let's have dinner. I know a place where one of the dish-washers sings a remarkable baritone. You can telephone the lady your declaration of independence."

"Like hell I can!" said Bill. "This girl, let me tell you, makes lots of noise when she's in a bad humor. Funny thing about me, I can't stand screeching and wailing and yowling. One time she threw a vase of flowers on the floor and I nearly died of heart failure. No, it's easier to trot along and check in on time."

So saying, he trotted on, and I looked after him and meditated upon the men I have known who could not endure noise. Old Frederich Nietzsche himself must have been one of them, for I recalled now his remark that women were not the gentle creatures of fiction, but "noisy like cats."

So far as my observations go, and they include a couple of years in Greenwich Village, the number of women who really desire freedom is extremely small. My surmise is that they constitute less than one-half of one per cent, either by weight or volume. Bill and his charmer were very much married, official records to the contrary notwithstanding. In the effort to hold him there was only one trump in the deck that she failed to play; she might have had a baby. However, I cannot be certain beyond saying that there was no baby. She may not have overlooked that play, either.

The truth of the matter was that the girl wanted a husband, needed one desperately, and knew it. The rest was a pose, designed to get one.

II

Then there was Jackie. Perhaps I should explain that Jackie was a girl. I first knew her in Texas and our meeting came at a dramatic moment in her life, for Jackie was choking to death. At least she said she was choking to death. No physical evidence of it was visible beyond a peculiarly strained lifting of the eyebrows. But certainly Jackie believed she was choking to death, and the sensation must have been painful, indeed.

It was, as she explained, the old, old case of genius oppressed by environment, slaughtered by people who simply could not understand. Jackie had been bundled off year after year to a miserable school for girls where the prayers were eloquent and the musical instruction abominable. And there she languished with symphonies throbbing through her veins. Something would have to be done about it. Otherwise, death.

Eventually something was done about it. Jackie found herself in New York, receiving instruction from an eminent violinist. Gone was the hopeless, bourgeois atmosphere of home; she lived in a vast establishment inhabited solely by ambitious young women like herself. They lived and breathed music.

I met Jackie one day in Carnegie Hall; someone was giving a recital. Jackie, however, was still choking to death. The violin had gone stale. Only classical dancing could express her symphonies now. It was unfortunate that so much time had been wasted; but, as she explained, how was she to find this out without coming to New York? Something would have to be done about it. And in due time there was another rescue, and Jackie was taking dancing lessons. Stage dancing, she called it. There was a class of young women and they worked very hard.

Some weeks later I met Jackie in the Metropolitan Museum. She was copying one of the pictures. Painting, she said, was really the noblest form of art, and all else merely contributed to it, or something of that sort. Anyway, there was a class comprising both men and women and the instructor was wonderful. She enjoyed being with these true artists almost as much as she enjoyed her work. They were such natural, simple, beautiful spirits. And they got so much out of life. It was wonderful. Jackie intended to continue forever among

them and to give herself utterly, as they gave themselves, to art. Everything they did and thought was beautiful. There was one young man named Vernor. . . .

The next time I met Jackie, she and Vernor were living together. Marriage was to them a matter of no moment and they had overlooked it. Simply overlooked it. He was making such wonderful progress that it would soon be time for him to go to France. But his allowance was very limited as yet, under the terms of the will. Later he would inherit a fortune. So to help Vernor, Jackie was designing dresses, making dresses, doing a little plain sewing, experimenting with millinery, and hoped soon to open a shop. All went well with these plans for some months. Indeed, Jackie's uncle, who advanced the money for the shop, said it was the first time since she was born that he had ever known her to retain an enthusiasm longer than a month or to exhibit real industry for more than twenty minutes. He knew nothing about Vernor. His idea was that girls of Jackie's type ought to be married off at the age of thirteen, since they would be nuisances to themselves and everybody else until they were settled. But Jackie had come to New York, so he hoped to keep her busy and out of mischief. All went well until Mother, Father and Uncle came North almost unannounced. They did, however, send a telegram from St. Louis. It produced hysterics. Vernor cured them with a marriage license. Since then Jackie has not touched the violin, danced a step, painted one daub, nor engaged in any commercial sewing. Vernor has borrowed against his inheritance.

The explanation is simple. Jackie really *was* troubled by an unplayed symphony; it did throb through her veins. She is now a very charming, loyal, delightful woman. And with a wholesome streak of her merchandising father concealed under her velvet skin, for there was only *one* lad in the art class destined to inherit money. Jackie married Vernor. Moreover, it was a love match.

III

Jackie and Vernor introduced Geraldine. I didn't care much for Geraldine. She had a way of luring me into arguments that turned into rows. She aired theories. One of them was that women invented all the useful arts and tools. If memory serves me correctly, she included even fire. She was a rabid feminist, one of the type that sees all history as a struggle between Woman, the beautiful builder, and Man, the eternal brute and wastrel. Wherever Geraldine happened to be, Freedom shrieked.

One afternoon, by chance, I happened to be the only man present where five young women, including Geraldine, had foregathered. They were discussing a new and garish style in women's shoes. Geraldine said she didn't wear that style because Bob objected. Bob was her husband, a man who said little and seemed to live in peace with his Amazon. A moment later they were discussing millinery and it developed that Geraldine could wear only one color and type of hat because Bob liked it. Still later it developed that she was permitted to wear only black silk stockings of a certain brand, and that Bob purchased them to make sure. Her gowns had to be thus and thus. The recital was amazing, coming from Geraldine. I watched her to see if she would betray any realization of the incongruity. But no, she registered triumph. Then I peered at the other four faces —and the mystery grew. They seemed to register boundless admiration, something of envy, and astounding humility. But why? Could it be a pleasure thus to be hectored? Geraldine, I could now see, was bragging. And not untruthfully, either. Briefly, these were the proofs of Bob's devotion. In his hectoring he paid his tribute to Geraldine's beauty. And she understood. So did the others. It was lovely, they thought, for a husband to exhibit so much jealous, domineering interest in his wife. I tried to explain to Geraldine that this was a very good joke on her. But Geraldine thought I was not only prejudiced, but also stupid.

IV

One night I foregathered with a group of young student engineers. They maintained a sort of club. At nine o'clock one of the young men looked at his watch and wig-wagged a negative across the room; plainly he had an engagement but was not going to keep it. The friend to whom he signalled also decided not to go. Several hours later, when only four of us remained, I made inquiry.

"Petting party," was the answer.

"But aren't they irresistible?" I asked. "Something tells me that at your age I'd have gone. Your cool dismissal of the chance interests me. We have now reached the candid hours of the morning; tell me something about petting parties."

And they did. It seems that girls are thrilled by the mere anticipation of such entertainments. That some are known as skillful and others as clumsy. That different opinions prevail as to how far a girl should go. The game has traditions, even codes. Most of these have been evolved by the girls. For instance, if a girl happens to be thrown with a boy and permits a few liberties to avoid spoiling the party, then he ought not to construe them as justification for annoying her with his attentions in future. To do so is not chivalrous. But if under the same conditions she is pleased with him, he is under an obligation to her, and will not, if he is a gentleman, damage her vanity. To do so is not chivalrous. The game, I was informed, is a girl's game.

"You don't hear much row from the mamas of the girls," said one of my informants. "But the boys' mothers are on the rampage all the way from high-school on through college."

"To put it in conventional terms," I said, "do you think much immorality results from petting parties?"

"Not as much as older people think," was the answer. "The boys are a trifle shy. It's a dangerous game for them."

"More so than for the girls?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because we are all wild, free, young things only so long as there are no complications. After that, Victoria is Queen, and a naughty boy has dealt unfairly with an innocent little angel."

"But I thought they were good sports."

"Some of them are," was the reply. "Perhaps half of them are good sports. But that still leaves it a dangerous game for a young fellow who isn't through college."

"Do they play it just for the thrill?"

"Well, they think they do, but the pastor is behind the door with his pad of marriage licenses all the time."

"Then you aren't very enthusiastic about the new freedom for flappers?"

"Yes," he said, "I believe I am. Fact of the matter is, I'm a feminist. They've got to have their fling just as we want ours. But I don't kid myself about what they're doing."

"No?" I said. "Just what *are* they doing?"

"What they always have done and always will do. Hunting husbands."

I sat there and looked at this boy of the post-war generation, puzzled. These youngsters have poise and sophistication at remarkably early ages.

"The new generation simply uses a slightly different technic," he continued. "It's almost a matter of style, like hoop skirts or patches or bustles. The attractive girl today talks about her career and avoids marrying the first man she meets. She's very right, too. Most of them are mighty fine girls. You'll find brilliant ones in almost any group; girls who are really talented. It's a fine thing for them to live in a freer world. But the vast majority just follow the style while giving strict attention to their main object in life. They are doing fairly well, too. I haven't heard of any marriage bureau closing."

"What kind of wives will they make?" I asked, trying to look solemn.

"At the worst, just as good as ever lived," was the reply.

SAVED

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

WILLARD sat in a folding chair in the second row, his arms crossed and his feet sunk in the sawdust. On his right sat his mother, who reached up to her neck now and then to crease down the collar of her starched Mother Hubbard. On his left sat a tall woman with no lap, and thighs which might have been marble under her tightly drawn skirt. She held a handkerchief, neatly folded, which smelled of lilies-of-the-valley.

While the evangelist waited, his forehead in his hand, the choir sang very, very softly, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The song leader tiptoed back and forth in front of them, holding back the sound with his arms, tossing his long, wavy hair out of his eyes.

The lilies-of-the-valley reminded Willard of Myrtle. He could smell the drug-store and see the bottles of perfume tilted in their boxes, each crowned by a cap of white kid, and Myrtle's finger pointing to this and to that while she said to a customer, "How'd you like rose now, dearie?" For Myrtle had been selling perfume the first time he had seen her, and he had watched her while he waited for his mother's prescription. But he had been afraid to speak to her . . . then.

Tonight, after the meeting, he would make some excuse to his mother, and he would call at that drug-store for Myrtle. He knew how secretly she would look at him as she took down her hat. Out on the sidewalk she would snuggle up while he took her arm, and she would say, "Oh, honey, I'm dead tired tonight," as they strolled toward her rooming house.

The choir began "In the Swee-ee-eet Bye and Bye." The voices slid plaintively, deliciously from note to note. A hundred cardboard fans beat the air, keeping time, and the lilies-of-the-valley blew toward Willard in little gusts. The scalloped edge of the tent flapped in the hot wind; the long strings of electric lights swayed back and forth. Willard, as excited as if Myrtle were close to him, squirmed, and wiped his wet palms with his handkerchief.

When the piano began, "Alas! And Did My Saviour Bleed?" the evangelist raised his head. Willard didn't feel like singing. He stood, not too erect, with his hands resting on the back of the chair in front, and wondered if Myrtle would like the bracelets he had bought for her. He had held back a dollar from the wages he turned over to his mother that he might buy six of them, of various colors, intended to be worn all together on one arm. Willard shivered as he imagined them on Myrtle's white arm. They would shake down to her elbow when she threw up her arms and Willard supposed they would tinkle a little. Maybe he would feel them pressing into the back of his neck. He would kiss Myrtle, if he felt like it, under the ear.

> At the cross, at the cross,
> Where I first saw the light,
> And the burden of my heart rolled away. . . .

Willard shifted feet. He wished it would stop. It was like seeing Myrtle behind the counter without being able to touch her.

The prayer was better because he didn't have to listen. Instead, he looked around. He saw old Mr. Palmer leaning forward so that his cheek rested on his cane and his whiskers covered his hand. He saw Mrs.

Herman, with her seven little girls, and the baby at her breast. He saw people he didn't know tiptoeing out with crying babies over their shoulders.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again!

Myrtle's voice, pleading, "If we could only be . . . you know . . . married!" And his own voice, shrill in spite of his efforts to keep it down, "Well, you see I promised mama I wouldn't until I was twenty-one."

Myrtle had said, "Two years, duckie!"

And he had said, "That's too long for us, you baby, you sweet baby." Myrtle had cried for some reason when he had taken hold of her.

II

Now they were singing, "Shall We Gather at the River," the ladies first, then the gentlemen, then all together, with the song leader's voice topping the rest triumphantly. . . . "Yes, we'll gather at the river. . . ." The music brought back the funeral of Willard's little sister, years ago, the perfume of carnations, the unbearable sound of his mother's sobbing, and, for no reason he understood, Myrtle's hands reaching for his across the table in her room. It was the first night she had let him come. Myrtle had taken two bottles of ginger ale from the drug store to accompany Willard's first pint of corn liquor. They had not wanted to be wicked so much as courageous, able to forget for once Willard's shrill voice and his sallow skin and the sleaziness of Myrtle's silk stockings. So they had sipped their highballs quite jauntily for a time, until Myrtle had held out her hands and said, almost crying, "I don't believe we had better drink any more, honey." Willard had laughed.

The audience was getting settled for the sermon. The choir laid aside the hymn books, the leader smoothed back his hair and folded his arms complacently, the evangelist rose slowly to his feet. He was a powerful man with brilliant eyes which sifted the audience person by person, and rested at last on Willard. "Brother," said the preacher, leaning across the reading stand and pointing his finger directly at Willard, "Brother, where are you going to spend eternity? In Heaven with the angels? or in that place of which it is said, 'Their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched'?"

Once Myrtle had sobbed as someone behind him was sobbing now. "Dearie, sometimes I'm scared," she had whispered.

Willard hadn't known what to answer because he was himself scared. He was crazy about her, just crazy . . . and yet he was afraid. Sixteen dollars a week . . . and his mother. And he didn't have luck like the other fellows. Besides, Myrtle wasn't his mother's kind; she wouldn't want to scrub and shovel coal and clean up after boarders. "Dearie, sometimes I'm scared."

"Aw, cut it out," he had said.

That was the night when he had carried away Myrtle's little comb, a red comb which folded into a celluloid case, such a comb as girls used for their bobbed hair. Myrtle had run it through his hair that night while he sat on the floor with his head in her lap. She had tied red tissue paper over the electric-light bulb because the room became, then, dim and mysterious, like the love scenes in the movies. In that ruddy light they might have been anywhere. The water dripping in the bathtub down the hall might have been a fountain in a garden. Everything was different.

"I'll make a lot of money some of these days," Willard had boasted, and he had believed it at the time. "And we'll go to Paris, shall we?"

"Willard, I want to go so bad that sometimes I cry. I do, honest. When I see Gloria Swanson's clothes and the way she walks, with her head like a queen's. . . . Oh, Willard, I just can't stand it for always in this town. You don't think it's bad, do you? to want clothes and things?"

"Naw!" Willard had told her. "And I'll buy them for you too, if I ever get my chance. Only you've got to be a good kid and not like anybody but me."

"I won't . . . ever," Myrtle had promised. "Not anybody but you. You've been awful sweet to me. You're all I've got."

Willard had taken the comb away in his pocket, and when he had gone to bed in the little room that opened from his mother's kitchen, he had taken it out and combed his own hair, trying to recall the illusion of that earlier hour. He had failed, of course, without Myrtle or the red tissue paper, and in disgust he had let the comb drop to the floor, where his mother had found it in the morning. She had said, "Willard, where did you get that thing?"

"I found it in the street," he had answered. But he knew by the gingerly way she picked it up and threw it out among the tin cans that she didn't believe him.

All through breakfast she had been silent, occasionally wiping her eyes on her apron. But when Willard got up, she had said, "You leave women alone, do you hear? It was women ruined your papa . . . women and drink."

That had happened a month or more ago. Slowly Willard came back to the present scene. The evangelist was talking about sins. One by one he was checking them off. Greed, the lust for money, for power, the lure of the gambling den, fine clothes, silk stockings, Paris. Willard looked down at his trousers, which flared at the bottom, and his shiny yellow shoes. . . . "Where their worm dieth not . . ." He rubbed his chin, smooth from the razor, and found it clammy like rubber.

Strong drink . . . the cup that polluteth. Old Mr. Palmer sighed and groaned at the description of the drunkard, bleary-eyed, filthy, staggering home through the night to his wife and babies. Willard's father had come home drunk once or twice, bleary-eyed, perhaps, but very happy. Willard remembered seeing him lurch into the bedroom and sit down on the bed to laugh. He had told some very funny stories. He had been generous, too, to the extent of handing Willard's mother a five-dollar bill.

Willard's mother had said, "Ain't I got enough to stand without your coming home drunk? Ain't I, now? Shaming yourself before your son, too. And I wearing my fingers to the bone over the washing and the cooking." His father had laughed at that until he had fallen over onto the pillow. But Willard's mother had never forgotten it, and when his father was dying with that cancer in his stomach, she had told him over and over again, "You have no one to thank for this but yourself . . . you and your liquor and your women."

The preacher reached Myrtle at last. To save his soul Willard could not get away from his eyes. He dodged behind Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Palmer leaned forward to spit in the sawdust. He tried looking at the string of electric lights, but the rhythm of their swaying made him feel sick. He examined his finger nails and the end of his necktie and the toes of his yellow oxfords, but all the time he knew that the evangelist was watching him. He had to look up in the end. All over the tent men were coughing and women were crying. . . . The dance . . . the seduction of painted lips . . . a kiss . . . the arms of the scarlet woman. . . .

He had danced with Myrtle . . . admission fifty cents and ladies free. They had been one body instead of two. He had been conscious at first of her hand and the muscles of her back, but he had forgotten her altogether after a while, and had known only that he liked to dance.

The preacher's finger beat in time to his words. "Sinners! Let me say it again. Listen to the prophecy . . . 'where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.' . . . Brother, will that be said of you?" He began pointing here and there in the audience. "Of you? . . . of you? . . . of you?"

It seemed to Willard that the lilies-of-the-valley became a hundred times more penetrating; the scalloped edge of the tent flapped more violently; the cardboard fans

increased the frenzy of their rhythm; the strings of lights swung back and forth as if some human emotion were beating through the wire.

He pointed at Willard last of all. For an instant Willard thought he had spoken his name. He felt that he ought to get up out of his chair, like a man he had seen hypnotised at a show once—get up and walk straight toward that motionless finger. It dropped at last and the speaker's voice changed. He was pleading now, coaxing, praying for repentance. "Brother, will you come and confess your sins? Will you let Him wash them away? Can you deny Him? Dare you deny Him?"

Willard's whole body was wet with perspiration. So furiously was the blood beating behind his eyes that the evangelist became a blur, distorted, gigantic. The voice rose again. . . . "Come! you who believe, you who would be saved, come to the Mercy Seat."

III

The meeting dissolved in tears and prayers and stumbling creatures crowding forward. The woman on Willard's left pushed past him, and took away with her the lilies-of-the-valley. Willard noticed the bulging of her breast and the surprising slenderness of her ankles. He shuddered.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath its flood
Lose all their guilty stains. . . .

Old Mr. Palmer was crying. He had no handkerchief and the tears ran down on his mohair coat. Willard saw, drunkenly, the loose skin of his cheeks, and the creases, diamond shaped, like a lattice, in his neck. Disgust rose in his throat. His own hands, he realized, were soft and flabby. He was ashamed of them, and of his face, smooth like a girl's. Myrtle had put her hands on his cheeks. "Love me, kid?" he had asked her, huskily.

"You bet."

Willard knelt in the sawdust. The tears were running between his fingers down his wrists, under the cuffs of his shirt. Over him floated the muted voices of the choir.

Just as I am,
Without one plea,
But that Thy blood
Was shed for me. . . .

When he reached for his handkerchief, the six little bracelets rolled out of his pocket and laid gleaming on the sawdust.

"God, Mama!" said Willard hoarsely, "There *was* a woman!"

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Crooked Criticism.—It is the practice of a certain arm of American criticism to estimate an artist not by the best piece of work he has ever done, but by the poorest. His highest level of achievement is conveniently forgotten, and emphasis allowed to rest instead upon his inferior work. This is particularly true where the artist's fine achievement bears a relatively early date mark and where his weaker efforts belong to the more immediate present. It has always seemed to me that an artist justifies himself before the world if he produces one good thing in his life, no matter how many bad things he produces either before or after it. Yet an artist is seldom criticized from this point of view in America. Let the author of "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt" write so much as a single negligible article for a popular magazine by way of laying in enough money for the Winter coal and a case of decent Scotch, and a score of critics will jump on his neck and announce loudly that there is nothing in the fellow, that he has been greatly overestimated, and that the embalmer is already impatiently waiting for him in the vestibule. Let the sculptor of Lincoln turn out a couple of busts of Abram S. Hewitt and Blair Thaw, and a dozen critics will let out a sardonic cackle and shout that the fellow is a false-alarm and should be exiled to some remote plaster-of-paris *Fabrik*. Artists are not to be criticized thus. If they were to be, the critics would be justified in laughing themselves to death over the later Schumann who composed "Genoveva," the Ibsen who wrote the epic, "Terje Vigen," the poem, "Paa Vidderne," and the drama, "De Unges Forbund," and the God who, after creating Galileo, Michelangelo, Shakespeare and Napoleon Bonaparte, turned out Vice-President Dawes.

A Forgotten Man.—With monuments being erected monthly all over the land to such members of the nation's illustrious deceased as second-rate New England poets, Civil War profiteers, medicine-men of the Ojibway tribe, presidents of tank-town colleges, founders of orphan asylums and builders of the Gowanus Canal, I put in a demand that one man who has been completely overlooked by the memento professors be honored at once with a tasty statue, monument, obelisk or horse-hitching post. I allude to the late Hon. Charles C. Hall, inventor of the modern collar-button, a man who did more for his fellow Americans than all the statues that ever stuck hands into Prince Alberts or pointed prognosticating fingers at amatory couples on the park benches. Among the services rendered by Americans to their countrymen, none is more important than that rendered by Hall. To say against his service that it was an obvious one and one that must have been rendered at one time or another by some other man if Hall hadn't got there first, is as idiotic as to argue that if Balboa hadn't discovered the Pacific Ocean, Hiram Johnson would have in due time. Hall made the egg stand, and to Hall goes the credit.

Yet Hall, like many another such man, is neglected and memorials are erected instead to individuals who deserve them much less than he does. A rich marble shaft is put up in honor of a dog whose barking saved the lives of two osteopaths, three Elks and a pretzel manufacturer when

a house burned down, and the man who invented and gave the lead pencil to the world is allowed to rot forgotten in his grave. Monuments are raised in honor of William Cullen Bryant, Horace Mann, Maria Mitchell, Oscar S. Straus and Pawnee Bill, and the memory of the men who gave America the Pullman club-car, the steam radiator, the curved tooth-brush, the coat-shirt, the Boston garter, Michelob beer, open plumbing, the modern envelope and witch hazel is left to the worms.

The After-Life.—The doctrine of after-life, as expounded by the rev. clergy, is based upon the optimistic theory that if the cook drops a cheap china soup-plate, breaks it into a hundred pieces and lets them lie on the floor long enough, they will shortly, after the mistress of the house has stopped crying, re-synthetize themselves in the form of a beautiful Sèvres vase.

Veritas in Vino.—One of the greatest schnitzels of balderdash that has rattled down the ages in proverb form is to the effect that in wine there is truth. In other words, that when a man is in his cups, his speech and action break loose from their erstwhile anchorage of deceit and promptly take on a mantle of veracity and plain dealing. I do not go so far as to say that, in the way of minor detail, a deplorably fried gent may not conduct himself in the light of his real nature and character; what I do say is that for one man who is brought to talk and act honestly by contact with ethyl alcohol, there are a hundred who, as a result of the same contact, are converted into even bigger frauds and liars, psychically, physically, rationally, emotionally and every other way, than they were before.

The effect of intoxicating liquids upon the average man, as anyone who takes the trouble to investigate the matter will quickly observe, is to exaggerate in him all his qualities of pretense and simultaneously to reduce in him all his qualities of forthrightness and probity. The only difference between a liar sober and a liar drunk is that, when sober, he lies to deceive others and that, when drunk, he lies to deceive himself. Give the average man half a dozen cocktails and he will promptly proceed to a vast bragging about himself and about his prowess in the courts of Mars, Venus and Babbitt. Sober, he appreciates full well the truth of the fact that his wife can lick him with a single quick left to the jaw, but, oiled, he presents himself as the superior of Harry Wills. Sober, he truthfully appreciates that his bank account is overdrawn; pickled, he tosses money hither and thither like the millionaire he would like to be and like to have his friends believe him to be. Sober, he truthfully appreciates that, as a lover, he is about on a par with an octogenarian Eskimo; stewed, he recommends himself to whatever fair creature happens to be sitting across the table from him as a cross between the San Francisco earthquake and the Chicago fire.

Alcohol, in short, is the greatest inducer of fake and falsehood known to man. It converts the hard, clear-seeing realist into a moist-eyed romantic, the doltish clam into a pseudo-philosophical chowder, the mountebank into an even worse mountebank. If it were the sesame to truth that legend has made it, the crowded law courts might be cleared in a few hours simply by keeping a couple of cases of synthetic gin handy to the witness-box. How the legend started, it is difficult to make out. A good guess is that it was floated by some percipient stews who, realizing that they were actually of utterly no importance in the world, sought to have the world accept them at their soused face-value.

Jazz.—The current indignations of certain musicians on the subject of jazz and their disposition to place it in the musical category somewhere between Schönberg and the American Can Company need not unduly alarm composers who are working seriously in the field. The latter may com-

fortably reflect that even Haydn joined Albrechtsberger in condemning in no uncertain critical language the license and lawlessness of the destroyer of forms named Beethoven, that Wagner and his disciples considered Brahms something of a jackanapes, that the operas of Wagner himself were rejected by opera-house manager after opera-house manager as being utterly impossible and that when "Tannhäuser" was produced in Paris the critics threw so many dead cats onto the stage that it was withdrawn after three performances, that the musicians of the time actually at first refused to dignify the new-fangled instrumental tremolos of Monteverde by consenting to play them, and that some of the professors still swoon and yell for the smelling salts when anyone mentions the name of Richard Strauss.

The Civilized Man.—The phrase, "civilized man," appears to bother certain readers of this magazine; a number of letters come in demanding an explanation. I venture a definition. The civilized man is one who believes that the pursuit of truth is the noblest of human occupations, but who freely confesses that, were he to catch up with it, he wouldn't know it if he saw it.

System.—I recently had occasion to do some business with a shop whose proprietors and managers boast that it is the most perfectly systematized establishment of its kind in New York. These gentlemen have spent three years, they say, in working out every last detail of their business machine so that it will give every last drop of service to themselves and to their customers. Time clocks, checking devices, filing cabinets and mechanical aids of every sort give the place the look of a suave boiler-works; the over-clerks, under-clerks and mid-level clerks have been trained with the precision of German lieutenants; the cab-starter wears as many medals as General Foch. Thousands upon thousands of dollars, in short, have been spent to make the store click like an automatic pistol. "All this," run the firm's advertisements, "promises those who deal with us the ultimate in satisfaction." The other day, as I say, I made a minor business transaction with the firm. It would take ten days, the person in charge of the department assured me, to fill my order. I needed what I needed in less time, but I understood, in turn, the shop's need for more time, so assented. At the expiration of the ten days, I called up the store and asked if my order was ready. I was assured that, true to the promise given me, it was. I asked that it be sent to me that day without fail, as I had immediate need of it. But, I was told, the delivery boys had already left; it was then four o'clock in the afternoon; and my order therefore couldn't be delivered until the following morning. I requested that the shop have a boy bring the order around to me; it would take only a few minutes, as I lived not three blocks away. That could not be done, I was told, as the organization had no provision for such deliveries; all deliveries had to be made according to the set and systematized schedule. I went to the shop, got my order, and that is the last that particular perfectly systematized establishment will ever see of me.

This is the sixth time in the last two years that such admirable systematization in six different establishments has lost a hitherto steady customer in me. The trouble with these highly perfected business organizations is a simple one. They work as perfectly as so many machines and, like machines, they lack all personal sense and discrimination. Their managers are tickled to death by the accuracy of service, as it is reported to them on the daily charts, but these managers never know how this very accuracy has alienated customers in one way or another, for the reason that a disgruntled customer usually shuts up and takes his patronage somewhere else. The theory that the way to please a customer is to lay in a patent bundle-wrapper that will tie up his purchase in two minutes, to train the clerk to discourse amiably with

him on the British foreign policy while he is waiting and then to have him politely bowed out by a floorwalker with a gardenia in his buttonhole is not quite as sound as the system professors believe it is. The way to please a customer is not to do everything that he expects the shop to do —the customer takes that as a matter of course; the way to please him is to do various small things that he doesn't expect it to do. But these small things the perfectly systematized shops never take into consideration. And, as a result, they lose customers every day to the little unsystematized concerns who kick the system professors, salesmen of triplicate checking-books, installers of self-opening showcases, inventors of automatic goods-packers and other such up-to-the-minute nuisances out into the street and install in the stead of them and their devices a little old-fashioned trading common sense and a little old-fashioned understanding of human nature. The simple old-time little cigar store presided over by the amiable Gustav Schultzes kept its customers until they died or were sent to jail. The systematized modern cigar stores, with their interiors equipped with every device known to Efficiency, save only the forgotten one of the personal equation, lose theirs weekly. And it is the same with every other kind of shop.

Opera in English.—Nothing could be more provincial and absurd than the current demand that opera drop its born umlauts and accents and acquire, for the greater delectation of the Anglo-Saxon, an English speech. Opera in English is, in the main, just about as sensible a plea as baseball in Italian. The opera is not an Anglo-Saxon art form and to attempt arbitrarily, for patriotic reasons, to make it one is akin to Germanizing Georgian architecture or Frenchifying American jazz. The notion that you can get, say, French opera in English by the simple trick of translating, for example, "Les Huguenots" into English is like the notion that you can get American comedy in French by translating George Ade's "College Widow" into French and having the football team wear the Sorbonne colors. What results, obviously, is a hybrid, as unpersuasive and unconvincing as an Englishman talking American slang or a German wearing a monocle. The notion, further, that the way to get opera in English is to have the librettos written by English-speaking artists is a good notion so far as it goes, but an equally good notion is to have English-speaking artists first write music as good as Wagner's, Mozart's or even Papa Meyerbeer's.

Gaul and Anglo-Saxon.—The Englishman and American write of women as men know them; the Frenchman writes of women as women know them.

Advance of Sociological Criticism in America —From recently available statistics for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1924, we learn that there were 27 murders in London, 32 in Berlin and 59 in Paris, while New York showed a grand total of 333.

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 98

Some time ago I had occasion to go to Annapolis, Md., the seat of the United States Naval Academy. I found the town very wet, but that is not the point. What I want to report is the discovery of a village named Gott in the Maryland wilds, somewhere between Annapolis and Baltimore. And what I want to ask is, Is this the only place named after Jehovah in the United States? I have never heard of another. Somehow, it seems strange. This is the greatest Christian country in the world. Shouldn't there be a town named after God in every State? It would be only polite.

L. M. PALMER, *Philadelphia*

QUERY NO. 99

Is there any record in the literature of psychical research of messages from the spirits of the following: Admiral Dewey, Dwight L. Moody, Lillian Russell, Buffalo Bill, William Jennings Bryan? If so, what have they to say?

AMERICAN IDEALIST,
Hohenzollern, Neb.

QUERY NO. 100

The word *hijacker*, used to designate an outlaw bootlegger who holds up and robs respectable members of the profession, gives me puzzlement. Was it suggested by *highbinder*? If so, how did the *high* get itself changed to *hi*? The word is in none of the dictionaries, yet I find it in the newspapers almost every day.

PEDANT, *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

QUERY NO. 101

Can anyone tell me if an adequate bibliography of Sinclair Lewis has been printed —that is, one listing his early contributions to magazines? If so, where?

LESTER B. MARSH, *Buffalo*

QUERY NO. 102

Who translated and who published a German translation of Carl Schurz's "Life of Abraham Lincoln"? I had it about 1909 and cannot get another copy.

ALEX VONNEGUT, *Indianapolis*

QUERY NO. 103

Can anyone explain the chemical reaction set up by the insertion of a red hot poker into a jug of cider, moderately hard? The practice is quite common in the Central Pennsylvania hills, but none of the pseudo-chemists there is able to tell how (if at all) the alcoholic content is increased, which is the apparent purpose of this procedure.

WILLIAM G. MCKEE, *Lewiston, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 104

Some grammarian, I hope, may be able to solve the following problem, which has been troubling me for some time. My bepuzzlement has to do with the classification of the word *away*, in a sentence like the following: "That year away from home was unique in my experience so far."

I have consulted Webster's New International Dictionary, Funk and Wagnalls'

Standard Dictionary, and the Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia, and I find that they all, more or less closely, agree on the following:

1. that *away* is an adverb, or prepositional phrase used as an adverb;
2. that it has the following meanings:
   a. from a place; hence; as, *go away;*
   b. aside; in another direction; as, *he turned his eyes away;*
   c. from one's possession; as, *take it away from him;*
   d. from a state, or condition, of being into extinction or termination; out of existence; as, *the sound faded away;*
   e. on; in continuance; without intermission or delay; as, *sing away;* colloquial;
   f. absent; gone; at a distance; as, *the master is away from home.*

The last meaning is obviously the one which applies in the sentence I quote. I can't see, however, what word in the sentence it could possibly modify: there is no verb, adjective, or adverb which it could modify, and still make sense.

The words *absent* and *gone* are given as synonyms in all the dictionaries. Bear in mind that *away* is given only as an adverb. Yet *absent* is given only as an adjective, and *gone* is, of course, the past participle of *to go*, and is therefore also an adjective. If I could call *away* an adjective, my problem would be settled. What right have the dictionaries to use adjectives as synonyms for an adverb? Or have they been careless in forgetting to note that *away* is an adjective as well as an adverb?

Can anyone refer me to an authority where this matter is intelligently and completely treated?

LAWRENCE E. BLISS, *Elmhurst, Ill.*

QUERY NO. 105

Can anyone tell me what has become of Anna Elizabeth Dickinson, born in 1842 and celebrated around the time of the Civil War as the "girl orator"? She wrote several plays, a novel and some essays. The latest mention I can find of her is in Who's Who for 1910–11, where her address is given as 1065 Forrest avenue, New York City, but the editor of that publication has no later information about her.

BASIL H. PILLARD, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 106

Readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY acquainted with ballads such as "Frankie and Johnnie" and "Lydia Pinkham" can do their bit for the advancement of American literature by sending contributions to the undersigned. Cowboy, soldier and sailor songs are especially desired.

WILLIAM DUNCAN,
Box 407, Pittsford, N. Y.

QUERY NO. 107

Why doesn't some one show up England's Great Thinker, George Bernard Shaw? There have been a few critics who have noticed his emptiness, but no one, so far as I know, has done a clean job of him. As he grows older, Bernard seems to get emptier and emptier: I defy any one to point out one new idea or even the semblance of one in "Saint Joan" or "Back to Methuselah." Ah, if Poe were alive today, and if he read a little more and drank just a bit less than was normal with him, he would rip hell out of him! . . . If the gods chew, I am sure they would not give two spits of B. L. plug for all the so-called ideas that Shaw has scribbled on the tons of good paper that make up his books.

JAMES SLOTNICK, *Shelby, Mont.*

QUERY NO. 108

Does anyone know whether there is any truth in the following two stories that are told about the Chinese? I have always doubted their truth, believing, as I do, that such sublime wisdom as they exemplify is not to be encountered, even in China, this side of paradise. The stories:

(*a*) In China the law is that when a bank fails, the president of the bank is led immediately to the chopping block, where he parts company with his head. The result of this law, it is said, has been to make bank failures practically unknown in China.

(*b*) Chinese physicians are paid only when their patients are well, and if they become ill the doctors' fees stop.

P. L. White, *Des Moines, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 109

Will some pathologist or theologian or philologian or chiropractor tell me why all kettle-drummers are bald? I have yet to see one who has more than thirteen hairs on his head.

Abraham Woolf, *San Francisco*

QUERY NO. 110

Is there any other translation of Martin Del Rio's "Disquisitiorum Magicarum" (1593) besides the abridged one by Duchesne (1611)?

Henry J. Crawford,
Cambridge, Mass.

QUERY NO. 111

Does anyone know the origin of the crossing the line ceremonies that take place whenever a ship crosses the equator? Various authorities whom I have consulted are at a loss to explain them.

Frederick Fish, *San Diego, Calif.*

QUERY NO. 112

I find to my astonishment that neither the New English Dictionary nor Thornton's American Glossary lists the word *bootlegger*. It is, of course, in the new *College* Standard Dictionary, but without any indication of its etymology and history. What I want to know is, when was it first used, and by whom? It seems to have come from the Far West. But it was certainly in use here in Kansas in 1885, when I began to notice things.

Halsey J. Curtis, *Atchison, Kan.*

QUERY NO. 113

Where can I obtain a portrait of the late Leon Czolgosz?

K. G. S., *Helena, Mont.*

QUERY NO. 114

When I was last in Boston a friend of mine, who is an Episcopal minister and who would no more tell a lie than a Prohibition agent would tell the truth, informed me that he had conclusive evidence that Mary Baker Eddy was not the author of "Science and Health" but that the real author was some Protestant clergyman. My friend even gave me the name of this clergyman, but I cannot recall it. Can someone tell me who he was and where I can find information on this matter?

I. K. Schwimmer, *Minneapolis*

QUERY NO. 115

Has anyone ever investigated the question whether the higher anthropoid apes and the lowest races of man are mutually fertile? I read a newspaper article on the subject a long while ago, saying that some French scientists were going to the Congo to conduct experiments. But I have seen no report of the results. Maybe some scientific reader can help me.

K. K. K., *Jackson, Miss.*

QUERY NO. 116

Who is Lorna Doone Beers? Is this a pseudonym? Has she written anything except "Prairie Fires"?

N. R., *Hettinger, N. D.*

QUERY NO. 117

I should like to obtain information about the life and work of the Rev. Robert Taylor, A.B., M.R.C.S. (St. John's College, Cambridge), author of "The Diegesis" and "The Syntagma"; he was a freethinking writer of the early Nineteenth Century who suffered imprisonment in Oakham Gaol for his opinions. I would also like to know something about one Woolston or Wollaston, an Eighteenth Century Bible critic, apparently also a clergyman or ex-clergyman, who was mentioned by Swift in two of his poems.

Maynard Shipley, *San Francisco*

QUERY NO. 118

Many years ago there appeared in a Middle-West newspaper an effusion, written, it was said, by a cub reporter, the refrain being "And He Played on a Harp with a Thousand Strings." It purported to be the exhortations of a Mississippi river itinerant preacher-bootlegger. Has anyone a copy of it?

GEORGE E. CLANCY,
San Antonio, Texas

QUERY NO. 119

Will some lover of humorous literature give me some examples of self-parody? I have found one such performance: a poem by John Cleveland on Mark Antony is followed by "The Author's Mock to Mark Antony" (J. M. Berdan's "The Poems of John Cleveland," pp. 102, 104).

R. P. B., *Bloomington, Ind.*

QUERY NO. 120

Haldane, in "Daedalus," speaks of a notable ferro-concrete market place in Soissons. He considers the architect thereof the only one possessing a decent knowledge of the possibilities of the material. Can anyone give the name of this architect, or tell me where a picture of his opus is to be found?

HORACE BROOKS COOKE,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

QUERY NO. 121

Perhaps it is the fault of one of my chromosomes, or maybe it is due to my un-Christian upbringing—but I simply cannot see what enjoyment any intelligent man can get in collecting stamps or dead bugs or dried flowers or autographs or first editions. As for the stamp and dead bug and dried flower collectors—they are absolutely outside of my comprehension. As for the autograph hounds—well, I suppose a bricklayer's vanity is somewhat satisfied when he gets an autographed copy of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." But the bricklayer remains a bricklayer, and the autographed copy does not change him even into a chauffeur, and Dreiser certainly does not rise in his self-esteem by the knowledge that a bricklayer is treasuring a heavily dusted autographed copy of his book. . . . And will someone tell me what distinction or value there is in having a first edition of any famous book—particularly if the following editions are practically the same? As I say, this obtuseness of mine may be due to my low birth, or un-American education. Will some civilized person be good enough to enlighten me?

GUGLIELMO UMBERTO,
New York City

QUERY NO. 122

Where can I obtain an authoritative book on precious stones? And can someone give me the name of a book devoted to descriptions of daggers, knives, swords, etc.?

CHARLES SWENSON, *Chicago*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 6

"Classics of the Bar," by Alvin V. Sellers, was published by the Classic Publishing Company, Baxley, Georgia. One edition was also printed by the Trow Press, New York, in 1911.

JOHN H. MILEY, *Oklahoma City*

ANSWER NO. 16

Mr. Gordon Whyte is mistaken about the genesis of the song, "Everybody Works But Father." It was produced long before 1905; I recall hearing it in England in the eighties and nineties. It is true it was resuscitated by Lew Dockstader in 1905, but how Jean Havez could have been the author is beyond me.

HERBERT KIDD, *San Francisco*

ANSWER NO. 17

My father told me years ago that the origin of our family in America was this: Three brothers came here from Germany prior to the American Revolution. Two of them were sympathetic with the American cause and one of them unsympathetic. The one who was unsympathetic returned to the Old Country. The other two remained, and were supposed to have lived in Pennsylvania, afterwards spreading into the Northwest and the Southwest. . . . My father was born in Kentucky. I am quite sure that the name as it now appears is not exactly the name that was brought to America. But just what the change was, I do not know. . . . As near as I can tell, therefore, on my father's side I am of German descent, and on my mother's side of Irish—a rare combination.

WILLIAM E. BORAH, *Washington*

ANSWER NO. 29

I find on investigation that Dreiser's "Studies in Contemporary Celebrities" is not in the Library of Congress, and that no copyright entry for it has been made there. But a dealer in old books here in Washington tells me that he once saw a copy, and hints that there was racy stuff in it. In fact, he gives me to understand that the book deals with the sex life of the celebrities discussed—among them, Admiral Dewey, Jake Kilrain, Wilhelm II and Cipriano Castro. But of this I know nothing. I have never seen the book.

A DREISER FAN, *Washington*

ANSWER NO. 31

There are three claimants to the authorship of "John Brown's Body." The first is William Steffe, who is described by L. C. Elson in "The National Music of America" as "a popular Sunday-school composer." The second is Frank E. Jerome, an old-time minstrel man. The third is an anonymous Philadelphia composer. I incline to think that the last-named actually wrote the song. He was commissioned to do so by a volunteer fire company in Charleston, S. C., somewhere in the late fifties. The company was going to a convention and wanted an original song, and the Philadelphia unknown was hired to write it. It made a great success at the convention. By the beginning of 1861 it had traveled as far as Boston, and when the Boston Tigers were mustered in as part of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, the men took the song into camp. This was soon after the hanging of John Brown. In the ranks of the Tigers was a Scotch high private of the same name. The men spoofed him on the subject, pretending that they thought he was dead and expressing surprise at seeing him walking about. Thus the familiar words came into being. "John Brown's Body" in its new form was first sung in Boston on July 18, 1861, when the Hon. Edward Everett Hale presented a stand of colors to the Twelfth Massachusetts. A few days later the regiment landed in New York and marched up Broadway. The band struck up the song and 1940 voices sang it. On July 28, 1861, it was published in the New York *Tribune* and a short while later Oliver Ditson & Company published it and it spread throughout the country.

GUSTAV SCHWARTZ, *Toledo, O.*

ANSWER NO. 35

John Norton, a queer character who founded a Sunday newspaper named *Truth*, that caters to the morons of Australia, was the first man to popularize the word *wowser*. Among those who have adopted it are Hugh Walpole and H. G. Wells. The true origin of the word, however, is to be found in "The Dictionary of Old English Words and Phrases." The Cavaliers in their bacchanalian feasts used to be approached by the Roundheads with the words, "Wow, Sir (Stop, Sir)." It was not long, then, before the latter became known as "wow-sirs" and hence *wowser*.

By the way, to say that Australia is a country full of Methodists is wrong. For

every Methodist here there are at least six healthy red-noses.

L. Woolacott, *Sydney, Australia*

ANSWER NO. 37

The statement that Franklin sold indecent books is utterly without foundation. The advertisements in his paper, the Pennsylvania *Gazette*, offered no indecent books for sale. Franklin was largely dependent on the Quakers for success in the publishing and printing business as well as for his continuance in office as the public printer of the Province. He would, therefore, not have dared to offend the Quakers, who professed a strict morality.

Lewis J. Carey, *Evanston, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 39

I rise in defense of the word "chicken" as applied to a young person of the feminine gender. The word, used in this sense, has been good, honest English for quite two centuries and carries with it no opprobrious implication. Dr. Johnson published his Dictionary in 1755; in it he defines the word chicken as "a word of tenderness; a term for a young person."

The great lexicographer illustrates by quoting these lines by Dean Swift:

> Then Chloe, still go on to prate
> Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
> Pursue your trade of scandal picking,
> Your hints that Stella is no chicken.

This definition and illustration are carried forward with approval by Worcester (1877) and Webster (1882). If the good doctor were alive, he would thunder with indignation and reach for the stout cudgel with which he trudged down Fleet street, were he to hear it suggested that the word chicken, in the above sense, belongs to "the American vulgate," or that it means now or ever meant harlot.

Jules C. Rosenberger, *Kansas City*

ANSWER NO. 41

Frank Harris the anonymous author of "By an Unknown Disciple"? Preposterous! Among those "in the know" it is generally agreed that the author of "By an Unknown Disciple" was Lily Dougall, an Englishwoman who died a year or so ago. Miss Dougall, in collaboration with Cyril W. Emmet, also wrote "The Lord of Thought," published in 1922 by Doran.

D. A., *Wilton, Conn.*

ANSWER NO. 44

The Chicago *Tribune* headline—MIDWAY SIGNS LIMEY PROF. TO DOPE YANK TALK—which "Grammarian" professes to find meaningless is good American enlivened by faint traces of sporting page and nautical influence. *Midway* means University of Chicago; *signs* means engages; *limey* means English, and is here used as an adjective though usually a noun. *Limey* is a shortened form of *lime-juicer*, which means an Englishman. The term was first applied to English seamen, because English sailing vessels were accustomed to carry among their stores quantities of lime juice for use as a preventive of scurvy when the supply of fresh vegetables was exhausted. *To dope* means to make a careful study of a matter. *Yank talk* means American English.

The headline therefore means: The University of Chicago has enlisted the aid of an English scholar in order that we may better understand this American language with which "Grammarian" has such difficulty.

Non-Grammarian, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 45

To "Scavenger's" *slenderize* I beg to add the following elegant novelties:

Fitments: a new synonym for *fittings* or *fixtures*, found in the advertising of an electric supply house.

Electrologist: a new name for the union man who puts in wires.

Frigidaire: the name of a new refrigerator which makes its own ice.

Heatrola: the name of a new furnace, outwardly resembling a victrola.

Mummy, *Baltimore, Md.*

ANSWER NO. 46

Pep as a synonym for sprightliness is derived from the expression "full of pep." It was first current in the horse marts by reason of a practice of injecting pepper into the colon of an indolent horse. Pepper, properly applied, makes old Dobbin step high, wide and handsome, not because he is feeling fettle but because he is feeling fearful. Pepper was thus used to impress favorably customers who wanted to buy a spirited horse at a bargain. It followed that when some one would move around the stables with noticeable alacrity the sophisticated were wont to remark "Dat guy's full of pep."

H. McCarthy, *St. Paul, Minn.*

ANSWER NO. 47

The version of "Carcassonne" which Mr. James Clay Elliott sent in misses entirely the spirit of the poem. It does not follow the meter of the original, and thereby the haunting melody of it all is lost. It is not a close translation, but perhaps rather a close imitation.

Mr. Burton Stevenson, in his "Home Book of Verse," uses the virtually perfect translation by John R. Thompson, who has preserved the exquisite verse form of the original. He has kept the lilting melody and the wistfulness, the hopelessness and withal the resignation of the poem, and he has kept that spirit visible which must lie in every one of us who believes—knows—that he has not seen Carcassonne. Mr. Thompson, by the way, has caught the exact idiom of a none-too-easily-translatable line. "Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans" might carelessly be translated as "I'm sixty years," but Mr. Thompson keeps the form "I've sixty years,"—an idiomatic phrasing current in our American language by transplantation and in common use in my youth. My grandmother, for instance, would ask me how old I was. If I had remembered her teaching I replied, "I *have* six years." Gone, alas, are all the old, familiar phrases! . . . Mrs. Sherwood, by the way, translates in the version Mr. Elliott sent in *soixante* as *eighty*.

Harry Persons Taber,
Wilmington, Del.

ANSWER NO. 51

Pawnee Bill (Major J. W. Lilley) resides on his buffalo ranch at Pawnee, Oklahoma.

W. L., *Norman, Okla.*

Twenty-three plays of Menander were saved from the Alexandrian conflagration; none has yet reached Broadway, but it is reported that the Eunuchus, a comedy mistakenly attributed to Terence, may be given this season in a modern setting, all the characters wearing golf clothes.

Leon Barry, *Mauch Chunk, Pa.*

ANSWER NO. 53

Fat little Cupid always gives the big fat man the merry ha! ha! and tells him to go chase himself. The few stoutish Romeos sung in song and story have only been Romeos in their own fat minds. Where are their Juliets?

The physiological reason underlying the worthlessness of fat men as amorists is their inability to run without getting winded. Every woman likes to be swiftly chased over hill and dale and babbling brooks and she simply can't imagine the fat man as a long distance chaser; a hundred yard dash at the most is all she thinks he is good for. Hence it comes to pass that the fat man never gets a real honest-to-God chance to be a regular Don Juan, because no nice, lithe, sweet, little willowy girl will ever take him seriously enough to make a bluff of running away from him.

J. G. Wilson, *Los Angeles*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Hamlet Du Jour

To DEMAND that a critic should on all occasions go to the play without prejudice is to demand that the critic, as a sensitive human being, should not feel itchy at eight-thirty of any specific evening after twenty or thirty years of uninterrupted residence in a mosquito swamp. To ask a critic to approach a dramatic exhibit with a mind purged of all prejudice is to indicate a man upon whom culture, training, perception and experience have made and left not the slightest impression, in short, a man who takes with him to the theatre a mind as open, and as empty, as a Boston art gallery. The critic who approaches the theatre or anything else with a mind completely free from prejudice, granting that such a critic exists, is simply a blockhead and so equipped perfectly only for the criticizing of political speeches, moving pictures, radio programmes and Charleston contests. Prejudice is as natural to the cultivated mind as garters are to socks. There are, to be sure, certain excellent adult gentlemen who maintain that they approach a work of art utterly without preconceived opinions, but there are also certain otherwise excellent adult gentlemen who boast that Dr. Pearl in his "Biology of Population Growth" has unbelievably underestimated their virtuosity as *beaux sabreurs*. Prejudice is the salt of the intellect. The intelligent man is, out of the very necessity of his intelligence, a bundle of presumptions and predilections, many of them trustworthy and eminently valid. His mind, of course, is open to new ideas, new philosophies and new convictions, but they must first pass through the breastworks of the sum of his antecedent learning, reflection and deduction. The surface of his mind is open and receptive, but the under-layers are more or less tough with the lessons of knowledge and experience and with the carefully built up tissues of taste.

Thus, to expect a critic to approach an exhibition of "Hamlet" in modern clothes with his mind not pretty well made up in advance that the presentation will be ridiculous is like expecting a man to approach a circus with his mind not pretty well made up in advance that the tent will hardly smell like a bed of roses. The critic may, with a certain amount of reason, be expected to know that it will be as absurd to picture a figure out of Danish saga in the manner and dress of contemporary civilization as it would be to costume "Is Zat So?" in the manner of the early Vikings. To take a character out of the legend and history of centuries long gone and to present him, and the persons around him, as a modern character is, in the critic's prejudice, quite as apt as the imagination that would picture Saxo-Grammaticus as the editor of the *American Magazine* or Belleforest as the leader of a jazz band. But it will be said to the critic that it is less the figure out of legend and history than the figure Shakespeare created whom he is asked to regard as a modern figure, and that, further, since the play of Shakespeare is universal in its implications, there is full justice in ridding it of the garments of a specific period and in vesting it with those of any period, including that of today. To which the critic will quite properly answer: cranberries. For the critic will say that, if this kind of argument is worth anything, he can see no reason why, if it be pushed to its logical conclusion, it wouldn't also be an excellent idea to dress up Shakespeare's Richard III in khaki and a Sam Browne belt and shift the scene from

Bosworth Field to Belleau Wood. And if the critic's retort fails to have the necessary effect, he may take another hitch in his trousers and inquire further wherein precisely lies the universal applicability of a play in which a young man goes crazy because his father has been murdered, because his mother then marries his uncle, because his best girl also goes crazy, because graveyards are full of low comedians and because everyone poisons or stabs everyone else within a radius of fifty miles; and wherein, in addition, lies the modernity of a play in which intelligent people actually see ghosts and carry on long conversations with them and in which the same persons invite sixteen-year-old girls to parties at which the entertainment consists chiefly of descriptions of what goes on in lovers' beds and of wise-cracks about incest and adultery.

Surely, the critic must be antecedently as opposed to such monkeyshines as he would be to a production of "Ben Hur" in which Rolls-Royces were substituted for the chariots and in which the Saviour was made up to look like the Rev. Dr. C. F. Reisner. That "Hamlet" was presented in Shakespeare's time in the habiliments of the Elizabethan day doesn't persuade him any more than that men used to play women's parts in the day of the Greeks. That Garrick played Macbeth made up like a Knight of Pythias doesn't persuade him of anything more than that Garrick was by way of being something of a jackass. And that "Hamlet" is timeless doesn't persuade him that this is any more sound reason for arbitrarily making it timely by dressing it in modern clothes and with such modern appurtenances as the telephone, Smith and Wesson revolvers and whiskeys and soda than there would be for making such an equally timeless play as "The First Year" more universal by taking out the telephone and the Grand Rapids furniture and dressing it after the period and manner of Louis XIV. To attempt to emphasize the universality and timelessness of a great work by ridding it of its traditional rigging and palliament, repeats the critic, is as idiotic a procedure as would be an attempt to underscore the universality and timelessness of the "Eroica" by taking out the violins, 'cellos and clarinets, putting a saxophone, a cowbell and half a dozen kettle-drums in their places, and so making it intelligible to modern musical morons.

Any such dodge as the converting of "Hamlet" into a Saville Row exhibition by way of making it more intelligible must seem to the critic a brazen concession to a mob of ignoble numskulls who are incapable of appreciating anything unless it be reduced to terms of A, B, C, and who, accordingly, are worth no more consideration than so many dead fish. Surely, the the person who is not sufficiently educated to understand "Hamlet" or any play like it save it be translated for him in terms of Piccadilly and Broadway and amplified with a magic-lantern slide lecture is hardly the person that the self-respecting critic addresses himself to. It is all very well for a theatrical producer to address himself to such a person, for unless the producer gets that person into his theatre he'll lose money and in due time have to close up shop, but that is another matter. The critic doesn't care whether the producer loses his money or not. And it is thus that the critic, delivering himself of an exceptionally beautiful and ironic expectoration, puts on his hat and, with his prejudices girt about him like so many butcher knives, goes to see this production of "Hamlet" in the modern style.

II

What the critic, once he is in the theatre, sees is something that makes him feel, he confesses, rather like an ass. What he sees, for all his logical and sound prejudices, is a "Hamlet" actually more interesting, more exciting, more moving and more vivid than any "Hamlet" of other days his eyes have rested upon. His prejudices against the whole idea are still intact, but the damn thing convinces him against

himself. He balks; he protests; he argues with himself. This is all nonsensical; this is production stuff for the groundlings; there is little critical justification for such shenanigans; it is all a practical joke. But to no avail. His logic can't resist him; the play gets him, as the phrase goes, and that's all there is to it. What seemed to him in advance to be a mere charlatan's trick, a feat in faking, now somehow seems nothing of the kind. Instead of disturbing the text, the production actually coddles it into renewed life. Instead of being mere hocus-pocus to fetch the boobs, it actually fetches the critic along with the rest. But maybe, says the critic, somewhat in alarm, maybe I too am one of these boobs; maybe two decades of association with bonehead audiences have reduced me to their level; maybe I am being quietly hornswoggled along with all the others.

But the critic then proceeds to take stock of this disturbing reflection. Is the presentation of "Hamlet" in modern habiliments and with modern stage embellishments quite the absurd thing he has antecedently figured out to his complete satisfaction? It would begin to seem to the critic that it wasn't. He reflects, for example, that the persons who most loudly snicker at such a presentation are the same ones who are in the habit of swallowing whole forty-five-year-old Juliets and Ophelias, Mark Antonys who would obviously need a Steinach operation before they would be able to so much as kiss Cleopatra, Moorish Othellos with Bloomsbury accents, Ariels with still visible garter marks on their spirit legs, Falstaffs with sofa-pillows passing for paunches, Dromio Robsons and Cranes who look no more alike than Robsons and Cranes, Titanias with marcelled hair and ankles like beer-kegs, catarrhal Violas, Anglo-Saxon Illyrian dukes, two-hundred-pound Cassiuses, Macbeths with St. Louis haircuts and Romeos with their cheeks rouged and their eyelashes mascaroed like chorus men. He reflects further that those who, like himself, deride such a presentation are the same persons who willingly accept as proper Hauptmann's Silesian peasants speaking English, D'Annunzioan Giocondas sniffing American Beauty roses, and Shakespeare's Elizabethan stage itself converted into an elaborate Edison-lighted, Berlin-mechanized theatrical factory. If the conventional "Hamlet" costumed by the Eaves Costume Company is not laughable, why should one costumed by the Stein-Bloch Company be so inordinately comic? The critic hitches back his trousers to where they were in the first place, and dubiously scratches his head.

Other meditations now assail him. He reconsiders his prejudices. He begins to speculate that, if it is all right to play "Hamlet" against backgrounds by modern scene painters, as "Hamlet" is constantly played, why shouldn't it be equally all right to play it against modern tailors? If the one is meet, why isn't the other? He begins to argue with his prejudices that if it is absurd to picture a figure out of Danish saga in modern dress, why isn't the conventional theatrical practice of picturing a figure out of Greek saga in what, for all their ancient suggestion, are obviously modern wigs, fleshings and sandals just as absurd. For the critic recalls that Carlyle's doctrine of the remission of judgment should hold as good in the one case as in the other. Again, the critic goes back to his prejudice as to the timelessness and universality of "Hamlet" and his antecedent ironic inquiry as to the justice of seeking to emphasize these qualities by ridding the exhibition of its accustomed trappings. The critic at this point reminds himself that his objections would be well taken were "Hamlet" a so-called realistic play, but since "Hamlet" is nothing of the sort, since it is rather the wild fancy of a great poetic imagination, it can matter no more how it be dressed than it can matter how some such other beautiful fairy tale out of more modern Danish fireside saga as one of Hans Christian Andersen's be dressed. Still further, the critic begins to remember that it is a work of dramatic

literary art that he is dealing with, not merely a work of theatrical art, and that nothing the theatre can do to a work of dramatic literary art can change it much the one way or the other. "Hamlet" remains "Hamlet," however it be played. It is part of the dramatic imagination of every cultured man. The plays of hacks must be played according to definite, fixed standards; the plays of genius may be played in almost any manner. They survive out of their very deathlessness. Playing "Hamlet" in the dress and manner of today is quite as justifiable as playing a primitive folk song with a full modern orchestra.

III

From the general to the specific. The recent presentation of "Hamlet" in modern dressing, the critic finds however, was the vital and electric thing that it was, not primarily because of its dressing, as certain other critics found it to be, but because it happened to be the most intelligently directed "Hamlet" of our generation. This was the fifty-second "Hamlet" I have seen, and it was the only "Hamlet" I have seen directed with a modern theatrical intelligence. This modern theatrical direction was lost sight of in the excitement over the exhibit's merely modern dressing. "Hamlet" is generally not only dressed in the Sixteenth Century manner, it is generally directed in the same manner. The stage decoration, the lighting and the other externals may be filtered through the improvements of modern stagecraft, but the direction of the text is uniformly as old-fashioned and as little cognizant of modern intelligence as that of a road production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the recent and late lamented production, the Light-Liveright direction took advantage of every last element in the best modern dramatic stage treatment of a text, and with admirable dramatic effect. From the rapid, nervous, melodramatic staging of the early terrace scenes, quivering with nocturnal mystery, to the calm, cool deportment of the preliminaries to the player scene, the text was given every advantage inherent in it. It wasn't that the characters were merely clothed in modern apparel; it was that they were clothed with modern theatrical understanding. The average Hamlet that we get is clothed in doublet and hose not only physically but mentally. The medallion about his neck contains the photograph of Augustin Daly's grandfather. Tradition is valuable to a family, a nation or a dog, but it is of small value to drama. I wasn't present at the first production of "Oedipus" in Athens, but I have strong doubts that it was one-tenth so good as even that which Mr. Martin Harvey gave us a year or so ago in the theatre at Sixty-second street and Central Park West, New York.

The Liveright production of "Hamlet" in the dress of the day, however, was not entirely what it claimed to be. Gentlemen do not, as they did in this production, wear dinner jackets at formal court functions nor patent leather half-shoes with sack suits. Again, the theory that the universality and timelessness of the drama may be indicated by dressing it in modern clothes is at best a timid and weak-hearted stratagem. There is only one way to indicate and emphasize the universality and the timelessness of this or any other drama like it, and that is to play it without any clothes at all. You cannot make a play universal by dressing its characters after the manner of a single period and a single nation; you cannot make a play about a Dane of dim centuries universal by getting up the Dane like a modern Englishman or American; but you can make it universal and timeless by dressing it as men and women were dressed before universality and time were ever thought of, which is to say, as Adam and Eve dressed. I therefore propose the one and only true "Hamlet." I therefore propose a "Hamlet" stark naked.

The Hamlet of Basil Sydney was as honestly thought out and as rationally projected a Hamlet as I have seen; the per-

formance was by all odds the best since Forbes Robertson's. The Polonius of Ernest Lawford was admirable; the flapper Miss Chandler was an apposite and excellent Ophelia; the Horatio of Percy Waram was a relief from the customary elocution teacher we get in the rôle; and the Queen of Adrienne Morrison was equally a relief from the usual bundle of elocutionary velvet.

Murder

One of the finest poetic dramas of the modern theatre and one of the best comedies that have come out of England in the last ten years are already long since in the storehouse as a result of acutely dunderheaded production. The first is Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan"; the second is Ashley Dukes' "The Man With a Load of Mischief." While, as I have hereinbefore hinted, only genius can kill the plays of genius, the genius of the producers of the two plays in point was of so overwhelming a nature that the plays were already dead by the time the ushers had passed out the programmes and the audience had had a chance to note the names of the actors. I have observed some eminently workmanlike slaughters in my time, but the butchery of the plays under discussion takes precedence over all the others.

Rostand's play, as the author of a volume called "The World in Falseface" observed some years ago, is such a drama as comes into the theatre only once in many years, for in it are all those elements of ironic beauty and sardonic tenderness and lively imagery and wide knowledge of the heart of man which go into the being of lasting drama. It would seem that a play so beautiful as this should surmount all obstacles and create its effect in the theatre out of the hand of its stubborn greatness and glamour. It would seem that nothing could dissipate its spell. Yet what the theatre can do when it tries was clearly to be appreciated on the occasion of the play's revelation in the Greenwich Village establishment. There were here dumped upon the play a troupe of actors so ludicrously god-awful and a direction so downright disgraceful that the play was strangled out of all semblance to its natural self and died gurgling desperately in its tracks. The actor cast for Don Juan was a Mr. Stanley Logan. This Logan, whether on his own or by the advice of Robert Milton, his director, went at the rôle as if it were an Atlantic City boardwalk auction. He didn't read the lines; he knocked them down. He began yelling at the top of his lungs with his very first speech and, reinforcing himself from time to time with throat lozenges, Cheyne-Stokes breathing, covert swigs from a water-pitcher and prayers to the Smith Brothers, contrived to keep up the racket until the finish. The most delicate phrase of verse he treated as if it were some offensive and insulting blind-tiger bouncer; the tenderest passage he went at with the furious charge of a sore bull. Every line of Rostand's poetry became for him a signal to act as if he had drunk a seidel of Spanish-fly; every gesture was converted into a window demonstration of a rubber exerciser. Logan, furthermore, got excellent assistance from Augustin Duncan in the rôle of the Devil. Duncan refrained from indulging himself in the arts of the ballyhoo, but, as if to make up for the omission, lent his mite to the murder of the play by acting the Devil as if that gentleman were the late James A. Herne. And Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, in the rôle of the White Shadow, as charming a bit of imagination as there is in modern French drama, contributed her share to the barbecue by performing this rôle of a cobweb spun out of moonlight in the spirit of Madame Sans-Gene. The whole affair was a mess of messes. Aside from its setting and costumes, which were made with some feeling for the text, the play might every bit as well have been put on by some hinterland high-school.

The acting of Dukes' delightful comedy was hardly less sour. What we had here was an artificial comedy of the Restoration

mould and one that called for the very lightest sort of playing, but what we got here was the kind of acting that would suit "Shenandoah." Robert Loraine, brought all the way from London to play a rôle that Bruce McRae might better have been brought from just around the corner to play, groaned and grunted his way through the comedy like a man being wheeled through a long hospital corridor. Ralph Forbes, as the man-servant sent by his vengeful master to an obdurate lady's bedchamber, apparently mistook Dukes' play for a movie camera and spent the evening assiduously trying to look as handsome as possible and posing for a series of close-ups. And Miss Ruth Chatterton, in a rôle Ina Claire would have done something with, gave merely another of her aristocratic schoolmarm performances. Miss Chatterton is one of those actresses who devote themselves to studying French, learning the piano, taking fencing lessons, visiting art galleries, studying Delsarte and keeping away from Broadway supper clubs in the fond belief that by doing so they are improving themselves in their art. These misguided young women are the source of much mirth. What they gain from their nonsensically irrelevant didoes is not the knowledge of how to act on the stage but merely the knowledge of how to act in a drawing-room. They do not wish to be actresses so much as they wish to be ladies. And being a lady has nothing to do with acting. Ellen Terry didn't learn how to act by lunching only at the Ritz and never under any circumstances being seen at Lüchow's, nor did Bernhardt learn her art by hanging around the Louvre and spending her nights reading the poetry of Verlaine.

Brief Mention

John Van Druten's "Young Woodley" is a simply, sympathetically and observantly written play of English schoolboy life which contains some pointed criticism and some first-rate characterization, but which rather stubs its toe when it asks us to accept the idea that a reflective married woman in the middle twenties might be moved to deep and serious love by an under-developed boy of barely eighteen. Glenn Hunter is very good in the central rôle. "Paid," by Samuel Forrest, is rubbishy melodrama. "A Lady's Virtue," by Rachel Crothers, is rubbishy sex stuff. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is a crook hickpricker by the hitherto witty and interesting Frederick Lonsdale.

"Young Blood," by James Forbes, is a strained and stagey comedy dealing with the younger generation in which the handling of a critical situation proves to be beyond the capability of a millionaire captain of industry and is solved for him by the ingénue. "These Charming People" is another of Michael Arlen's Woolworth gumdrops in a Page and Shaw package. "Naughty Cinderella" is stale French farce revamped by Avery Hopwood with the talents of the engaging Irene Bordoni thrown away on it. "The Enemy," by Channing Pollock, is a crude philippic against war that has been enthusiastically endorsed by the author. "A Man's Man," by Patrick Kearney, is a highly commendable study of a boob whose ambition it is to get into the Elks and of his wife who is obsessed by the notion that she looks like Mary Pickford. Here we have a very respectable contribution to American drama. The play is well staged and well acted.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Growth of Population

THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH, by Raymond Pearl. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

Dr. Pearl, who is head of the Institute of Biology at the Johns Hopkins, presented the thesis that he here develops in an article printed in The American Mercury for November, 1924. He is a man of extraordinary equipment for the scientific inquiries that interest him. Of high attainments in purely biological investigation, he is also skilled in mathematics, and in consequence his conclusions take a statistical form, and are of the utmost accuracy and value. Moreover—a rare thing among biologists—he knows how to write. In the present book he is in the midst of complicated graphs and formidable mathematical formulae, and in most other hands the result would be such dullness that the general reader would be driven off. But he works his way through the maze with such skill, and gets so much literary grace into his exposition, that the volume is actually of immense interest, even to the reader innocent of biology and alarmed by mathematics. It would be a notable book, indeed, if it contained nothing new. But it contains a great deal that is new, and much that is important.

Every few weeks the newspapers report some gay scientist as predicting that New York City will have 35,000,000 population by the year 2000, or that the population of the United States will reach 500,000,000 at the same time, or that the people of Belgium will be so closely packed together, by 1985, that air for them to breathe will have to be pumped in from the North Sea. It is Dr. Pearl's business to show the hollowness of all such prognostications. He does so by turning from romantic speculation to a realistic examination of the known facts. That is to say, he studies the growth of human populations in the past and seeks to trace out the curves of their growth in the present. The result is the establishment of what seems to be a sound biological law. Populations do not increase in a merely arithmetical manner; they respond to the same influences that control the growth of individuals. That is to say, they begin slowly, then mount sharply, and then proceed slowly again, finally reaching a state of equilibrium. The curve seems to be invariable for all the populations studied, whether of human beings in Sweden, Algeria and the United States, or of fruit-flies (*Drosophila melanogaster*) in a Mason jar. Some human populations, such as that of the Arabs of Algeria, have already reached high points on the curve, and thus seem unlikely to increase much further; others, such as that of the United States, are still but half way up. But all show an apparent response to the law; they all follow the S-curve of the calculated graph. If this graph is correct, and it surely seems to be, the population of the United States will not be 500,000,000 at the end of the century, nor even the half of it. It will still be below 200,000,000, according to Dr. Pearl's calculation, in the year 2100.

That is, of course, assuming that there are no radical changes in the conditions of life among us. But such changes must be genuinely revolutionary—as revolutionary, say, as the rise of the industrial system. The curve for Germany shows their effects when they come. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War that country—then mainly agricultural—was near its natural limit of population: the curve was flattening out. But the intensive industrialization that

followed the war turned it upward again, and it was soon rising rapidly. Not, however, in violation of the general law. A new curve simply flowed out of the old one. The population of Germany has been following that new curve ever since. Its rate of increase begins to decline. And unless there is another revolution it will eventually come to rest. Germany, at that time —probably about the year 2000—will have 116,000,000 people. France, at the same time, will have 42,000,000, for it is already near the top of its curve. If, of course, there is an economic revolution in one country, with the other unaffected, these forecasts may have to be modified, but not otherwise.

I here rehearse some of Dr. Pearl's conclusions without attempting to discuss his vast accumulation of facts. Those facts, in the main, were not secret; they were open to any biological statistician who wanted to make use of them. But here they are subjected to a scientific analysis for the first time, and to that analysis Dr. Pearl adds the fruits of much original work of his own. His eighth chapter, for example, is quite new. It presents a study of the relation between sexual activity and the birth-rate in civilized societies and is full of novelty and interest. The two, it appears, run side by side. A low birth-rate is not wholly a matter of deliberate design; it shows also a decline in actual virility. Dr. Pearl finds that where it is highest—in his material he finds it among farmers—the potency of the male is also highest. He also finds that it runs with the ages of the fathers. Late marriage diminishes it because elderly husbands are of relatively low virility. If the average age of marriage in the male were below 20 it is probable that the birth-rate would be vastly increased.

"The Biology of Population Growth" is packed with interesting material, and that material is presented in an admirably lucid and succinct manner. The graphs and formulæ look forbidding, but they are not so in fact.

Speech-Day in the Greisenheim

ACADEMY PAPERS: ADDRESSES ON LANGUAGE PROBLEMS, by Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE contributors to this volume, and their academic dignities and ages, are as follows:

Paul Elmer More, A.B., A.M., LL.D., 3(Litt.D.)	61 years
Bliss Perry, A.B., 2(A.M.), 3(L.H.D.), Litt.D., 2(LL.D.)	64 "
Paul Shorey, A.B., Ph.D., 7(LL.D.), 2(Litt.D.)	69 "
Brander Matthews, A.B., A.M., LL.B., D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D.	73 "
Henry van Dyke, A.M., 3(D.D.), 3(LL.D.), D.C.L.	73 "
Robert Underwood Johnson, B.S., A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D.	73 "
William M. Sloane, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D., 2(LL.D.)	75 "
William Crary Brownell, A.B., L.H.D., Litt.D., LL.D.	75 "

This works out to an average of a little more than seventy—the age, according to Psalms XC, 10, of extreme unction. Is it surprising that the dullness of the different papers runs in almost direct ratio to the years of their authors? Surprising or not, it is a fact. Dr. More, though he has nothing to say, and seems to have noticed little about the language he writes save the circumstance that the English also use it, nevertheless offers a paper that has a certain stealthy liveliness, and even a touch of sauciness. He opens it, indeed, with a quotation from "The Merchant of Venice" which, flung at them by a barbarian, would have caused the most potent, grave and reverend signiors of the Academy to wince. But youth must kick up its legs, and Dr. More is only sixty-one. In ten years he will be mellowed, and have a softer patina.

Dr. Perry, who is three years older and has been in cold storage at Harvard for nineteen years, is also somewhat goatish. He even goes to the length of presenting three ideas, one of which is actually new. The first, apparently borrowed from the philologians of the Invisible Empire, is that the secular arm should be summoned to safeguard the mother-tongue in the Republic—that is, that the process of

Americanization should be pushed by law. The second is that the Academy should establish a grand prize for diction—to be given annually, it would seem, to some English *cabotin*, for the only virtuosi of "distinguished diction" that Dr. Perry mentions are George Arliss and Edith Wynne Matthison. The third suggestion, and the only one that is original, is that the Academy should also set up rewards for those authors, apparently American in this case, whose books "are characterized by distinction of style." A good idea, but full of dynamite. How would the old boys dodge giving an occasional gold medal, or India paper Bible, or basket of Moët et Chandon, or silk American flag, or whatever the prize was, to James Branch Cabell? And what would they do with Cabell's blistering reply, having received and read it?

Dr. Shorey comes next—and with an unfair advantage. He is not a bad author and no more, like most of the rest, but a professor of Greek, and devoted all his life to Plato *geb*. Aristocles. (The rest, I daresay, know so little Greek that they can scarcely shine their own shoes.) His paper is that of an innocent but amiable bystander. He denies that there is an American dialect of English, and then proves very charmingly that there is. He is full of amusing anecdotes and shrewd observations. He closes with an engaging, but, I regret to have to add, far from convincing plea for the study of Latin. The day he read his paper before the Academy must have been a pleasant one for the janitor, staff surgeon, newspaper reporters, wheelchair motormen, trained nurses and embalmers in attendance. But I guess that more than one immortal blew his nose sadly as wheeze followed wheeze, and cackles rippled through the audience. Shorey is only sixty-nine and has lived at Bonn, Leipzig, Munich and Athens.

Over seventy Academicians jell. Dr. Matthews' paper is heavy and hollow stuff—the sort of thing he used to write for *Munsey's Magazine* in the days when he and it were ornaments of the national letters, and the Kaiser had not yet sent in such men as Cabell, Lewis and Dreiser to annoy him. Dr. Brownell contributes two dull papers in his baroque and tedious style, with occasional descents to dubious English. (See, for example, the first two lines of page 42.) Pastor van Dyke, turning aside from his combat of golden texts with Dr. Frank Crane, offers an essay in which he denounces Carl Sandburg and says of "The Spoon River Anthology" that "to call it poetry is to manhandle a sacred work." (Has the rev. gentleman ever come to the page containing "Ann Rutledge"?) Finally, Dr. Johnson, after joining in the butchery of Sandburg, delivers a whoop for the old-style poetry—by which, on his own showing, he means poetry full of moral purpose—and then ends with a tart reference, in execrable taste, to the poetry printed by the *Century Magazine* since his retirement as its editor.

Thus the ancients of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Eight of them join forces to write a book of 282 pages—and the result is mainly sheer emptiness, signifying nothing. Their subject is the language all of them are supposed to write, not merely well but better than any other eight men in the country—and what seven of them have to say of it is simply what one would expect from a baker's half-dozen of schoolmarms, chosen at random.

A Texas Schoolmarm

MY FIRST THIRTY YEARS, by Gertrude Beasley. Paris: *The Three Mountains Press*.

This book, I suspect, comes out with a Paris imprint because no American publisher would risk printing it. I offer the very first paragraph as a specimen of its manner:

> Thirty years ago I lay in the womb of a woman, conceived in an act of rape, being carried through the pre-natal period by an unwilling and rebellious mother, finally bursting forth only to be tormented in a family whose members I despised or pitied, and brought into association with

> people whom I should never have chosen. Sometimes I wish that, as I lay in the womb, a pink soft embryo, I had somehow thought, breathed or moved and wrought destruction to the woman who bore me, and her eight miserable children who preceded me, and the four round-faced mediocrities who came after me, and her husband, a monstrously cruel, Christ-like, and handsome man with an animal's appetite for begetting children.

This is free speaking, surely, but only a comstock, reading it, would mistake it for an attempt at pornography. There is, in fact, not the slightest sign of conscious naughtiness in the book; it is the profoundly serious and even indignant story of a none too intelligent woman, lifted out of the lowest levels of the Caucasian race by her own desperate efforts, and now moved to ease her fatigue by telling how she did it. She is far too earnest to sophisticate her narrative; there is absolutely nothing in it that suggests the artful grimacing of the other Americanos printed by the philanthropic Three Mountains Press. When, looking back over her harsh and feverish life, she recalls an episode in the mire, she describes it simply and baldly, and in the words that clothed it in her own mind when she lived through it. Some of these words are ancient monosyllables, and very shocking. But they somehow belong in the story. If they were taken out, it would become, to that extent, unreal. As it is, it is as overwhelmingly real as a tax-bill.

La Beasley, it appears, came into the world on the Texas steppes, the ninth child of migratory and low-down parents. Her father was an unsuccessful farmer who practised blacksmithing on the side. During her first half dozen years the family moved three or four times. Always prosperity was beckoning in the next township, the next county. Children were born at every stop, and as the household increased it gradually disintegrated. Finally, the mother heaved the father out, took her brood to Abilene, and there set up a boarding-house. The sons quickly drifted away; one of the daughters became a lady of joy; the others struggled pathetically with piddling jobs. Gertrude was the flower of the flock. She worked her way through a preposterous "Christian college," got a third-class teacher's certificate, and took a rural school. The country parents liked her; she kept their barbarous progeny in order, often by beating them. After a while she took other examinations, and was transferred to better schools. In the end, she went to Chicago, and there tackled pedagogy on a still higher level. For all I know, she may be teaching in that great city yet. She closes her record arbitrarily at the end of her thirtieth year. We see her, with money saved, setting off for Japan. Her mother has prospered and is fat and happy. Her excommunicated father is dead. Her brothers and sisters are scattered all over the Southwest.

The book is full of sharp and tremendously effective character sketches, and the best of them all is that of Ma Beasley. How many of our novelists could beat it? I think of Dreiser and Anderson, and no other. The old woman is done unsparingly and almost appallingly. We are made privy to her profound and bellicose ignorance, her incurable frowsiness, her banal pride in her obscure and ignoble family, her frantic hatred of her recreant husband's relatives, her lascivious delight in witless and malicious scandal-monging. But there is something heroic in her, too. Her struggle to cadge a living for her squirming litter takes on a quality that is almost dignity. She is shrewd, unscrupulous, full of oblique resource. Her battles with her husband, and particularly with him in his capacity of chronic father, often have gaudy drama in them. Consider her final and only effective device for birth control: a loaded shot-gun beside her bed! One longs to meet the old gal, and shake her red hand. She is obscene, but she is also curiously admirable.

The book is a social document of the utmost interest. It presents the first genuinely realistic picture of the Southern poor white trash ever heard of. The author has emancipated herself from her native wallow, but she does not view it with superior

sniffs. Instead, she frankly takes us back to it, and tells us all she knows about its fauna, simply and honestly. There is frequent indignation in her chronicle, but never any derision. Her story interests her immensely, and she is obviously convinced that it should be interesting to others. I think she is right.

Katzenjammer

THE PHANTOM PUBLIC, by Walter Lippmann. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*
THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER, by Frederic C. Howe. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Here we have two distinguished Liberals at the sad task of throwing Liberalism overboard. Howe describes at great length the harrowing experiences and adventures which brought him to that fell act; Lippmann simply lays on. Both started out in life with high hopes for democracy, and an almost mystical belief in the congenital wisdom of the masses. Now both come to the conclusion that the masses are ignorant and unteachable. Government must be carried on by small minorities, partly made up of intelligent and altruistic men, but mainly made up of Hylans and Coolidges. The most that we can count on is that the folk will arise now and then, and heave the worst of them out—sometimes for logical reasons, but more often, alas, for purely emotional reasons. Well, this is precisely what we have now. Our governmen is one of exploitation tempered by occasional howls of protest. We suffer a Coolidge until he becomes unbearable, and then we get rid of him—and take on another.

Mr. Lippmann's book is extremely depressing stuff. He seems to have abandoned hope altogether. Dr. Howe retains more optimism, and I incline to think that there is some show of justification in it. His early dream of a free city is not, after all completely absurd. We are probably moving toward its realization now, slowly, but steadily and surely. For years our cities were regarded by all right-thinking men as sinks of incurable iniquity, social, moral and political. Those who looked for virtue looked for it on the farms. The yokel was a patriot and an honest man, and full of indignation against the city rings. But who believes in his virtue today? Not many, I trow. The Ford has brought him nearer to us, and we begin to see him and smell him more accurately. He is, of all men, the least public-spirited. He simply cannot imagine any advantage save his own private advantage. He is grasping, selfish, narrow and ignoble—a lout bent only upon looting the cities. He oppresses them with dung-hill legislation, he denies them fair representation, and he squeezes every dollar out of them that they will yield. Mr. Lippmann, of late, has begun to discover the virtues of Tammany: he praises it eloquently in the New York *World*. I go with him gladly. Tammany, perhaps, is not perfect, but compared to the gang of thieves that you will find in any American county-town it almost seems like a mob of saints.

Soon or late the cities of the United States will have to throw off the yokels who now prey upon them. If they can't do it by constitutional means they will have to do it by other means. Only a few months ago Chicago, despairing of getting justice from the predatory hinds at Springfield, decided formally to withhold its State taxes and secede from Illinois. The plan was defeated by the State courts, but it is surely not dead. Bit by bit, as the cities gain in size, wealth and strength, they will force the barnyard politicians to yield them some of their natural rights, and in the end, if resistance is kept up, they will take them by force. We'll have free cities in the Republic yet—independent of the States, and mistresses in their own houses. They are coming as inevitably as they came in the Middle Ages, and for the same reasons. Once they appear, civilization in the United States will have a chance to spread its wings. Delivered from the extortions of the country politicians, and from the oppression of country-made laws, they

will prosper and expand as they can't prosper and expand now. I don't know if Dr. Howe will follow this reasoning, but he at least sees the vision. It came to him in his early days in Cleveland, battling under the banner of Tom L. Johnson, and I think he still cherishes it in secret, despite all the disillusionments that have beset him since.

His defection and that of Mr. Lippmann leave the Liberal party among us in a sad state of disrepair. Its only remaining leader, so far as I can make out, is Herbert Croly—and Croly, I suspect, has many a bad dream in the silent watches of the night. Oswald Garrison Villard is less an orthodox Liberal every day, and more a libertarian. Most of the rest trod the road to Damascus during the war, and were dazzled by gigantic spotlights, and are now members of respectable clubs. I preach cheer and treason to any who may happen to survive. The constant swallowing of Perunas is bad for the stomach and ruinous to the mind. But there is endless refreshment and stimulation in the clear, bright waters—with or without alcohol—of liberty. Liberty is the first thing and the last thing. Let men be free, and whatever they get they will deserve.

The Confederate Collapse

STATE RIGHTS IN THE CONFEDERACY, by Frank Lawrence Owsley. Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press.*

This is a small book, but like that other small book, Dr. Charles A. Beard's "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," it is packed with important and revolutionary facts. Dr. Owsley's thesis, in brief, is that the late Confederacy was not undone by the Union blockade, or by lack of industrial resources and transportation, nor even by the military superiority of its foes, but by gross incompetence and lack of national spirit at home. It was formed, as everyone knows, in protest against the Northern tendency toward centralization, and the doctrine of States' rights was the very kernel of its polity. That doctrine, put into practice in the face of an enterprising and powerful enemy quickly turned out to be fatal. The Confederacy collapsed because the Confederate States distrusted one another, and because all of them distrusted the central government. From end to end of the war each struggled to maintain its autonomy. The result was that men, arms and supplies were withheld from the armies in the field and the Confederate commanders were thrown constantly into difficulties from which no imaginable military skill could extricate them.

Dr. Owsley's book is heavily documented. For every statement of fact that he makes he presents written authority—of some Southern commander, or State governor, or responsible official of the Confederate administration. He shows that, at the beginning of the war, the central government had but 190,000 stand of small arms, whereas the States themselves retained 350,000 and refused to give them up. As a result, thousands of volunteers had to be turned away, and the first battles were fought with an army that was short of its proper strength by 200,000 men. After 1861 this shortage of arms was remedied, but then the States began organizing home forces and putting able-bodied men into them, and these men were exempted from the draft. This skulking was especially prevalent in Georgia. President Jefferson Davis is authority for the statement that Governor Joseph E. Brown of that State appointed no less than 15,000 so-called officers for his home guard, all of whom escaped active service, and General Howell Cobb was told that there were more able-bodied draft-dodgers, between eighteen and forty-five, in Georgia in 1864 than had gone into the Confederate service from the State during the whole war.

In part these home guards had a rational excuse for being. In the first days of the war, for example, Georgia looked for a Federal onslaught upon Brunswick, on the coast, and so held back men to meet it. But as the war wore on the chance to favor

political adherents was too seductive to be resisted. Brown ordained that all imaginable varieties of job-holders, including even notaries public, should be exempt from the Confederate draft, and appointed hordes of minor politicians to commands in his militia. When the Confederate authorities protested, he denounced them for trying to upset the sacred dogma of States' rights. He withheld supplies as well as men, and so did most of his brother governors. Vance, of North Carolina, had 92,000 uniforms in his warehouses at the close of the war, and large quantities of blankets, shoes and tents. At that very moment the survivors of Appomattox were straggling home in rags and bare feet. As Dr. Owsley says, Vance had enough uniforms "to give every man in Lee's army two apiece."

Here is news that is not in the schoolbooks—and that will be received very ungracefully, no doubt, in the South. Dr. Owsley is himself a Southerner and associate professor of history at Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee. The jackass newspapers of that great Christian State will now denounce him roundly, and demand that he be cashiered. But the facts that he has amassed will not be disposed of by such Ku Kluxry, and no intelligent man will be able to write about the Civil War hereafter without taking them into account. His book is but another symptom of the intellectual awakening that is going on in the South, despite the uproarious protests of professional patriots, an ignorant and bumptious clergy, and a press so degraded that it is shameless. Like his colleague, Dr. John D. Wade, of the University of Georgia, he is a man of both ability and courage. It is a combination that the late Confederacy needs sorely. Once enough young Southerners show it, there will be an end of the obscurantism that has oppressed and disgraced the South for half a century.

Brief Notices

WHAT EVOLUTION IS, by George Howard Parker. Cambridge: *The Harvard University Press.*

At least a dozen popular expositions of the evolutionary hypothesis have come out since the obscene farce at Dayton, Tenn. This, I think, is the best of them, and by long odds. It is clearly written, it is sensible, and it covers the whole field in very small space. A useful gift for your pastor.

THE MEDAL OF GOLD, by William G. Edgar. Minneapolis: *The Bellman Company.*

This is a history of the Washburn Crosby Company and of "Gold Medal" flour. The author, who is editor of the *Northwestern Miller*, is full of soft soap; nevertheless, his narrative is very interesting. And why shouldn't it be? Certainly old Cadwallader C. Washburn was a more useful American than, say, Henry Cabot Lodge, and had a more typically American career. It is a pity that so few histories of the great businesses of the United States are printed. For one, I'd like to read a biography of Lydia Pinkham, and another of old Candler, the Methodist who gave the world coca-cola. And why is there no history of the Heinz pickle company?

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, by Anita Loos. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

This gay book has filled me with uproarious and salubrious mirth. The story of a young woman who is being "educated" by Mr. Gus Eisman, the Button King, told by herself. It is farce—but farce full of shrewd observation and devastating irony. I commend it to rural Christians who would get an accurate view of life in New York in these gaudy days of moral endeavor. And to all others who enjoy fresh humor, not too formal and refined. There are pages that made me stop reading to bawl.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HERBERT ASBURY *is a member of the staff of the New York* Herald-Tribune. *He was on the Atlanta* Georgian *in 1913 and 1914, at the time he deals with in his article.*

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Herbert Tareyton

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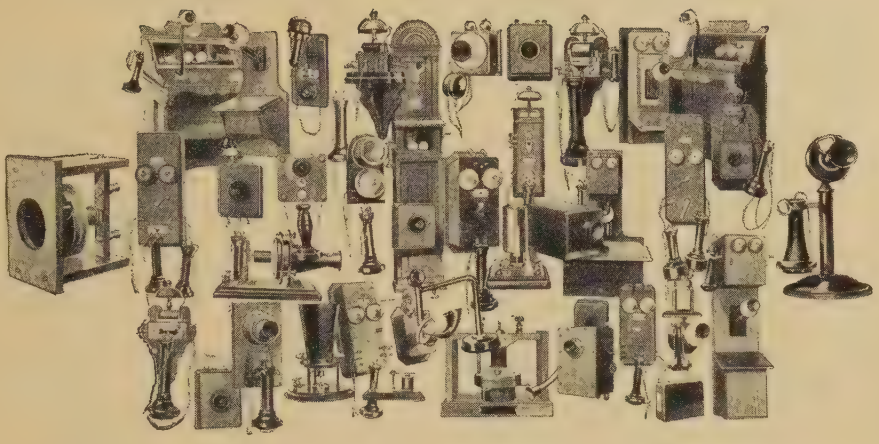

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Editorial NOTES

From various quarters come demands that THE AMERICAN MERCURY throw open its columns to defenses of osteopathy, chiropractic, the doctrine of total immersion, Fundamentalism, spiritualism, the New Thought, and other such imbecilities, all occasionally sniffed at by contributors. These demands are herewith refused. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is open to the discussion of questions upon which educated and civilized men differ; in such areas it permits and welcomes the utmost freedom of opinion, and even of prejudice. There are men who regard Schönberg as a great composer and men who regard him as a mountebank: both may cherish their notions and yet remain intelligent. There are men who believe that the late Dr. Wilson was a fraud and men who believe that he was simply mistaken: the debate may go on for generations without compromising the sanity of either side. There are defenders of capitalism and critics of capitalism: neither need summon transcendentalism to make out a case. But there are also regions in which intelligible discussion is quite impossible. Fundamentalism, for example, is not merely erroneous; it is palpably idiotic; it stands in contempt of facts that are familiar to every intelligent schoolboy. So with the New Thought. So with chiropractic. THE AMERICAN MERCURY cannot affront its readers by dealing with such impostures gravely. It will go on poking fun at them, hereafter as in the past. It will continue to assume, until and if evidence to the contrary is discovered, that they are fraudulent, and that their adherents are simpletons.

Continued on page xxii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

Capt. E. L. M. Burns' article, "The Cavalry of Tomorrow," which appeared in the July, 1925, issue, has brought forth the following remarks from Mr. John Bradford Main, of Chicago:

> With Captain Burns' hypothesis I have no quarrel. But I want to call your attention to one important fact that the captain has overlooked: One of the principal values of the horse for offensive work is this, that man has an instinctive horror of being trampled upon. It is a "throwback" to savage instincts. Men will run from charging horses where they will stand and fight machines five times as dangerous. Armies are no more than disciplined mobs. Human nature remains constant, lacking definite training. That is why the horse breeds panic in combat, and why he remains a valuable arm.

The following comes from Mr. Bennett C. Clark, of St. Louis:

> The article in your November issue about Senator James A. Reed by Mr. Tait is so obviously written in a friendly spirit that it, perhaps, comes with bad grace from a friend of Senator Reed to cavil as to a detail of it. Mr. Tait has, however, fallen unwittingly into the error of repeating a canard about Senator Reed which has been so often repeated by his enemies and so often denied by his friends that I deem it not improper to set the record straight.
>
> On page 276, Mr. Tait says: "What made the girls the maddest was his declaration that while every Senator had discovered a method of dealing with the male lobbyist, no Senator knew when attacked by one of the female variety, whether to kiss her or throw her out of his office."
>
> This story was originally circulated by Mrs. Emily Newell Blair (at present Democratic national committeewoman from Missouri, but then doing newspaper work in Washington) under the following circumstances: On Sept. 27, 1918, Senator Reed was engaged in a debate with Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, famous for his pink whiskers and for his almost unbelievable sartorial splendor, as well as for the very real ability which he habitually camouflages beneath high-flown mannerisms and exaggerated affectations. Lewis aroused Reed's ire and Reed turned on him with savage sarcasm, as shown by the following excerpt from the *Congressional Record* (p. 10852, 65th Congress, 2nd Session):

Continued on page xxiv

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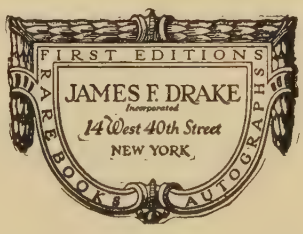

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxii

> "I feel some hesitancy about replying to the Senator [Lewis]. The fact is that his methods of attack are always confusing. When a man comes at you with doubled-up fists and with the glare of battle in his eyes, you know what to do; but when you catch a flutter of lace, and your nostrils are intoxicated with a delicate perfume, you do not know whether to resort to blows or embraces."

No one who was present and heard the remarks (certainly not Senator Lewis) and no one who read the *Record* could have had the slightest doubt that Reed's remarks were directly aimed at Lewis and his peculiarities of dress. Unfortunately Mrs. Blair was not present, did not hear the remarks, and apparently did not trouble to read the *Record*. She sent out on the next day an account of the remarks substantially as repeated by Mr. Tait in his article.

A few days later, Mr. Douglas Meng, then assistant sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, went to Mrs. Blair with a copy of her letter and of the *Record*, pointed out the error and asked her to correct it. Mrs. Blair admitted that she had not heard the remarks but failed to correct her story. Since that time it has repeatedly cropped out in various guises. In the memorable primary campaign of 1922, when Senator Reed was a candidate for renomination, it was brought out of the storehouse, repainted, its joints mended, and placed in the front line of the anti-Reed forces as a scarecrow to the women voters of Missouri. Mrs. Blair was in Washington. Reed wired his secretary as follows: "Please call on Mrs. Blair and say to her that I think she should in honor plainly and unequivocably withdraw the charge against me which she has heretofore made. You may show her this message."

Mrs. Blair replied under date of May 2, 1922, in a letter to Senator Reed, quoting Reed's remarks to Lewis as above set forth in the *Record*, making no pretense that the language was not directed at Lewis personally, but refusing to correct her story on the following grounds: "In the light of your continuous attacks upon the so-called suffrage lobby and the suffragists, I, in common with many others, naturally treated this language and certainly its implications and references as applied to suffragists."

In other words, it was apparently Mrs. Blair's idea that because she resented Reed's opposition to the suffrage movement, she was justified in misquoting him and adhering to her misquotation.

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HISTORY

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.
By George Philip Krapp. *The Century Company*
$10 8¾ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 377+355 pp. *New York*

The first historical study of the English language in America, and a work of sound merit and great importance. Dr. Krapp is professor of English at Columbia. In his first volume are elaborate studies of the American vocabulary, of American proper names, of American literary dialects, of American style, of American spelling and of American dictionaries. His second volume is devoted mainly to an investigation of the changes in American pronunciation since the earliest days. His viewpoint is conservative, but he is sharply alert to characteristic Americanisms. His work represents an immense amount of labor in fields scarcely platted. There is a useful bibliography at the end. The two volumes appear with the imprimatur of the Modern Language Association.

AMERICANA.
By Milton Waldman. *Henry Holt & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 271 pp. *New York*

An account of the documents which lie at the bottom of American history—such things as Columbus' "Latin Letter," Cortes' "Carta Secunda," Champlain's "Des Sauvages," Hariot's "True Report" and Capt. John Smith's "True Relation." Their contents are described succinctly, and there are accounts of the circumstances surrounding their publication. In addition, there are interesting notes on their immense rise in value as bibelots. The book has 15 illustrations.

GOLD OF OPHIR.
By Sydney and Marjorie Greenbie. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*
$4 9 x 6; 330 pp. *New York*

A study of the effects upon American history and character of the lure of the Far East. There are excellent chapters upon the early shipping, upon the political consequences that flowed out of it, and upon the opening of overland routes across the continent. The book has eight full-page illustrations.

NORWAY.
By G. Gathorne Hardy. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 324 pp. *New York*

There are very interesting chapters in this compact history on the geography, the national development,

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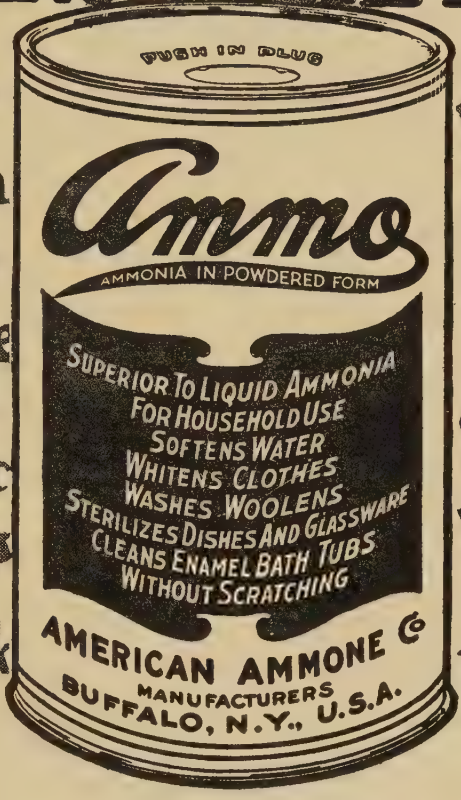

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the literature, the religion and the present cultural and commercial conditions of Norway. One suspects, however, that the author is earnestly pro-Norwegian and is writing with a purpose.

REBEL SAINTS.
By Mary Agnes Best. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 333 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of brief biographies of the more important personalities in the history of the Quaker movement. George Fox and William Penn are dealt with at length; so are the hardships the Friends endured at the hands of the intolerant, hate-swollen Puritans. The book is admirably written, but it sorely needs an index; one is listed in the table of contents, but it is not printed anywhere in the volume.

RUSSIA.
By Valentine O'Hara and N. Makeef.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 346 pp. *New York*

After the first two excellent introductory chapters the authors plunge into a careful study of the Russia of the Twentieth Century. Their treatment of the revolutionary rumblings all over the country from the time of the unsuccessful *coup* in 1905 down to the 1917 revolt is almost exhaustive, and their chapters on the Kerensky and Lenin governments are shrewd and seem to be accurate. There is a very useful appendix containing a summary of the more important facts of Russian history from the beginning down to the end of the Nineteenth Century.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FAMOUS AMERICAN JURY SPEECHES.
By Frederick C. Hicks. *The West Publishing Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 1181 pp. *St. Paul*

The title of this collection of twenty-four speeches is a misnomer: only twelve of them were delivered before juries; six were before courts without juries, four before legislative investigating commissions, and two were in a court of impeachment. The period of United States history covered by the collection is between 1884 and 1924, and among the lawyers represented are Joseph H. Choate, Robert G. Ingersoll, William E. Borah, Peter F. Dunne, Harvey D. Hinman, Morris Hillquit, Clarence S. Darrow and Robert E. Crowe. Preceding each speech there are a biographical note about the speaker and a brief summary of the facts of the case in question.

Continued on page xxx

H. L. Mencken, as caricatured by Covarrubias

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Continued from page xxviii

NEGRO ORATORS AND THEIR ORATIONS.
By Carter Godwin Woodson. *The Associated Publishers, Inc.*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 711 pp. *Washington*

The editor of this book claims that it includes practically all the speeches of consequence ever delivered by Negroes in this country. There are biographical notes about each orator, and also many helpful remarks by the editor.

THE RELIGION OF UNDERGRADUATES.
By Cyril Harris. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.25 7¾ x 5¼; 87 pp. *New York*

The author, sometime university pastor for the Episcopal Church at Cornell University, views with alarm the growing indifference and even antagonism of the college youth of the land to religion. He blames it all on the materialistic philosophy of science, and is convinced that religion can be brought back to the campus by proving that it deals solely with matters of faith while science deals exclusively with matters of fact, and that both are necessary to the "full life." He seems to be blind to the very obvious fact that it is just this faith that is most objectionable to the college boys.

HUMAN CONDUCT AND THE LAW.
By Mary C. Love. *The Collegiate Press*
$3 8 x 5¼; 318 pp. *Menasha, Wis.*

A treatise by a woman lawyer upon the efforts made to deal with human instincts by legislation and judicial philosophy. More than half of the text is devoted to reports of cases. The book is superficial and of small value. It is published under the auspices of Chi Omega, a women's college fraternity.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.
By A. S. Sachs. *The Rand School of Social Science*
$1.50 7½ x 4¾; 201 pp. *New York*

This is an exposition of Marxian socialism by one who strongly believes in it. It is full of the ferocious dogmatism usual to such works.

THE FINE ARTS

MELLOWS. *A Chronicle of Unknown Singers.*
By R. Emmet Kennedy. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$5 11¾ x 9; 183 pp. *New York*

A valuable collection of Negro folk-song from Louisiana, including many specimens not included in any

Continued on page xxxii

THERE'S BEAUTY, TOO, BENEATH THE MASK OF DULL DRAB HAIR

"VIRGIN GOLD!"

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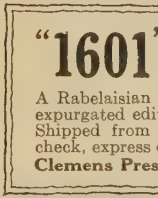

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previous collection. The history of some of the songs is given. There are both spirituals and work songs, and a few street-cries are added.

THE OLD MISSION CHURCHES AND HISTORIC HOUSES OF CALIFORNIA.
By Rexford Newcomb. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$15 19¾ x 7¼; 379 pp. *New York*

This work is elaborately illustrated and sumptuously printed. It discusses not only the missions and other public buildings, but also a number of ancient private houses. In some cases plans and elevations are added. The author is professor of the history of architecture at the University of Illinois, and put in six years of work in the field, gathering his materials.

JOHN S. SARGENT: HIS LIFE AND WORK.
By William Howe Downes. *Little, Brown & Company*
$8 10¾ x 7½; 313 pp. *Boston*

This is the most complete account of Sargent yet published. It includes an adequate biography, an almost complete list of his paintings and drawings, with critical notes, and a short bibliography. There are 42 full-page reproductions of his paintings, in rather indifferent half-tone. Mr. Downes' viewpoint is that of an enthusiastic admirer.

BIOGRAPHY

AARON BURR.
By Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode.
G. P. Putnam's Sons
$10 9¼ x 6; 2 vols.; 324+354 pp. *New York*

This work is based largely upon documents not hitherto examined, and in consequence it corrects many errors in the biographies of McCaleb, Todd and Davis, and still more in the orthodox Burr legend. The authors are very friendly to Burr, and clear him of all treasonable purpose, but they are not blind to his excessive faults of character. The two volumes are pleasantly free from footnotes. Many unfamiliar portraits are presented.

MY LIFE AS AN EXPLORER.
By Sven Hedin. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 544 pp. *New York*

Most of the journeys herein dealt with have been described in the author's previous books, but here the whole narrative of his extraordinary travels in Central Asia is brought into one volume. Of especial interest are his earliest explorations, when he was still in his teens. There are scores of illustrations by the author, including eight in color. The excellent translation is by Alfhild Huebsch.

The BORZOI *Broadside*

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

JANUARY, 1926 — VOL. VII. NO. 2.

Jericho Sands

AN AUTHOR who can truly be described as spanning the Atlantic with her work is *Mary Borden*. An American whose ancestors have been here since the Revolutionary War and who spent her youth in our own Middle West, with the exception of the years she studied at Vassar College, *Miss Borden* nevertheless is just as intimate with English society. She is the wife of General Edward L. Spears of the British Army, who is also a Liberal Member of Parliament and has held a great many important diplomatic posts.

Although her family connections now keep her in England, *Miss Borden* has visited America several times during the last few years and has thus been able to keep in close touch with social conditions here. She naturally utilizes this intimacy with both American and English life in her novels and is able not only to depict vividly the old landed aristocracy of England, but the customs and characters of her adopted people with a knowledge of her American readers and a recognition of their point of view. Then, too, *Miss Borden* knows the Americans who are included in her work and portrays them with a realism and sympathy that foreigners are unable to achieve.

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JERICHO SANDS. *By* MARY BORDEN, *author of "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker," "Jane—Our Stranger," "The Tortoise" and "The Romantic Woman."* $2.50 *net.*

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Caricature of Carl Van Vechten by Ruth Hammond

It goes without saying that even in his most erudite phase *Mr. Van Vechten* is entertaining. Six of the papers in this volume of essays have not appeared before in any book. They include the whimsical essay, "On Visiting Fashionable Places Out of Season," and the equally fanciful but erudite discussion, "A Note on Dedications"; the others are: "Henry Blake Fuller," "The Later Work of Herman Melville," "Arthur Machen: Dreamer and Mystic," and "Leo Délibes."

Some of the remaining essays made their debut as prefaces while others have been excavated from early books of *Mr. Van Vechten* that are now out of print and will not be republished. The subjects of the papers are: Philip Thicknesse, Ouida, Edgar Saltus, Ronald Firbank, Matthew Phipps Shiel, Sophie Arnould, Oscar Hammerstein, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Erik Satie, and Isaac Albéniz.

EXCAVATIONS. *By* CARL VAN VECHTEN, *author of "Firecrackers," "The Tattooed Countess," "Red," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

Stephen Crane

THE first reaction to the new set of STEPHEN CRANE comes into *The Borzoi* office from Mr. Harry Hansen, Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News and Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Hansen writes: "When I examine the first volume of the new set of STEPHEN CRANE it seems to me to be worthy of a place beside that one leaf of vellum from the press of Gutenberg in Mainz, which you may now view at the Newberry library. This book of Stephen Crane contains *The Red Badge of Courage* and *The Veteran.* It is the first of a series edited by Wilson Follett and bears an introduction by *Joseph Hergesheimer.* It is published in a beautiful format, rich in all the qualities that go to make a good book, by *Alfred A. Knopf.*

"It marks the appearance of the first formal and definitive set of the writings of Stephen Crane, who is generally regarded as the pioneer of the modern realistic movement. Few authors have been enshrined in so notable a book. The very type-page invites not only reading but admiration. In these days of slipshod printing some artist must have lingered long and lovingly over the fonts of type, must have worn his eyes dim seeking uniformity in the spacing, incorporating all the arts of the printer that give æsthetic pleasure. This set of a dozen volumes will come in single numbers from the presses within the next ten months. Each book will contain an introduction by writers familiar with STEPHEN CRANE, including one by the late *Amy Lowell* and another by *Thomas Beer.* Public appreciation of this work will go far to help the cause of good bookmaking in America."

This enthusiastic comment leaves little for *The Borzoi* to say except the addition that, by the time this *Broadside* is published, the second volume of

the set will be on sale. This volume contains *Tales of Two Wars* and a special introduction by *Robert H. Davis*. The rest of the edition, which is limited to 750 sets of 12 volumes each, will be published within six months. The price per volume is $7.50 but the books are sold only in sets. Your bookseller, however, will be glad to take your subscription and bill you for each volume as published.

Vol. I. THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE *and* THE VETERAN (*a related story*). *With an introduction by* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. $3.50 *net.*

Vol. II. TALES OF TWO WARS, *With an introduction by* ROBERT H. DAVIS. $3.50 *net.*

Postponed Poetry

IT LEAKS out now that the reason the publication of MORE IN AMERICAN was postponed from August 4 to January 2 lies in ancient superstition mixed with modern numerology. For *John V. A. Weaver* believes that there is more than superstition in his predilection for the second day of the year. The theory of numerology, which checks surprisingly well with parts of *Mr. Weaver's* history, suggests that if there is one day in the twelve months when *Mr. Weaver* should salaam to the gods of luck, that date is January 2.

His first book, IN AMERICAN, which was published by *Alfred A. Knopf* on January 2, 1921, was widely acclaimed by critics and writers as a pioneer in American literature. This book already has run well into its tenth edition. *Mr. Weaver's* second book of poems, FINDERS, which was also brought out on January 2—this one in the year 1923—likewise has attained a success beyond that usually accorded to a book of poems. It is now in its third edition.

Although the first date was determined upon without any reference to numerology, *Mr. Weaver* declares that he is willing to abide by the hint that the numbers have given him, for according to their teachings they have marked him for a man of the written word, and astonishingly enough, they check up January 2 as his day of success.

To those who explain the matter as another indication that the poet is but a superstitious Southerner, *Mr. Weaver* indignantly states that he is not afraid to look at the moon over his left shoulder or to go home alone after a black cat has crossed his path. But he will not permit a book of his to be published on any other than the second day of the first month.

MORE IN AMERICAN. *By* JOHN V. A. WEAVER, *author of "Finders" and "In American."* $1.50 *net.*

The Weary Blues

To Midnight Nan at Leroy's

Strut and wiggle,
Shameless gal.
Wouldn't no good fellow
Be your pal.

Hear dat music. . . .
Jungle night.
Hear dat music. . . .
And the moon was white.

Sing your Blues song,
Pretty baby.
You want lovin'
And you don't mean maybe.

Jungle lover. . . .
Night-black boy. . . .
Two against the moon
And the moon was joy.

Strut and wiggle,
Shameless Nan.
Wouldn't no good fellow
Be your man.

"HIS verses are by no means limited to an exclusive mood; he writes caressingly of little black prostitutes in Harlem; his cabaret songs throb with the true jazz rhythm; his sea-pieces ache with a calm, melancholy lyricism; he cries bitterly from the heart of his race in "Cross" and "The Jester"; he sighs, in one of the most successful of his fragile poems, over the loss of a loved friend. Always, however, his stanzas are subjective, personal. They are the (I had almost said informal, for they have a highly deceptive air of spontaneous improvisation) expression of an essentially sensitive and subtly illusive nature, seeking always to break through the veil that obscures for him, at least in some degree, the ultimate needs of that nature."—From the introduction by *Carl Van Vechten.*

THE WEARY BLUES. *By* LANGSTON HUGHES. *With an introduction by* CARL VAN VECHTEN. $2.00 *net.*

The History of Civilization Series

FOR those who are interested in tracing the course of human development to its present attainments, no greater library has ever been presented than THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. In this series is gathered and presented in accessible form the results of modern research and modern scholarship in the whole range of social and cultural history. Written with authority by specialists who nevertheless address themselves to the general reader the series is both a sound contribution to the sum of human knowledge and extremely interesting reading. Here is the story of the entire life and activity of the world and mankind.

The subjects include prehistory, art, archaeology, economics, ethnology, language, religion, in short, every phase of human activity that has enriched the life of mankind. Beginning with THE EARTH BEFORE HISTORY by *Edmond Perrier*, a volume setting forth in authoritative and engrossing form the story of the formation of the earth, the primitive forms of life and the evolution of animal life towards the human form, the series progresses through earlier social organizations, the foundations of modern habits, arts, religions and political and philosophical ideas towards the illumination of modern man's civilization trends. Such works as *Lucien Febvre's* A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY, *V. Gordon Childe's* THE DAWN OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION, *G. Vendryes'* LANGUAGE, *Jacques de Morgan's* PREHISTORIC MAN, *Professor E. H. Parker's* A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE TARTARS and *W. H. R. Rivers'* SOCIAL ORGANIZATION give some conception of the scope of the entire series.

The latest volumes to be published are:

THE ÆGEAN CIVILIZATION by *Gustave Glotz*, the first complete survey of Mediterranean history prior to the Dorian invasion, with special reference to the hegemony of Crete. Based upon excavations and explorations of the last thirty years, it summarizes with penetrating vision and profound scholarship all that is now known concerning the details of a highly developed civilization the beginnings of which date back not less than fifty centuries. The text is illumined with eighty-seven illustrations, three maps, and four plates.

THE PEOPLES OF ASIA by *L. H. Dudley Buxton* collects and welds together the numerous scattered researches on the Peoples of Asia and at the same time shows the most conspicuous gaps in our knowledge. *Mr. Buxton* emphasizes the biological rather than the cultural aspect of Asiatic civilization. In addition to the chapters dealing with the general racial problems of Asia, there are special sections which are devoted to the study of the inhabitants of the different regions. Special attention has been paid to the peoples of Western Asia, India, Japan, China and Indonesia.

* *

"THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION SERIES promises to be perhaps the most important contribution so far undertaken towards the task of organization and systematisation of the social studies. A glance at the prospectus makes us anticipate a library of masterpieces, for the best workers of France, Great Britain and some other countries are contributing from their own specialty and are attempting to bring it into line with the contributions from neighbouring fields and with the results of general sociology. The volumes already issued in English fully bear out our best hopes, and those additions which do not belong to the French series, the volumes by *Dr. Rivers* and *Dr. Fox*, establish its claim to superiority"—*Nature* (England's leading scientific magazine).

THE ÆGEAN CIVILIZATION. *By* GUSTAVE GLOTZ. $5.00 *net.*

THE PEOPLES OF ASIA. *By* L. H. DUDLEY BUXTON, M.A., F.S.A., $4.50 *net.*

Factors in Modern History

REGARDED for years as one of the most authoritative interpretations of 16th and 17th Century England, *Professor Pollard's* present volume has gone through several printings in England and is now for the first time being made available in an American edition.

FACTORS IN MODERN HISTORY. *By* A. F. POLLARD, *Professor of English History in the University of London.* $3.00 *net.* (*There is also a text edition.* $3.00.)

BLUE JADE LIBRARY

THE *Borzoi* feels exceedingly complimented by the cordial reception that has vindicated his taste in those semi-classic and semi-curious books which he is offering to the present generation. A rapidly increasing public has gratefully taken up these "neglected masterpieces" that, probably because they were ahead of their own time in subject and manner, had been recognized as important without being acknowledged as interesting, with the result that the first editions became precious items for the collector and the joy contained in the books was denied to the mass of readers.

Now THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER, SAÏD THE FISHERMAN and THE DIABOLIQUES have attained a popularity equal to some of the best contemporary work while HADRIAN THE SEVENTH, THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD and CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES are not far behind. Incidentally the Series seems to cover the entire globe, including, as it does, the Negroes of the Barbadoes, the rioting Druses of Syria, the sophisticated society of the French, the pompous life at the Papal court, and the wild adventures of Captain Cook on sea and in Australia, as well as the psychological study of a great French author.

And now there are added two poignant love stories—a classic of the Middle Ages, and a tale of a Cornish village. The first is a famous work, THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE, now completely translated for the first time from the original Latin, containing an introductory letter by *George Moore*. Everyone knows of these letters, having read snatches of them from selections, paraphrases and versifications. Here is the entire masterpiece translated by a distinguished author and scholar.

And RACHEL MARR, first published about twenty years ago and long out of print, is a very vivid and very modern unveiling of a great and tragic love story, painted not in the grey tints which readers of today so seldom find to their taste, but in the bright colors of the artist who is not afraid of his own powers. All sorts and conditions of men come into this story of a Cornish village, and in Penrose, a drunken ex-preacher, there is one of the great figures of comedy.

W. H. Hudson wrote of this book: "Here you have got a subject, one and complete, exactly fitted to your genius and temperament—men and women of the old simple kind moved by tremendous passions. . . . It is like a Greek tragedy, and your people who love and hate so heroically remind me of Cleon and Antigone, Orestres, Electra, Clytemnestra and others who live and die forever in *Sophocles*. . . . It all sings itself to me in that prose of yours, and the effect is like an opera of *Wagner*. . . . Say what the critics will, RACHEL MARR is a great book."

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. *Translated from the Latin by* C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, *with an Introductory Letter by* GEORGE MOORE. $3.00 *net.**

RACHEL MARR. *By* MORLEY ROBERTS. $3.00 *net.*

* The Introductory Letter by Mr. Moore, to whom the translation is dedicated, will appear only in the first edition.

This is the Life

POSTPONED from its original publication date in November, this fascinating biography and commentary on American life now appears to delight our public which has grown more than ordinarily interested in the follies and foibles as well as the wit and wisdom of the preceding generation. Almost every American character that has been in the public eye during the past forty years finds a niche in this amusing hall of fame. *Mr. McDougall* makes them pass before us something like a pageant and a circus parade combined. Here are many colors, many types and much action with enough clowns to add humor to the scene.

Charley Parkhurst, the Uplifter, in 1892

THIS IS THE LIFE. *By* WALT MCDOUGALL. $3.50 *net.*

Nonsense Verse

FROM the preface by *Lord Alfred Douglas:*

"Certain persons, for whose judgment I have the greatest respect, have said to me, 'How can you, who have written so much real and beautiful poetry, waste your talents on writing nonsense rhymes?' With all due deference to these critics, I take leave to say that this seems to me very much like saying to a playwright, 'How can you, who have written such fine tragedies, waste your talents on writing comedies?' Writing nonsense rhymes has no effect one way or the other on one's ability or desire to write poetry. It simply has nothing to do with it at all. But people who think it is very easy, or that anyone with a tolerable knowledge of versification and an ordinary educated vocabulary could do it if he took the trouble, had better try."

This volume by *Lord Douglas* contains all of his nonsense verse, including the famous "Tales with a Twist," "The Pongo Papers," and "The Placid Pug."

THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND OTHER RHYMES. *By* LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. *With an introduction by the author.* $2.00 *net.*

Tales of the Supernatural

THESE skillful short stories about life outside of the regular dimensions, by the author of ACQUITTAL, will thrill the lover of tales of mystery and the supernatural. *Miss Simpson* wields words to gain maximum effect both in the atmosphere and in the plot of her story.

THE BASELESS FABRIC. *By* HELEN SIMPSON, *author of "Acquittal."* $2.50 *net.*

The Well-Tempered Musician:

THE comprehensive view of the principal musical problems here set forth should be invaluable at this time when the appeal of music is reaching new sections of the public to whom the art is, in varying degrees, unfamiliar. It is an essentially common-sense study of music set forth in a non-technical manner intelligible to any educated person.

THE WELL-TEMPERED MUSICIAN: A MUSICAL POINT OF VIEW. *By* FRANCIS TOYE, *with a preface by* HUGH WALPOLE. $2.50 *net.*

Where Was Betty Canning?

IN THIS book *Mr. Machen* tells the story of one of the most remarkable *causes celèbres* of the Eighteenth Century. On January 1, 1753, a maidservant, Elizabeth Canning by name, disappeared from her master's house in Aldermanbury. She returned a month later, but to this day no one has been able to discover whither she went or why. At the time all London went mad with curiosity. Theories of witchcraft were freely canvassed and an enquiry held which led to three criminal trials, one sentence of death and one of seven years' transportation to New England. In re-creating these scenes, both judicial and popular, *Mr. Machen* has added a fascinating chapter to the annals of English criminology. There are several illustrations from old engravings.

THE CANNING WONDER. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *author of "The Shining Pyramid," "Dr. Stiggins," etc.* $3.50 *net.*

Another Fletcher

LOVERS of detective fiction are just as much amazed and delighted by the fertility of *J. S. Fletcher's* imagination as by the books themselves. *Mr. Fletcher* is like the stage magician in that he always has something left up his sleeve. This time it is the story of a select London gambling club which seems to swallow up the celebrities who enter there and which is involved in other nefarious deeds. One of them is connected with a stolen naval document.—And here we must stop. For if we tell you about the impoverished British noblewoman and the secret German agent, you will find it difficult to bear the suspense between the time you read this news and your hurried trip to the bookseller to get a copy of the novel.

THE AMARANTH CLUB. *By* J. S. FLETCHER, *author of "False Scent," "The Annexation Society," "The Wolves and the Lamb," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

Late January Publications

AMONG the books that will appear in the last week of January and will be treated at length in the February *Broadside* are three great novels and a volume of short stories as well as an important work of history, one of the most significant biographies, and a typical *Borzoi* reprint of a classic work.

Miss Fannie Hurst's work is published for the first time under the imprint of *The Borzoi* with APPASSIONATA, a story of an Irish-American family of many varying personalities.

* *

THE DARK TOWER, *Francis Brett Young's* masterpiece, is also in this list. It is pure story vibrating every moment with the stirring events on which the lives and the immortal souls of its characters depend. From the minute when the chief narrator enters The Dark Tower to the time when Alaric rises to confess the sin he did not commit, the reader is engrossed in the adventures of an unusual person, the last of a long line of Welsh squires who, although he lives in the twentieth century, is as tempestuous and as mystic as the wild Celts who met the Roman invaders.

* *

The long awaited novel by *D. H. Lawrence* which incorporates his experiences in America now appears as THE PLUMED SERPENT. *Mr. Lawrence's* large American audience will agree with the author that it is his most important novel. It is a story of modern Mexico in which are mingled the present day ideals and programs of political and military leaders with the strange, compelling legends of ancient Aztec gods.

* *

IN A GERMAN PENSION by *Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf* presents this great writer's first book of short stories, which was published in 1911, when she was twenty-one, and immediately met success, running quickly into three editions. It has, however, long been out of print and difficult to procure even at very high prices. These stories show *Miss Mansfield* in her youth, yet they indicate the great power that was to come and show her unique ability of disclosing the inner man in a tale that may be entirely concerned with surface things.

* *

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO by *Percy Ashley* is a history of the political development of Europe during the past century with a supplementary chapter on the World War and its causes by *Professor Harry Elmer Barnes* of Smith College, and additional material by *Professor William L. Langer* of Clark University. Starting from a survey of the political organization and conditions of Europe after the settlement of Vienna, the author traces the growth of nationalism which is the most important change in the sharing of Europe, responsible for the greatest war in history.

* *

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES, with woodcuts by *H. B. Irving*. These fascinating chronicles of the voyages of the intrepid captains and sea-rovers of Elizabeth's reign have long been one of the most highly-prized and sought-after items of the ardent collector. Copies of the original are extremely hard to come by and bring prices far beyond the reach of the average book lover, and this selection has been made to meet the demand of many readers for a moderately priced edition that shall contain the best of the immortal *Hakluyt*. The famous voyages of *Hawkins* and *Drake* are here included, and also the vastly important contemporary account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. Here is a book of adventure on the high seas to capture the fancy of all men and boys. The vigorous wood engravings by *Mr. H. B. Irving* are thoroughly in keeping with the racy spirit of the text.

APPASSIONATA. *By* FANNIE HURST. $2.00 *net*

THE DARK TOWER. *By* FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, *author of "Cold Harbour" and "Sea Horses."* $2.50 *net.*

THE PLUMED SERPENT. *By* D. H. LAWRENCE, *author of "St. Mawr."* $3.00 *net.*

IN A GERMAN PENSION. *By* KATHERINE MANSFIELD, *author of "The Little Girl," "The Doves' Nest," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO. *By* PERCY ASHLEY, $3.00 *net.*

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. *With Illustrations by* H. B. IRVING. $4.00 *net.*

The Rights of Man

WHEN *Godwin's* ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE was published first in 1793, it was a time when the hopes of liberal-minded Englishmen were enthusiastically turned toward the realization of their republican principles. As "The Rights of Man," an undaunted attack on monarchy, it escaped prosecution at the time only because it appeared in a form too expensive for general acquisition; "a three guinea book," *Pitt* observed, "could never do much harm among those who had not three shillings to spare." But *Godwin's* questioning of the nature, purpose, and validity of government fell as added fuel upon the fire of democratic thought.

For many years the book has been practically unobtainable. The present edition appears as the second and third volumes in the *Borzoi Political Science Classics* series now being issued under the general editorship of *Dr. Lindsay Rogers*, of the Columbia University Department of Political Science. *Professor Raymond A. Preston* offers a careful and explicit introduction and *Professor Rogers* adds an editorial foreword.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE. *By* WILLIAM GODWIN. *Edited with an introduction by* RAYMOND A. PRESTON. *Editorial foreword by* LINDSAY ROGERS. *Numbers 2 and 3 in The Borzoi Political Science Classics series. $2.00 net each.*

Borzoiana

The continued popularity of the following books have caused them to go into new editions:

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By PROFESSOR HARRY ELMER BARNES (*Second Printing*)

ULUG BEG
By AUTOLYCUS (*Second Printing*)

NANA
By EMIL ZOLA (*Third Printing*) (*Borzoi Classics Series*)

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THE BASELESS FABRIC. $2.50

THE BAPTISTS

Mr. James D. Bernard has made, for THE AMERICAN MERCURY, a survey of these earnest (and often ferocious) Christians, and will present his findings in the February issue. His evidence all comes from the Baptists themselves—from their denominational papers and the public utterances of their rev. clergy. His article is calm, judicious and full of instructive and amusing facts.

Among the other contents of the February issue will be:

THE NEW ENGLANDER *by Harvey Fergusson*

A short story of New Mexican life, by the author of "Capitol Hill," "The Blood of the Conquerors" and "Women and Wives."

THE CULT OF BEAUTY *by Morris Fishbein*

The Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* examines scientifically the trade in face-creams, hair-dyes, lip-sticks, etc., and the delicate sorceries that go on in American beauty parlors.

OHIO *by Don Knowlton*

A literate inhabitant of that great State gives a realistic account of its contributions to American culture.

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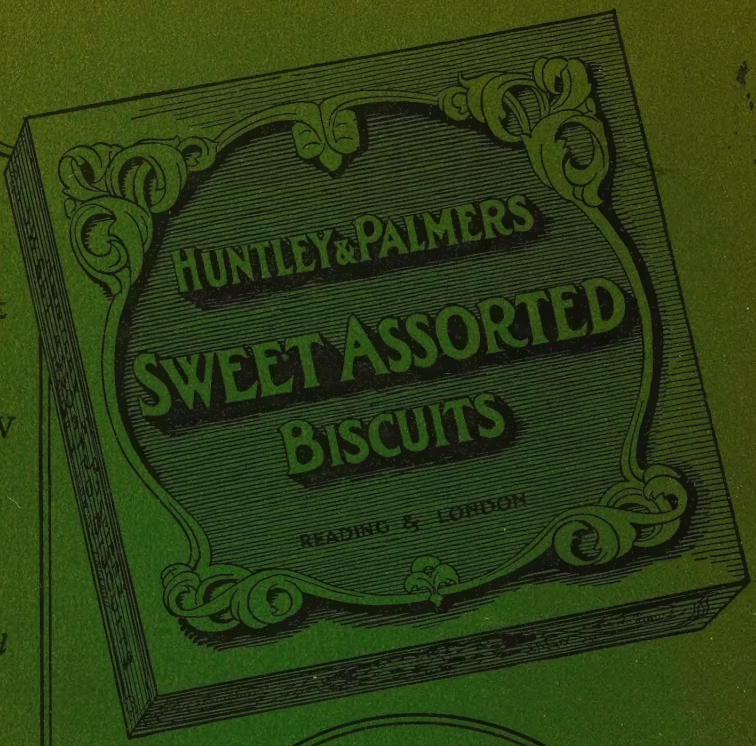

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